THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill… Weekly
Founded A… Benj. Franklin

Volume 197, Number 23

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CHRISTMAS

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Ripe, luscious, Royal Annes—ready to serve at a moment's notice! But you must know how to buy them.

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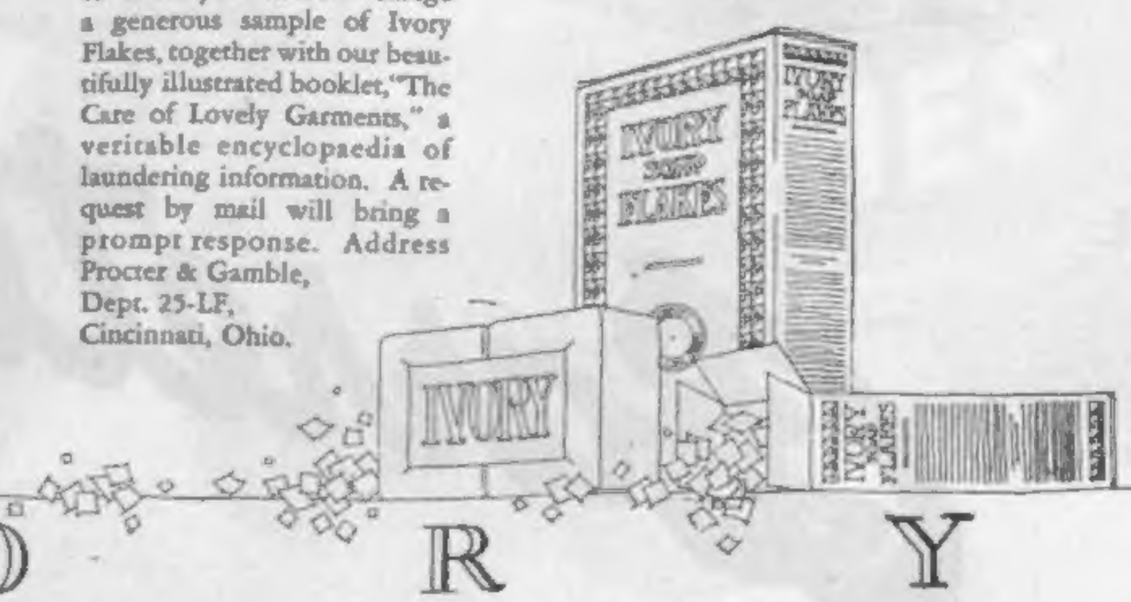

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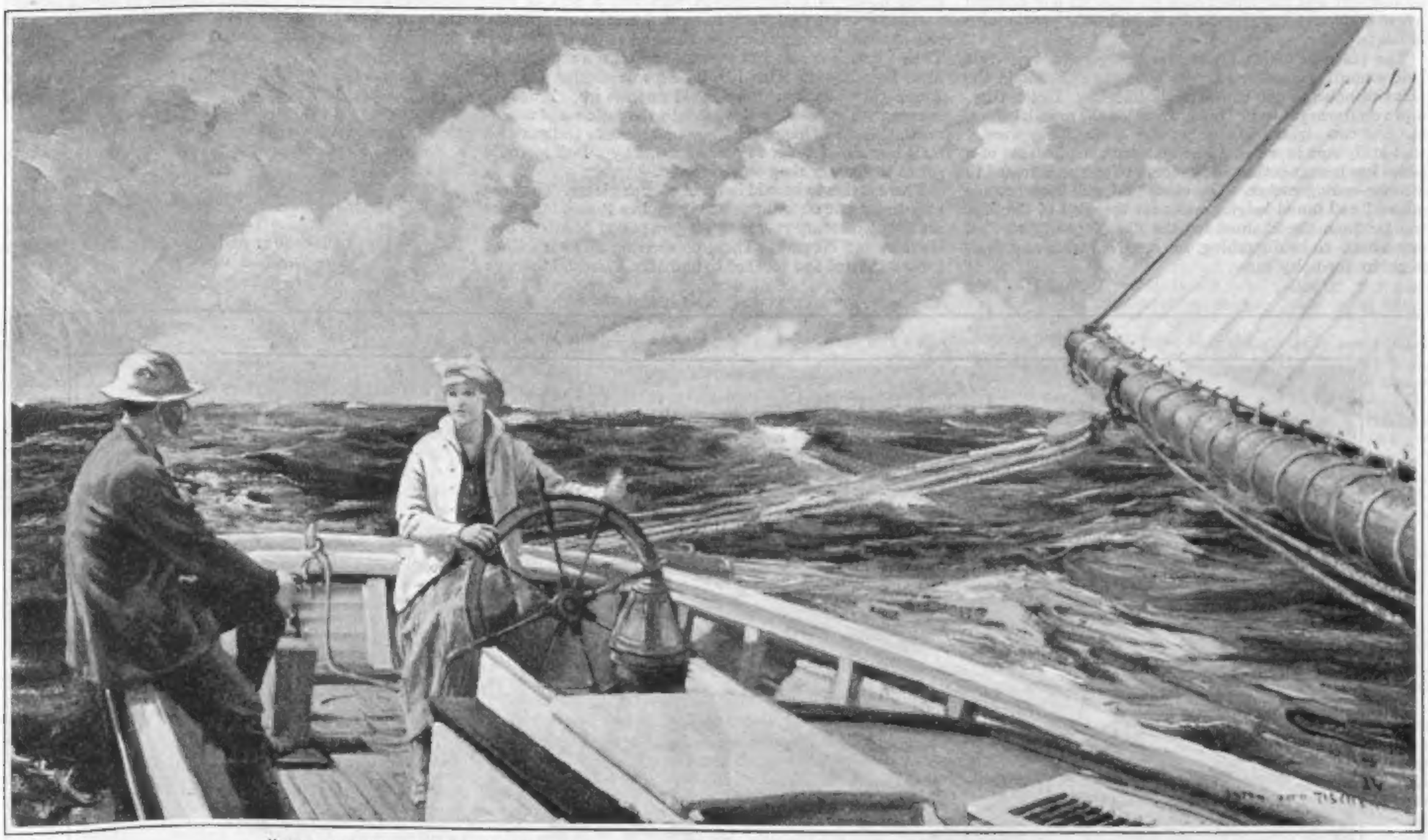
BARTER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



"What Could You and Cyril Do if a Pirate Held You Up When You Had a Cargo? You've Got No Guns, Have You?"

AS I WALKED out of my uncle's boiler factory it struck me that there was a curious change in the hitherto dreary environs of the plant. Everything about the horrid place looked for the first time bright and colorful, seemed to scintillate with a shimmering vitality that infused with picturesque interest even such drab details as freight cars and refuse dumps and those stark waste spaces worse than mere desolation, which are the greasy salt marshes encroached upon by dismal shops for the manufacture of such gross necessities of life as modern conditions require.

It was late September, a chiaroscuro day, with heavy cloud masses drifting across a brilliant sky. Purple shadows sped along beneath them on the tawny flats with a speed that looked out of all proportion to that of the billowy fragments hanging overhead. I remembered how I used to race my pony with them as a boy, trying to keep in the bright sunshine. I had been trying to do that thing for the last few years, but afoot, and the shadow had always caught me up.

Well, here today it seemed to have caught me up again, but this time there was no gloom about it. Only the big boss, my uncle, knew that I had been fired; but he did not know that I was glad of it, that I rejoiced at being obliged to quit an infernal job in a clamoring Hades that must soon have shattered my nerves completely and left me stunned and quivering, like a fish feebly flapping on the surface after the explosion of a submarine mine. My war service six years before had been the command of a mine sweeper on the Bay of Biscay, and I had seen a good many such poor fish flopping round.

That boiler factory had been, speaking literally and without vulgarity, a hell of a job for a man of nervous temperament and one brought up to every luxury of early life. Boiled down, it amounted to the unusual combination of timekeeper and pay clerk; and as such, was a tribute to my uncle's esteem of my honesty, if not to my ability. The rupture had come because, after being warned, I had shown leniency in the matter of docking for short time a riveter about whose family troubles I had interested myself and was sorry for. As my uncle pointed out with more justice than mercy, he objected to being made a philanthropist without his knowledge or consent. My answer to the effect that he would never be one otherwise may have brought us to a better misunderstanding.

Like many employers, there were two bets he overlooked in my dismissal: One, that he might have some difficulty to fill my place with another man as conscientious about his work in most respects and for whom the factory force would work as willingly; and second, that I was really overjoyed at being chucked out of a bedlam in which I felt it my duty to remain even while convinced that it would shatter me in the end. I had always been sensitive to sharp concussions and would probably have been one of the first to go down under shell shock if my war service had been ashore. But in mine sweeping there is apt to be but one such shock, and that to cure all ills.

On this bright day of my most recent failure I was positively glowing with relief as I hopped a trolley car to go back to lodgings between which and the boiler factory there was not much to choose. Past misfortunes were for the moment set aside. Gone was the big estate on which I had been born. Gone the pomp and circumstance that had greeted this event, like the birth of a crown prince, in the matter of rich inheritance.

No such dreary retrospect was in my mind as the nearly empty trolley car bowled along over the filled-in track across the Jersey meadows. Here was the whole wide world open to me. That fact impressed me more than the door to the confines of a job slammed behind me. I became at once intensely interested in the purple cloud shadows drifting across the mellow marsh, and in a big Pennsylvania Pullman train. It looked like an expensive mechanical toy to me at its distance of a mile or two, and to the passengers of that train the trolley car on which I bucketed along must have looked like the cheap toy of a sidewalk vender.

We crossed a clanging bridge where a squat, filthy barge named Fairy Queen was patiently accepting a cargo of muck gnawed out by a dredge. A little beyond it was a settlement of shacks that bore the same relation to the community beyond that a spore might bear to the proliferating cells of a cancer. It was intensely interesting to me

to observe this development, although I viewed it inversely to the generally accepted idea of reclamation of waste land. I saw it more as a blot on a desolation hitherto useless but beautiful in its soft neutral coloring and space. Rapidly it was becoming intensively useful and hideous. Yet this fact struck me with no sense of loss any more than it would have seemed to me a loss to burn a hole in a beautiful rug when as a little boy I had experimented with small toy stationary engines. There were lots more marshes like that somewhere in the world, just as there were lots more costly rugs. Little boys had to destroy pretty things for experiment and pleasure, and just so did grown-up ones destroy them for experiment and profit. It was the function of the earth to supply material for such adventures in experience.

I was bound now for a haven of peace and quiet where I had spent a week's vacation the month before, first stopping to collect my few effects at a pretty awful lodging house on the fringe of Newark, close to a big railroad yard where switch engines shunted and shouted passionately the night through. Just across the street was a dance hall with a jazz band that drowned its frequent sounds of strife. But my two rooms were in the rear, spacious and sunny, looking on one of those vast mud flats where the tide is usually out and the mosquitoes in, with an oily channel where tugboats tooted for the draw. I liked the propinquity of boats.

The place to which I was now going for a brief rest before hunting another job was about as different in the point of noise as one can possibly imagine; Beach City, down on Barnegat Bay. On my vacation the month before, the first two nights had nearly finished me. They were of that stilly sort in which I had oft awakened because of a peace less heavenly than of the tomb to one accustomed to a never-ending racket. The clean and well-kept cottage where I had found lodging was near the edge of the bay, too far from the channel for the din of poorly muffled motorboats to be disturbing, too removed from any thoroughfare for noisy cars.

I had found it through the kindly offices of a decent young fellow who drove a station taxi, and I really think he drove me there not because it was about as far from the station as you could go in Beach City, but through a friendly wish to do a good turn both to me and to Mrs. Fairchild, whom he greatly admired. She proved to be a sensible and pretty woman of thirty-four or five, the widow of a retired sea captain very much her senior. He had died two or three years before, leaving her the cottage and a sort of combination ship chandler's junk store, which she had turned partly into a notion shop, whatever that may be.

During my week's sojourn there I had seen very little of my hostess, who spent her days in the shop. But in our brief meetings I learned that she hailed originally from Boothbay, Maine, and that her late husband, Captain Fairchild, had also been a Maine seafaring man. I could have told her origin in any case because of her Anglican accent and that fresh bloom that even doughnuts and pie do not destroy in the complexions of the pretty women of the foggy Maine coast, perhaps because they know how to make doughnuts and pies properly.

Having gathered up the remnants of what had once been costly clothes and jammed them into my jaded valises, I called down to a beaver-head who was a sort of self-appointed valet of mine and requested that he scoop up the rest of the detritus and crowd it into a couple of sea bags. Then I enriched him and sent him off with a telegram to Mrs. Fairchild to warn her that I was coming back to Beach City and hoped she could put me up. I was all square with my host, but went into the restaurant underneath and shook hands with him and his wife and gave his little boy a half dollar to remember me by—until he could get to the pastry shop on the corner.

There is this to be said in favor of such places. They are easy to get out of. All roads may lead to Rome, but there are supplementary routes to get you out of Monte Carlo, Havana and Newark. Then, on arriving at Beach City, I was surprised and touched to find Mrs. Fairchild there on the platform to meet me. She had a flivver tucked into the drift of cars against the quay.

"I thought I'd close the shop and come after you myself, Mr. Stirling," she said. "I can't put you up at my house, so it seemed the least I could do was to see you made comfortable somewhere. A friend of mine has a nice room."

"But I've set my heart on going back to your house," I objected. "I shan't be any bother."

"Of course you wouldn't, Mr. Stirling. The trouble is they are going to foreclose and sell me out. I'm trying now to make a clean sweep of everything and get clear of this port of missing chances while I've got anything left at all."

"I had no idea it was as bad as that, Mrs. Fairchild."

"Oh, that's not the half of it, Mr. Stirling. My late husband's ship-chandler business was killed by a new big store down on the wharf, so I turned my shop into notions and things. And now there's a full-powered five-and-ten store just opened opposite me. My cottage is too far out on the flat to have any value, so I might as well let it go. And now to do me to a turn, I've just had news that a hotel I owned a share in down Boothbay way has burned and the insurance allowed to lapse."

This jeremiad so cheerfully stated made my own perplexities seem slight. I suggested then to Mrs. Fairchild that since I could mobilize in about five minutes, she might as well take me in until she got her sailing orders. I told her that I had got the gate for having dealt leniently with a workman at the cost of the plant, but that I had made a provision for some months of unemployment and so we were to some extent struck adrift in the same boat. Meantime, I wanted a few days and nights of absolute rest.

So Mrs. Fairchild finally gave in and drove back to her cottage.

II

AFTER a long night's sleep, the silence of the place now comforting because I was prepared for it, I walked four streets to the trolley and rode down Ocean Avenue

(Continued on Page 89)

We Got Out Around Cape Cod in a Clear Strong Nor'wester. It Took Us Down Around Nantucket Shoals

FIFTY-FIFTY

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

She Backed Up Smartly to the Station Platform and Watched the Passengers That Got Down, Wondering if the Jitney Would Take Them All Away From Her

BABE matched some ribbon for Aunt Ivy at the Emporium; she got a dozen patent fruit jars for Mrs. Perley; a gallon of separator oil and a new set of rings for Orlo Sage; she delivered a fresh-air child at the depot, kissed it and tied an express tag on it so it couldn't go wrong in transit; she left three loaves of bread and a firkin of butter at Post's; eight quarts of gooseberries and a dozen dressed pullets at the market; she got some cough medicine for Elam Simpson, and a new set of batteries for Josephus Ives; she returned some sausages to the new butcher with word that they weren't good; she went up on the hill behind the Soldiers' Home to tell Mrs. Metzner that her daughter Clara was sending in the children next week till she got through with canning; she stopped Silverstein, the cattle dealer, on the street to deliver the message that Jim Wakely wanted his steers or his money by Friday; while waiting for the incoming train she made three attests of signatures, being Justice of the Peace in addition to her other activities, and made out two automobile licenses and one hunting license.

When the village clock struck eleven, she said to her dog Sheriff, who rode on the running board of her little bus, "That's a half day for us, Sheriff."

She backed up smartly to the station platform and watched the passengers that got down, wondering if the jitney would take them all away from her. It did, all but one.

This one, evidently with a fine eye for female beauty, passed up the more luxurious accommodations offered by the passenger bus piloted by a glossy-eyed Italian for a seat beside the personable Babe, slim as a rookie in knickers and putties. But a fat woman with a large bundle forestalled him; and when the mail stage finally started, the discerning young man found himself bestowed on a rear seat alongside a box of day-old chicks. Sheriff put a nose against his leg as the young man mounted. The passenger shrank involuntarily and made haste to climb out of reach. Sheriff was merely investigating, in the line of long-established habit.

Babe casually picked up a trunk at the express office, a barrel of sugar and a mail-order stove at the freight platform, then went back to the post office for two bags of mail for Beldenville and one for Jamestown. At the feed mill she took on three bags of half-and-half, which brought her pretty well down on her rear springs.

"Don't let Felton have them unless he pays cash," said Stone, the feed-mill man.

"All right, Bill," she said, winding up for the start.

"What's old Felton doing with all the grain? He ain't feeding none of it," asked Stone.

"Dunno," said Babe. She added in a lower tone, "What you doing with your two barrels of blackberry wine?"

"It turned sour on me," said the feed man vaguely.

"I guess that's what's happening to your half-and-half, up to Felton's," said Babe dryly. "I smelled some in the river coming by this morning."

She swung into the broad road and was going at a forty-mile clip before she reached the turn by the clock-shop dam. She drove with one hand and ate an apple with the other, while Sheriff, balancing himself on his perilous perch with the skill and sureness of a Bird Milman on a tight wire, craned his neck like a locomotive engineer to see the track ahead.

The fat woman clutched her bundle as if it were a life buoy, and the male passenger beside the day-old chicks held onto his hat. From his dress and the aroma that exuded from him he might have been a barber Romeo embarked on a day off. But passengers meant nothing to her; she had too much worth while on her mind.

She pulled up at the general store and post office at Jamestown with perfect brakes; and while the old postmaster was sorting the day's catch of mail, Babe delivered tax bills in near-by houses—she being the tax collector—and accumulated three hundred and fifty-four dollars, which she bestowed in a breeches pocket.

The fat woman got down the third mail box out and the male passenger deserted the tender chicks for the more fascinating society of the bobbed-haired stage driver. But Babe was too busy driving with one hand and eating an apple with the other, when she wasn't opening mail boxes or rustling freight, to waste any time conversing with a fetching stranger. She shifted three hundred pounds of half-and-half to provide gangway for two hundred pounds of sugar, whose inclination to roll off she assisted by a dexterous twist of the wrist. It was a triumph of mind over matter the way she babied that barrel of sugar into a door-yard; and the male passenger, as well as the male owner of the sugar—who stood silently by watching the process—paid her the tribute of mute admiration. She dusted off her hands, said thanks and started forward.

"Queer job for a woman," remarked the natty young man, polishing his finger nails on his coat sleeve.

"What's queer about it?" demanded Babe, staring at him.

The young man, gulping, admitted that the job was all right. He took refuge in silence.

The next stop was Felton's. Felton was a powerful old man, with a tangled yellow beard, who had been kicked by a mule and walked with a homemade crutch, jabbing it into the earth ahead of him and hobbling around it as he progressed with a scalloped motion. He rested against his gatepost and whittled a bunghole plug.

"Stone says you can't have them unless you pay cash," said Babe to all the world.

The old man ceased whittling and propelled himself to the end gate of the car and examined the bags of grain sourly.

"I don't want 'em," he said shortly. He thrust his knife into an overhanging bag, slitting its neck, and a fine stream of grain leaked out. "It's half-and-half. I wanted feed, I told you."

"All right," said Babe. "They won't sour on my hands." She saw the stream of grain flowing out of the slit bag like sand from an hourglass. She made no move to stop it. She got back on her seat and started the motor. "I guess you're aiming to have chicken for supper, ain't you?" she said. And as the car rolled forward slowly, she called in the most enticing tones, "Chick, chick, chick! Come, chick, chick, chick!"

Hens and chickens burst from the glades on every hand. The old man was yelling frantically and waving his crutch. Babe kept on at five miles an hour, depositing a stream of grain like a powder train on the crown of the road. The old man hobbled after her, trying to shoo the chickens away, but without avail. When Babe stopped and got down to tie the bag at Felton's line fence, there was a half mile of chickens industriously feasting in the middle of the state road. A touring car turned the curve at terrific speed, and as it passed, all but knocking the old man aside with a fender, a cloud of feathers rose from its wake.

"That's fifty-fifty," remarked Babe, viewing the slaughter over her shoulder, and the natty young man smiled appreciatively.

The stove was for the Widow Hawley. Babe handled it with the tender precision of a nurse in a hospital for ruptured and crippled, while the old lady hovered over her in anguish. Babe worked it end over end into the woodhouse, and in departing, she said, "I'll come down and set it up for you when I get through."

Backing accurately into a driveway and onto a lawn of suburban smoothness, to the very mouth of a front door, the stage driver next delivered her trunk. With one artful fillip, tipping the one hundred and fifty pounds of excess baggage, she let it drop with an awful crash inside the vestibule. The crunch brought tears to the eyes of the summer resident, who stood there clutching her pocketbook. But the trunk was miraculously intact.

"You shouldn't do such work, child," said the city lady, picking coins out of her purse, with nearsighted fear.

"Work is all right," said Babe comfortably, "if you ain't afraid of it. I was a school-teacher once. I was afraid of that."

"But it's a man's work," protested the good woman. "A little chit like you!"

She surveyed with some disapproval the attire of the stage driver. Babe's breeches were becomingly snug about the knees; her putties fitted like a military fashion plate. She wore a flannel shirt open at the throat; the back of her neck was shaved smooth and blue, and her thick hair was raven black.

"I suppose you think it would be more ladylike for me to wash dishes," remarked Babe with a little smile, and she climbed back into the wagon.

"Doesn't that dog ever fall off?" asked the city lady.

"Not very often," said Babe.

"I suppose he is a great protection."

"I guess he wouldn't let anyone harm me," said Babe with momentary mild surprise.

She drove off, careless of the fact that her tires were cutting the cropped lawn as nicely as if it were cake. On the home stretch she let out her little car to its limit, producing another apple. The natty young man clutched desperately at his hat. She traveled this road four times a day; she knew the feel of every inch of it under the steering wheel, and she was making time. But as she skimmed along,

(Continued on Page 102)

The Stern and Clam-Bound Coast

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

The Pilgrim Fathers Were So Attracted by New England That They Refused to Leave It

THE Pilgrim Fathers, it is generally conceded, had their troubles. One needs only to turn to the powerful words of the lady who has embalmed the original See-New-England tour in deathless verse in order to shiver sympathetically at their unfortunate state.

The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast when they arrived, and the rocking pines of the forest roared. Nothing is said about any roaring on the part of the first tourists; but there was apparently good reason why they should have joined with the rocking pines in their roaring, from the viewpoint of more modern tourists, for apparently there was nothing in sight to entertain the mind and distract the eye except weather and scenery.

In addition to the breaking waves and the rocking pines, there was an ocean eagle soaring from his nest by the white wave's foam. That was all; that and the weather, which was gloomy, as weather in New England so frequently is.

There have been, it might be remarked in passing, many uncomplimentary things said about New England, especially by Western congressmen and senators who view with the deepest horror and alarm the large number of New Englanders who hold important positions in the Government—positions which, of course, ought to be filled by Western congressmen and senators, who are noisier and more eager fillers of positions than the New England incumbents, but not quite so experienced.

An Old Question Answered

BUT in spite of these uncomplimentary remarks, there is at least one thing to be said for New England: One can say what he pleases about New England weather without provoking a revolution among the inhabitants or running the risk of getting a knife between the ribs as a handsome memento from an infuriated citizen.

If rain falls for forty days in Portland or Providence or Springfield or Boston, the newspapers make a note of the fact on their front pages; while almost any hot day in summer is headlined as Hottest August Eleventh in Twenty-three Years. If one has any regard for the feelings of the residents of other sections of the country, he cannot be thus free with the weather. Rainfall, fogs, extreme heat, extreme cold and other natural phenomena must be treated delicately and circumspectly everywhere except in New England. In fact it is highly probable that if the late John Greenleaf Whittier had been so unfortunate or so ill advised as to lay the scene of Snow-Bound on the Pacific Coast, he would have been lynched two hours after the publication of the poem.

However, the original New England tourists had gloomy weather, for the poem says so; and they had nothing to look at except ocean, rocks, trees, an ocean eagle and one another. Yet they were so attracted by New England that they refused to leave it.

The present-day tourist in New England demands much more in the line of scenery, comforts and distractions than did the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Fathers may have been quite content with their ocean eagle, their rocks and their trees; but if anybody tried to force a modern tourist to content himself with any such stupid and limited collection of flora and fauna, the tourist would honk his horn derisively and depart in a haze of gasoline fumes for New Jersey, California or some other section of the United States where the countryside is properly equipped for the reception and entertainment of tourists. At any rate, that is what one is entitled to suppose after a close scrutiny of the supply of artificial scenery along the stern and rock-bound New England coast; for the supply of any commodity which exists in a stated area is supposed to depend entirely upon the demand for that commodity on the part of the persons who disport themselves within that area.

If this is true, the tourists who cruise up and down the more or less perfect roads of the New England coast during the months commonly devoted to such cruising are filled with a consuming and overpowering desire for fried clams.

The lady who wrote about the landing of the Pilgrims made specific inquiry in her poem as to what it was that the Pilgrims sought.

"What sought they thus afar?" she asked. "Bright jewels of the mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?" And then she assures us poetically that they didn't seek any of these things. But if she had been writing about the pilgrims of today, she would have been obliged to come out frankly in her poem and say that prominent among the things they sought thus afar was the fried clam, which wouldn't have helped the romantic atmosphere of her poem to any noticeable extent.

The fried-clam industry along the stern and rock-bound New England coast has grown to such proportions that a person unfamiliar with the habits and customs of the people of America might reasonably leap to the conclusion that fried clams are as essential to the proper functioning of the inhabitants as is gasoline to the proper functioning of the automobile. This belief would be handsomely confirmed by the fact that a large percentage of gasoline filling stations along the roads near the coast supply their patrons with gasoline, oil, free air, crank-case service and fried clams. Many of the smaller filling stations are unable to advertise free air and crank-case service, but are thoroughly equipped with fried clams.

Filling Up the Tourists

ONE needs no particularly active imagination to conceive of all automobilists in New England as equipped with clam gauges as well as with gasoline and oil gauges. Indeed, after a careful study of the roadside signs along the state roads of New England, one automatically visualizes the stopping of a party of tourists at a combination gasoline and fried-clam stand.

After the amiable attendant has examined the automobile and its occupants with a practiced eye, one pictures him as removing a gasoline hose from its hooks and pumping eight gallons of gasoline into the tank, picking up an oil pump and forcing a quart of oil into its vitals, and finally lifting a clam gun from the adjacent stove and injecting the requisite number of clams into the receptive occupants, while the driver, chewing happily on the leathery neck of his last clam, jerks his thumb over his shoulder toward the large lady on the rear seat and remarks, "Better give her about two quarts; she just burns up the clams!"

One can even imagine the more frugal tourists bragging to one another of their low clam consumption, or mentioning in hushed and admiring tones the sterling performance of a friend's wife, who traveled four hundred and nine miles in one day on seven cents' worth of fried clams.

Senator Robert M. La Follette and Senator Burton K. Wheeler and a number of impassioned and starry-eyed

followers who took Senator La Follette's word for it that everything in America except Senator La Follette is in a perfectly frightful condition, recently undertook to free the oppressed and downtrodden citizenry of the nation from capitalism, Wall Street, the Supreme Court and other arrogant and iron-handed agencies that have so riveted the yoke upon the Americans that they can have only one automobile apiece, and must actually work for their money instead of getting it right out of the Treasury. If they had made a careful survey of the New England coast before starting their crusade against foul and malignant monopolies, they would have seen that the tentacles of the fried-clam monopoly are as firmly entwined in the countryside as are the talons of those better advertised and equally baneful monopolies, the railroads, the packers and the oil companies.

Whatever a shopkeeper may sell, he apparently finds it necessary to dispense fried clams as well. Hot-dog stands sell fried clams, hardware stores sell fried clams; drug stores sell fried clams; farmers sell green corn, cucumbers, fresh eggs and fried clams. Stationery shops sell writing paper, fountain pens, post cards and fried clams.

If the fried-clam industry continues to increase during the next three years as it has in the past three years, the public libraries will be obliged to hand out fried clams with their new fiction; motion-picture palaces will advertise Luella Lush in the Tender Sex, Adapted from King Lear, by William Shakspere, and Fried Clams; village signboards will announce, Blackhard Automobiles and Fried Clams; windows will bear the slogan, Real Estate, Insurance and Fried Clams, or Notary Public, Justice of the Peace and Fried Clams. Doctors, architects and clergymen may even be obliged to dispense fried clams in addition to pills, plans and marriage certificates.

The Heroes of the Industry

THE fried clam of the stern and rock-bound New England coast is a succulent morsel, in part. It may be that if the present passion for fried clams continues to rage with unabated fury, some scientist will discover a method of breeding the clam with the jellyfish or the sea anemone or some equally soft specimen of marine flora or fauna, thus evolving a clam whose neck or head will offer less resistance to the human tooth than it now offers. Until this is done, most clams, especially the larger and more elderly ones, will continue to be succulent only in part; and their northerly sections will often cause their consumers to speculate idly as to the possibility of using a portion of the clam as an acceptable substitute for crape rubber.

Generally speaking, however, it is a succulent morsel, and a filling one as well. Investigation among the thousands of fried-clam stands that have risen to brighten the barren sternness of the New England coast has clearly demonstrated that most clam hounds display a noticeable slackening of enthusiasm when they have consumed one quart of fried clams.

In one quart there are between fifty and sixty fried clams, and the transfer of fifty fried clams from their neat cardboard pail to the interior of even the most ardent clam addict is apt to cause his eye to grow a trifle dull and his eager, birdlike movements to wax a trifle slow and lethargic. In fact there are some clam gourmets of no mean capacity who admit frankly that when they have devoured a quart of their favorite food, their sensations closely resemble those of an ostrich that has just consumed a light snack consisting of a keg of shingle nails, two brass candlesticks and a hatful of mackerel jigs.

Yet there are persons whose affection for fried clams is so ardent that they are able to devour two quarts of them without knocking off to see a doctor.

In the old days the hearty drinker was respectfully characterized by the number of bottles that he was able to consume at one sitting. A two-bottle man was held in high esteem, a three-bottle man was followed by admiring glances whenever he took the air, and a four-bottle man was frequently cheered whenever he appeared in public. As for a five-bottle man, his home town was so proud of him that tablets were erected on his birthplace and ladies traveled for miles to get his autograph.

Among the fried-clam stands of New England, the sturdy fellows who are able to consume two quarts of fried clams—the two-quart men, in short—occupy almost the same high pedestals that once were peopled by the five-bottle men. No towns or union suits have yet been named after them, but the features and characteristics of two-quart men are more familiar to clam-stand owners than those of the Czar of Russia, Rudyard Kipling or Lydia Pinkham. The clam-stand owners tell you in respectful intonations about these prodigies.

"Ye-ah!" they say, squinting speculatively at the sky in search of weather; "ye-ah; there's a feller and his wife come down from Lowell every week or so. He's a little feller and she ain't what you'd call a big woman. But eat! Oh, my gosh, those folks can eat! Two quarts apiece every time they put their legs under a table! They say that every time Sunday comes around they just got to have their clams. You'd think they'd git tired of 'em. Yes, sir, you certainly would! Two quarts—my gosh!"

There is No Escaping Them

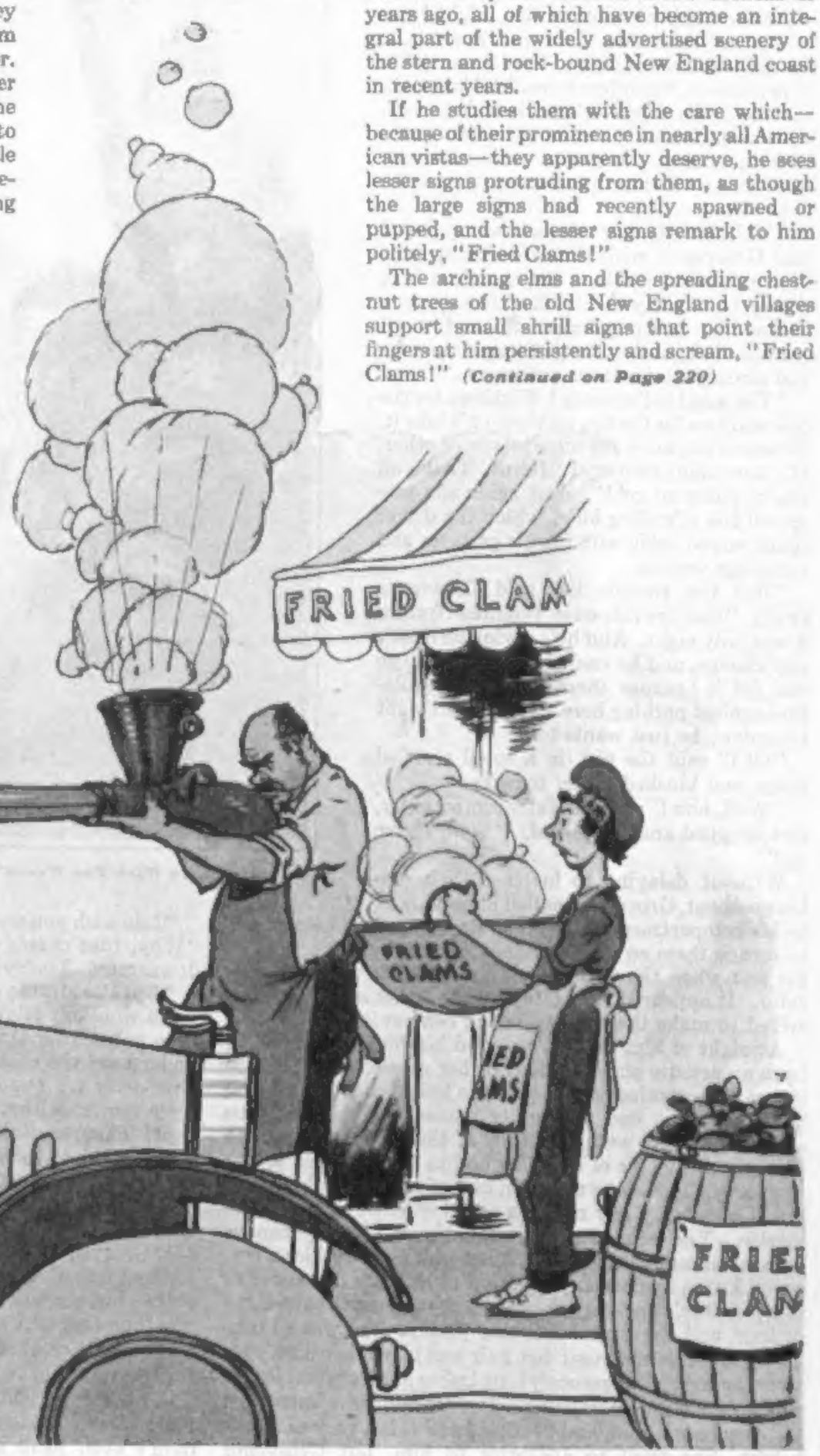
THE fact that many of the latter-day pilgrims frequently change overnight from rapturous devotees of the clam to implacable clam haters may be due less to the clam itself than to the constant forcing of the clam on the attentions of persons who have recently accumulated a capacity load.

When one is newly laden with clams he is usually averse to seeing another clam or hearing about another clam or smelling another clam for several hours. In this surfeited state he surges heavily through the majestic New England landscape, with its rocks, rills, templed hills, woods tossing their giant branches against a stormy sky, and so on; and every few feet he encounters a large sign which stares him in the face and says firmly, "Fried Clams!"

He can no longer gaze with admiration on the large, gayly colored, carefully lettered signs setting forth the virtues of oil, gasoline, corsets, overalls, hotels, shoes, restaurants, stoves, garages, automobiles and congressmen who were up for election a few months or years ago, all of which have become an integral part of the widely advertised scenery of the stern and rock-bound New England coast in recent years.

If he studies them with the care which—because of their prominence in nearly all American vistas—they apparently deserve, he sees lesser signs protruding from them, as though the large signs had recently spawned or pupped, and the lesser signs remark to him politely, "Fried Clams!"

The arching elms and the spreading chestnut trees of the old New England villages support small shrill signs that point their fingers at him persistently and scream, "Fried Clams!" *(Continued on Page 220)*



And Finally Lifting a Clam Gun From the Adjacent Stove and Injecting the Requisite Number of Clams Into the Receptive Occupants

THE OBOLENSKY PENNON

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE first time Grosvenor ever saw her she was arguing with a taxi driver at the Biarritz station, and getting the worst of it. There was an elderly gentleman with her, and the elderly gentleman kept dropping small parcels on the platform and repeating, apprehensively, "Now, Eleanor! Now, Eleanor! We've only got ten minutes! You'd better just give in and pay him what he wants or else we'll lose that train!"

"No, we won't," she said with spirit, "and I'm simply not going to be cheated by any more of these darned foreigners!" And she continued, in very limping French, to debate the fare with a Basque chauffeur, whose protests flowed from his tongue like a ribbon of sandpaper.

Grosvenor frowned, hesitated, and then stepped forward.

"I beg your pardon," he said deferentially, "but if this fellow's dialect is bothering you, and I could be of any help, why ——"

The girl's reaction was one of sweet and formal independence.

"Oh, thank you very much indeed," she said, "but everything's quite all right." And she gave him a little nod of dismissal. "Thank you."

"Yes," echoed her father, with hurried dignity, "we're much obliged to you, sir, but everything's perfectly all right."

And yet, where another man might have bowed and moved on, Grosvenor stood fast. He even smiled cordially. For he was quick of perception, wherefore he realized instantly that both the daughter's pride and the parent's suspicion were merely the armor plate of inexperience. They were seeing Europe, as so many other people do, strictly on the defensive.

"Well, I surely don't mean to annoy you," said Grosvenor, with the utmost courtesy; "but as a matter of fact, the chauffeur isn't trying to cheat you at all. He says you offered him a twenty-franc note, and ——"

In her indignation the girl forgot that she had already declined his assistance.

"Yes, and that's plenty! Eighteen for the ride and two for the tip, and he won't take it. He wants ten more for some reason or other. It's downright robbery! Here! That's all you're going to get!" And again she presented the offending *billet*, which the driver again waved aside with frantic gestures and a copious oration.

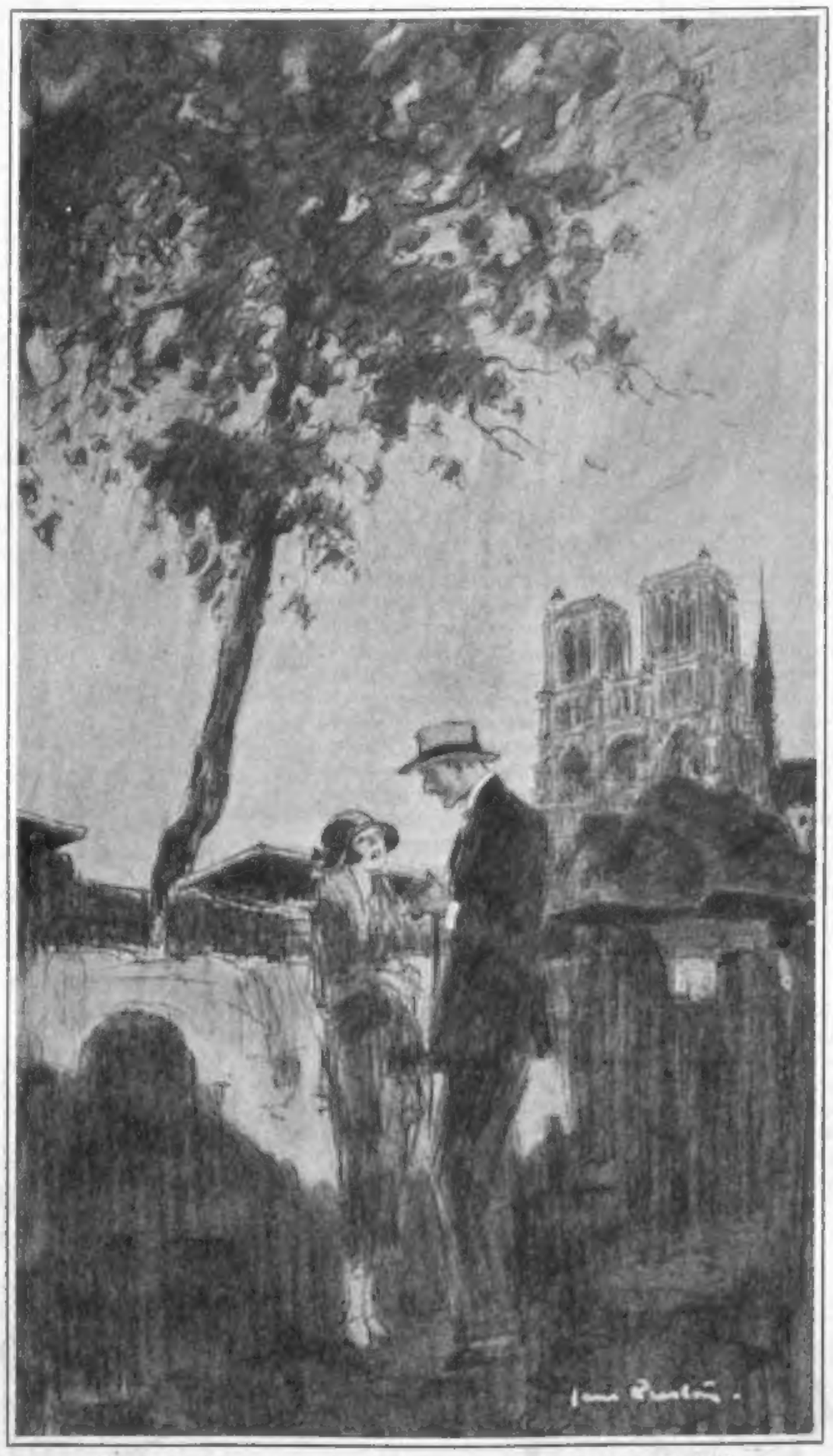
"But the trouble is," said Grosvenor gently, "that the ride wasn't eighteen francs; it was only eight. And he's saying he hasn't any change, and he can't leave his car to go and get it because there's a police regulation against parking here. He doesn't want ten more; he just wants ten."

"Oh!" said the girl, in a small startled voice, and blushed to her temples.

"Well, now!" said her father impotently, and dropped another parcel. "Well, I give up!"

Without delaying to increase their embarrassment, Grosvenor smiled himself away to his compartment on the Sud-Express. But he was not to escape them so easily; indeed, he was hardly settled in his seat when the two Americans turned in from the corridor. It appeared that fate and the ticket seller had conspired to make them his traveling companions.

At sight of him the girl renewed her blushes; and this, from an artistic point of view, rather pleased him, because it was so becoming to her. It also heightened the general impression she had previously made upon him. To be sure, her clothes were distinctly of the mode, and yet she had the elusive air of a child who has been dressed up for the party. There was a certain hint of efficiency about her, but it wasn't by any means a social efficiency; it was domestic. Yes, she was unmistakably a nice, ingenuous provincial making the grand tour, and fighting like a cornered kitten against any invasion of her own innocence or of her father's pocketbook. She was perhaps twenty-three or four, and almost unbelievably pretty. She was all contrasts in black and rose; her hair was black, her dark eyes were shaded by dangerously long lashes and her complexion was positively demoralizing. Incidentally, she came just to Grosvenor's chin, and he considered this a very excellent height. She tried to apologize to him, but Grosvenor laughed and shook his head.



"I Do Wish You Weren't Going Home So Soon," He Said, Hushed

"I do wish you wouldn't feel that way about it," he said. "Why, that chap's patois sounded like an ash can falling downstairs. You're not to blame in the slightest."

"But I'm afraid you think I was rude to you. Only ——"

He wouldn't allow her to finish the sentence. She had been pressed for time, he said; she had thought that she understood the chauffeur, and so she had naturally taken Grosvenor for one of those smart young men who seize their opportunities. Offended? Why, the idea was absurd! Then, tactfully, he blockaded any further discussion of the incident by addressing himself to her father.

Her father, once his international suspicions were removed, promptly reverted to type. His name was Heath; what was Grosvenor's name? Meet my daughter Eleanor, Mr. Grosvenor. They came from Jonesboro, Connecticut. Retired manufacturer. Not much of a factory—nuts and bolts—but the war had certainly been a godsend. Yes, this was their first trip, and probably their last. Europe wasn't what it was cracked up to be. What was there in Europe that we didn't have bigger and better in America, anyway? Except, maybe, some ruins. Well, Europe was welcome to them. We're modern. Why, in the best hotel in Rome they didn't even have a cigar counter! Venice was kind of amusing, though, but you got tired of it; and Florence was too kind of gingerbready. And so on. And besides, he was getting too old to traipse around like this. How old would Mr. Grosvenor guess he was? Sixty? Well, that was quite a compliment. He was seventy-one. Yes, sir, and he could prove it by his passport if necessary. And where did Mr. Grosvenor live, and what was his line? And how long was he over for? Guess he'd been this side of the pond pretty often, hadn't he, to have picked up the lingo so well?

"Why, to tell the truth," said Grosvenor, "I've lived in France for about ten years. No, I'm not exactly in business; I just live here." He saw no reason, at that particular juncture, for adding that he owned a villa at Biarritz, another in Normandy, and had a ninety-nine-year lease on an apartment in Paris, in the Avenue du Bois.

Mr. Heath looked worried.

"Marry a French lady, did you?"

Grosvenor's emphasis was mildly cynical.

"No, I'm not married."

Mr. Heath looked scandalized.

"You mean you live over here when you don't have to—and just idle?"

Grosvenor shook his head.

"Oh, no, I've got enough occupation to keep me out of mischief, at least. You see, I collect antiques."

Mr. Heath was temporarily relieved.

"That's different. Kind of a free-lance art dealer?"

Grosvenor had to repress his laugh.

"Oh, no! Just a collector—an amateur—purely for the amusement of it."

Mr. Heath was utterly confounded.

"Judas Priest!" he exclaimed. "If that's all you do, it's too bad you wouldn't spend your money in America, where you belong! Ten years! Why, that's as much as to say you're ashamed of us, ain't it?"

Eleanor's eyes were very wide.

"You've been here ten years? But how terribly unhappy you must have been at home then!" she said, under her breath.

Grosvenor blinked. By his intimate friends he was called the Grand Seigneur. He had earned this title by his wealth, his social position, his manner and his attainments—and the only man who had ever openly disapproved of him, and the only woman who had ever openly pitied him, were a pair of tourists hailing from a place called Jonesboro and voyaging on the profits of a machine shop! Yet they were both so naïve and so disturbed that, after recovering from the initial shock, he attempted to explain not only his individual tastes but also his reasons for cultivating them. But although his hearers were patently attracted by his personality, neither of them showed signs of being convinced.

At two o'clock Mr. Heath announced his intention of taking a snooze; and thenceforward, with a single interlude for dinner, he snoozed until the Sud-Express drew wearily into the Gare d'Orsay. Grosvenor, on the contrary, had seldom been so thoroughly awake in all his life; and this in spite of the fact that he had always boasted of being immune to feminine seduction.

Moreover, his wakefulness endured long after he arrived at his apartment in the Avenue du Bois. Instead of being fatigued by the journey from Biarritz, he was restless and excited; and he was doubly restless and excited because he couldn't comprehend himself. It never occurred to him that his position could be compared with that of a distinguished heart specialist who suddenly recognizes in himself the very symptoms which he has been accustomed to seek for and to diagnose in others.

Pretty? Of course she was pretty! But so were hundreds of other girls he had met, and not one of them had ever caused him so much as a momentary flutter. Sincere and frank and sympathetic? No doubt of it! But she hadn't any monopoly of those virtues, had she? And granted that she possessed that vague and shimmering quality called charm, why, she wasn't altogether unique in that respect, was she? And she wasn't altogether without shortcomings either. Why, she confused Romanesque with Renaissance.

"Old boy," said Grosvenor to himself, "you're addled by the heat. You'd better telephone in the morning and say

you're sorry you can't come to tea, after all; and then you'd better get out the car and start for Deauville. . . . But I'm hanged if you will!"

Nor did he.

He went to tea and accomplished a miracle. For although he was virtually hypnotized, and whenever he looked at Eleanor his head began to swim, yet he talked so entertainingly about what the two Heaths ought to see and do in Paris that Eleanor was pensive.

"I'd give almost anything if you were going to be here to show us around," she said, "because, of course, we're just as ignorant as we can be, and you're a perfect encyclopedia. And maybe we'll never have another chance. Do you really have to go away tomorrow?"

Grosvenor massaged his jaw. He was due at Deauville for the Grand Prix; and furthermore, it's a social error for any Parisian of the high world to be in Paris during the summer, except in transit. The Heaths, however, weren't sailing for nearly a month; and he knew intuitively that unless he left by tomorrow by the latest, he probably wouldn't leave at all. He drummed on the table and glanced uncertainly at Mr. Heath.

"Yes," said Mr. Heath, "if you know half as much as you've given us to suppose, you'd ought to make a rattling good guide, young man. And as long's we're here in gay Paree, I'd kind of like to clean it up, once and for all. And anyhow, your company'd be very acceptable."

"Oh, you can't desert us!" said Eleanor entreatingly. "You just can't!"

She never should have looked at him like that from under her lashes. Grosvenor was tempted and he fell. He cursed himself for an idiot at the same time that he was exalted by his idiocy; for when Mr. Heath thanked him in a few ill-chosen words Eleanor thanked him with her eyes. That evening he sent off nine telegrams, turned over his château to a group of friends whose host he had expected to be and erased Deauville from his consciousness. The telegrams said that he was detained in Paris on urgent personal affairs.

Nevertheless, during the first week he had little reward for his sacrifice. The blunder was that he knew his ground too well and made himself entirely too eloquent. Even Mr. Heath, who disapproved of him, was so interested that he canceled his usual naps and insisted upon joining every excursion; and whether they were inspecting furniture, tapestries, ceramics, metals, churches, prints or paintings, Mr. Heath invariably said:

"Um-hum. Quite nice. Guess they could have done it just as well in America, though, if anybody'd wanted to waste time on it. Um-hum. But about how much do you suppose it's worth? I don't mean in this French monkey money; I mean in real hard cash." So that Grosvenor, burdened with the twin duties of lecturer and appraiser, had no appreciable latitude to talk to Eleanor.

But on the eighth day—oh, blessed circumstance!—Mr. Heath's feet gave out.

"Oh, well," he said resignedly, "when you come right down to it, it's only just a lot of secondhand junk anyway. So here's what we'll do: Forenoons I'll prowl round with you and Eleanor, and afternoons I'll rest up and soak my feet, and you and Eleanor can do whatever you've a good mind to."

They did. Together they wandered in the gardens of Versailles, and exchanged brief glances, and hastily made conversation. They sat on the terrace at St.-Germain and gazed at the twisting river and allowed their tea to grow cold. They loitered through the royal forest of Fontainebleau and dared not look at each other. But it was back in Paris, in the dusk of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, that he finally proposed to her.

"I do wish you weren't going home so soon," he said, hushed. "I wish you were going to stay here always." Then he ventured to put his hand on her arm. "Why don't you?"

Presently she lifted her face to him.

"Because I can't leave daddy. He needs me." She said it almost in a whisper. Grosvenor cleared his throat.

"But why couldn't both of you stay? You know I want you to, don't you? And—and you know what I could do for you, don't you?"

After a pause she said, "Yes; but there's one thing you couldn't do—and that's to make daddy contented. He's an old man, and he doesn't like Europe, and he's absolutely devoted to that funny little town of ours. It's his home."

He waited until a flying squadron of tourists, glued to the heels of their guide, passed into the ambulatory and out of range.

Then he said, "You mean—I've no chance?"

Instead of answering him, she asked another question. "You couldn't possibly—endure it in America?"

Grosvenor winced.

"Dear child, you don't understand! You talk as if I were a traitor! Can't you see that I'm here because my *métier* is here? What could I do in America? Why, I began to study this field almost before you were born! It's my profession. It's all I know. And without bragging—well, I'm considered rather an expert. I really am. To go back to America—well, it would be like Paderewski's giving up the piano to take lessons on the saxophone!"

She smiled feebly.

"You're a student, of course. You've got a busy mind. But aren't there things worth collecting in America too—and worth studying?"

He sniffed.

"No! And there won't be for five hundred years more. Not from my point of view." He bent toward her. "Eleanor," he said, "I love you, but ——"

She looked up at him bravely.

"But not quite enough," she said.

The calendar had wings and Grosvenor's thoughts were leaden. He had known in advance that Eleanor would like few of his friends and that her father would indict them all; very well, he had been prepared to cashier his friends wholesale. He had known that the Heaths were simple folk and unassuming; very well, he had been prepared to reorganize his entire life. For Eleanor's sake, he had even been willing to put up with the irritating banality of her father—her father, who said that the Cluny Museum was secondhand junk, that the Pyrenees weren't as pretty as the White Mountains, and that the Church of St.-Sulpice looked more like a jail than a meetinghouse! And then on top of that she had imposed yet further conditions. She had virtually said that she would marry him if he would also marry Jonesboro.

He loved her, but he was thirty-four years old and a man of reason. Moreover, he was a specialist, and deeply in love with his specialty. Why, from his freshman year in college his whole enthusiasm, his whole sentiment, had been pinned to sixteenth and seventeenth century France! In America his brain would lie fallow. Why, you might as well lock an astronomer in a subbasement! He wasn't a rich loafer; he was an antiquarian who happened to be rich. Why, great heavens, his villa in Biarritz and his château in Normandy were so important that once a week they were thrown open to the public! And this had been at the request of the Ministry of Beaux-Arts!

But the last time he had spoken to her—it was yesterday, in the Sainte Chapelle—she had cried; actually cried.

Grosvenor got up and paced the room. On the mantel was one of his most recent purchases—a small wooden panel exquisitely inlaid and gilded; yet no one but an expert would have recognized its historic value. He halted and nodded at it. Yes, it had been a good buy. But if the dealer had known a tenth as much about French history as Grosvenor did, the price would have been twenty times greater.

He sat down again, facing the mantel. He was remembering that afternoon at Notre Dame. What was it he had said—that in America there wouldn't be anything worth collecting for another five hundred years? Well, he felt that it was true. But what would the collectors of that epoch be hunting for anyway? Who could tell? The curious thing about antiques was that you paid fabulous amounts today for something that used to be as common as dirt, and just about as cheap. Why, for the pair of pewter candlesticks which flanked the inlaid panel Grosvenor had paid seventy dollars! And since they were pewter, and not silver, they had probably come from a humble farmhouse.

He Had No Sensation of Walking—He Was Too Excited; But When His Brain Cleared He Was Alternately Gazing at the Façade of the World's Eighth Wonder, and Reading From His Book

(Continued on Page 125)

THE JOURNAL OF WILLIE

By Frank Mann Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"Oh, Willie," She Says When She Seen Me, "I Didn't Know You Owned a Car"

BOWIE RACE TRACK, April 1.

LAST night me and Mister Tom Robbins, whom I am rider for his stable, was setting in our tack room and I was telling him a few items of importants and interest in regards to myself and all of a sudden he inturrupted me like he had been strucken with a idea.

"Why in the aitch don't you grab one of them dam newspaper repporters and tell it to him, Willie?" he says.

"And why should I tell it to a newspaper repporter?" I repplies.

"Well," says Mister R., "maybe he would be glad to print it in his paper, and besides you already got 1 of my ears totely pluged up and the other 1 closeing rappidly."

"And how much jack would a newspaper guy pay me for telling him facks about myself?" I says.

"Well, Willie, that depends," he ansers. "Some newspaper guys is different to others, although all of them are notoriable spendrifts and would just as leaf stake you to a free ticket to Central Park or the Acquarium as not."

"And why coulden't I write down the story of my life, so far, my own self, and when it is wrote why coulden't I sell it to some newspaper my own self?" I asts.

"I don't know of no reason why not," he ansers; "you sure got nerve enough for anything."

So I have boughten me a big scribleing book and 2 lead pencils and I am going to set here in the tack room evenings and write down the story of my life, so far, and I guess if all these dam golf cooties and long-tennis bugs can get their lifes and pictures in the papers, folks will be pretty glad to hear about me, who am about to become the greatest race rider in the hole world if abillity can do it, even if only a apprentice or bug at the present momment; but just as soon as some of these owners get the catarax carved out of their lamps and give me a mount on a beetle that can pick up all 4 feet without getting a couple of them tangeled, why I will show this Earl Sande and this Ivory Parke that they are not all the berries on the bush.

And after I have got it all wrote I will wait till I have rode the winner of the Kentucky Dearby and the Preakness and a few like that, and then I will sell it to some newspaper for plenty jack. And when any of the other bugs come round here asting me into a crape game in the evenings, why I will say to them I am too busey with my literatury work, and that will knock them ignorant babies dizzey.

BOWIE RACE TRACK, April 2.

A kind of a funny thing happened just now when I was walkeing over from the boardeing-house, and I guess people are beginning to talk about my abillity even if I am only a bug at present, and it was like this. Mostly I am cold as ice to the opposeite sect and would not give the best-lookeing chicken in the world a kind look even, although many's the one has tried to make me. But comming along the road ahead of me I see one with bobed hair and a yellow and purple silk sweater and everything nice and neat and quiet, and just as I am passeing her she drops her handkercheif, so natureally I picks it up and hands it to her because, although cold to women, I am always polite.

"Oh, thank you so much," she says with a sweat smile, "how stuppid for me to of droped it."

Well, with that we got to chatteing to and frow and pretty soon she says, "I bet I know who you are."

"I bet you don't then," I repplies laugheingly.

"Well, I bet I do," she ansers.

"Well, I bet you don't," I ansers. "Whom do you think I am then?"

"Why," she says. "I bet you are that new jockey from Canada everybody is talkeing about."

"Well, girly," I says moddestly, "it is the truth I come from Canada, and it is the truth I am a jockey, or will be as soon as I get a few more mounts and gradduate from a apprentice; but why you should say everybody is talkeing about me is over my head, because I haven't did very much that is wordy of note as yet."

"Oh, you are too moddest," she says. "Everywhere I go it seems to me I don't hear notheing but what a wizzud of a rider this new jockey of Mister Robbinses is, and only my mom is so strick I would just adore to see you ride some day."

"Somebody has been filleing you with apple sauce," I replies stern-like on account of her praiseing me to my face, I am like that. "Even if everybody that sees me work says I am a natural-born race rider I have not had no chance to show the public nothing yet, although one of these days soon I will be showeing the other boys the way home."

"Oh," she says, "have you got something good in your stable you are going to turn loose?"

"No," I repplies, "notheing but a bunch of cripples and a lot of green 2-year-olds, but it isn't the horse wins the race, it is the rider, girly."

"Oh, I thought maybe you had something that you were keeping a secret," she says. "What is your other name, Jockey Painter?"

"My name is Willie," I says, "although I am not no Willie boy. What is your name, girly?"

"I can see by your face you are not no Willie boy, Willie," she says. "My name is Alice."

"If you don't dast come to the track to see me ride," I says, "how about me and you going into town and haveing a bit to eat and seeing a show together some night?"

"Oh, Willie, that would be just grand," she says, "and you could tell me all about the horses in your stable and when they are going to win and all like that; but you must faithfully promist to not keep me out no later than 10 o'clock on account my mom worries something terrible, and if she ever suxpected I was freinds with a jockey she would be like to ring my neck, she is that old-fashion, and the only reason we live near a track is because it is so nice and quiet for my pop, who is a infirmed invalid."

So she is going to phone me some day and make a date for me to take her into Baltimore and show her the sights, and she seems all exited over the idea of going out with a prominent guy like I. Well, she is sure one nice chicken, even if women are nothing to me or less. Only I wisht her name was not Alice, because I got no patients with these new-fandeled names; give me the good old-fashion kind like Norma or Trixy, I am like that. Still she dresses nice and neat and don't go round with no long hair or no long skirts like some of the dames do nowadays, they make me sick.

BOWIE RACE TRACK, April 3.

Well, I rode my 1st winner today and I guest it will not be long before I will be haveing my picture on all the sporteing pages, because they won't dast keep a boy on the ground any longer with the class I showed them this afternoon, and it was like this:

This morning at workout time I was telling Mister Robbins I had taken his advice about writeing down the story of my life, so far.

"Well, Willie," he says, "I am dam glad to hear that you are going to be a writer, because the next time I tell you to just mearly breeze a filly like I done yesterday, and then you go and turn her loose and let her step the last 2 furlong in 23 and broadcast the hole dam world how good she is, why you will have plenty of time to devoat to literatury work, because you will not be a bug no longer."

He is one awful kidder, Mister Tom Robbins, and to hear him talk you might not think I am the very apple of his life. But I am use to his kiddeing, and so I took no notice.

"How about this colt we got in the 2nt race this afternoon?" I says. "Do I ride him like you promist me I was going to, and do we give him a work this morning or not?"

My cool way of takeing things must of made a awful inpression on the boss, because all he done was take a big chaw of tobacco and stare at me in silents for a while and it is not very often Mister Robbins is silent.

After a while he give a kind of a smile and says, "No, Willie, we will not give that colt no work this morning.

because with a boy like you to ride him that colt will have plenty of work this afternoon without wasteing none of his strenth now."

"Then I am going to ride him?" I says. "I suppose you will be laying a swell bet on us."

"No, Willie," Mister R. ansers, "I have not never been accused of being no Skylock with my dough, but in the present condition of the money market I do not think I will gamble nothing on your mount this afternoon."

"You don't think he's no good then?" I asts.

"I don't even think he's as good as the boy that will ride him," he repplies, whitch was pretty nice, but of coarse I did not let on I had heard the compliment, I am like that.

And when he flang me into the saddle this afternoon I says to him, "Well, Mister Robbins, how do you want me to ride him?"

"Whom am I to tell a boy like you how to ride one?" he repplies. "You already know everything there is to be knowed, don't you, Willie?"

"Well then," I says, kind of pleased, "I will get him off in front and bring him home in front."

"That will be a dam good trick, Willie," he ansers, "provideing you do it."

So at the barrier I kept the colt on his toes and got him away flying, and then I hand-rode him till we come to the stretch and when he felt like he was weakening I went to the bat and give him a ride down the stretch that I bet Tod Sloan never equaled in his balmy days and we finished a good ½ lenth in front.

"Well," I says to Mister R. when he met me comeing out of the weighing room. "I guess the next time me and that colt runs you will put a swell bet on us like I told you to."

"Yes, Willie," he repplies, "I will bet a million bucks on you next time, provideing you can gurantee me that the starter will throw another fit and spring the barrier with all the other beetles turned rear end frontwards like he done just now and let you steal a 10-lenth advantage that not even you could lose it although you done your best to."

"Thank you, Mister Robbins," I repplies, "I will always try and do my best, and I suppose now that I have win a race you will let me do all the rideing for the stable."

"Oh, have a heart, Willie," he ansers. "What would boys like Haynes and Marinelli and Lang do if a bug like you was to cop all their honors your very 1st. season?"

So after supper I took a little walk up and down the road a few times for the sake of the air and exercise and maybe meet a few freinds or aquaintance, but did not see nobody I knew; but I guess she will be ringeing me up tomorrow when she sees in the papers what I done this afternoon. So then I came over here to the tack room to do some writeing, but I do not feel like writeing much on account my hand still pains from where it landed on young Danny O'reilley's eye for calling me swell-headed at supper time over to the boardeing house, but when I had finished with him it was his head was swole, not my head.

BOWIE RACE TRACK, April 5.

Well, I am sure tired tonight and you would think some of these race-horse owners would oncet in a while think of the old adverb about "Rember the Sabbath day and keep it wholey." But, no, every day is labor day with them and a boy don't get no more rest in this business than what he could put in his eye.

Last night I was kind of late getting back to the house on account I had took a long walk up and down the road partly for the exercise and partly because Alice phoned me in the morning and congratulate me on winneing the race the day before, and when I said to her When will I see you? she said maybe she would be walking past the track in the evening. So of course I did not want to disappoint no little girly who takes such an interest in a man as she does, and it is kind of pathletic the way she wants to know everything about me and what I been doing and weather we got any new horses in our barn and goodness knows what else. But I guess she could not manage to sneak out on her old lady or else her pop had tooken a turn for the worst, because she did not show up, although I waited for quite a while, and when I got to the boardeing house there was Mister Robbins and kind of hot from waiting for me over 2 hours.

"Where in the aitch have you been all this time?" he hollers.

"Oh, just out for a little stroll," I ansers very dignifried. "Why, do my nights belong to you as well as my days, Mister Robbins?"

"Everything about you belongs to me, worse luck," he repplies, kiddeing as usual. "And if you don't believe it just take a peek at the contrack I got on you some time."

"Well," I says, "I guess you wouldn't have no trouble disposeing of that contrack for a big price if you wanted to."

"Dispose of it?" he says. "Why only the night before last old Tom McCune come into my room at the hotel with his tongeu fair hanging out for a drink, and when I offered him a hole bottle of the best Scotch wiskey ever brewed in the state of Maryland provided he would take you along with it, the old sinner walked out on me insulted."

"Is that so?" I comes back. "Well, Mister Robbins, if you would give me a mount oncet in a while and let me show my stuff, maybe Hildreth or Ross or some of them big ones would be glad to grab me without no crock of wiskey throwed in."

"Maybe Bud Fisher could use you at that," he repplies, "because owneing you would give him many's the idea for that comical stripe he draws for the papers. But what I been waiting for is not to be exchanging compliments with you, Willie, but to tell you to be over to the track at 4 o'clock without fail."

"Four o'clock in the morning?" I says. "What are you going to pull off that earley—a merder?"

"If you ain't there promp to the minute there will undoubtlessly be merder did, with you as the subjeck," he ansers.

"Is that so?" I repplies sarcastic, and we left it at that.

But after I had went to bed I got to thinking that he ain't such a bad old scout, Mister Robbins, even if he is a awful kidder; so just to huemor him I was at the barn about 5 minutes to 4, although I felt like strangleing young Srimp McGarrigle laying there in the bed snoreing like a saxophone and me haveing to turn out in the dark and cold. And when I got to our barn, there was the boss and Smokey Absalom, our swipe, putteing the tack on a big black geldin that was a stranger to me.

"What one is this?" I inquires

"Never you mind what one is this," Mister R. ansers. "This horse is sort of shy and don't like to do his stuff in front of company, so you climb up there, Willie, and gallop him nice and slow around the track oncet, and the 2nd. time round turn him loose at the ½ mile post and set him down good and hard the rest of the way, but don't use the bat on him."

So I done as he said and the 2nd. time round I set him down hard from the ½ and he finished as full of run as a cold in the head so I could hardly stop him. And when I finably got him pulled up I jogged him back to where the boss was setting on the fence with his big gold kettle in his hand.

"Well, what did we do the ½ in?" I inquires.

"Oh, about 56 or 69 or thereabouts in round numbers," he repplies.

"Is that so?" I says laugheingly. "Then all I got to say is you must of gave that kettle a speed powder or else you snapped her at the 3-furlong pole, because if that trip was a second more than 49 I hope I may never win the Kentucky Dearby."

"You go on back to the house and get a little beauty sleep, Willie," he ansers. "What with staying out late at night and your literatury work and so forth you have

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She Takes a Look in Our Directions and When She Sees Me She Waves Her Hand and Blows Me a Kiss

TWO GIRLS TO ONCET

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

For the Second Time That Day a Slender Young Lady Bounded and Rebounded Upon Oscar's Chest

IT TOOK Oscar Wackernagel two years to grow up to his hands and feet. That is to say, at the age of fifteen Oscar's bantam frame having produced heavyweight extremities, it rested from its labors for some considerable space and devoted itself solely to the process of learning to manipulate those magnificent organs of grasp and locomotion. Nature, however, that inexorable mistress of consistency, was busied with Oscar during this suspensive period. With intention that he should emerge at the age of seventeen with all parts fitly framed and joined together, she was even then encouraging within him an enormous regard for food and as a corollary a regard for the providers of food.

The fact that these providers happened to be of the opposite sex was merely incidental. Mrs. Wackernagel herself was, of course, the principal servitor during those two years in which Oscar extended latitudinally from a skimpy thirty-four to a perfect forty and longitudinally from four-feet-eight to six-feet-two. Three times a day he devastated her plenteous board. In the hollow stretches between, his casual eyes roving for calories encountered the plethoric lunch basket of one Lettie Poffenbarger.

Whether Miss Poffenbarger herself had anything to do with motivating the encounter is beside the matter. "Och, my," she exclaimed one afternoon at the hour of four as she paused upon the porch of the Heitville Preparatory, "it does now kreistle me fur to pack home along such a pail fulled of wittles. But I can't otherwise put down the hearty meals like mom puts them up fur me."

Oscar, who was fortifying himself for the journey homeward with the last of an inadequate supply of apples, slanted an eye toward the pail.

Miss Poffenbarger lifted the lid and stared regretfully within. "And it ain't only the cheesecake," she itemized, "but here's them there pickled beets and them there rusks yet. But, then, if worser comes oncet to worst, I guess I could anyhow throw it aways."

Oscar heroically bolted the remaining quarter of the apple and eyed her sternly. "It's a sin fur to waste wittles," he adjured hoarsely.

"Well, I was just conceitin' I'd hist it off the covered bridge when nobody was lookin'," murmured Miss Lettie. "But mebbe that there's be a sin to my credit, too, I don't know."

Oscar's reply was to stride with her to the covered bridge, there to take the practical measures necessary to insure that his schoolmate would not be overcome by sinful recklessness. The save-the-food campaign thus instituted continued until the closing of the school term some two months later; and, it is to be presumed, would have been prosecuted with the same diligence during the following term had not Miss Lettie's practical parents hustled her off to a business college at Youngstown some hundred miles distant. Oscar's stomach at the beginning of his sixteenth year was thus left unto him desolate.

It savored of the providential that he was soon thereafter led into intimacy with the champion cake baker of Buthouse County. Upon the day of the annual county fair, driven by sudden shower into the shed reserved for the housewives' exhibits, Oscar was amazed to see a timid classmate the center of a vociferous throng. High upon a barrel stood little Minnie Swengel; in her small hands she held a monumental cake which had just been awarded the prize over a table full of similar confections. She was a noiseless wisp of the blue-and-white variety; Oscar had never done her even the passing homage of a well-directed spitball. Now even the heavens above conspired to make her suddenly noteworthy in his eyes; the sun, riving the clouds for an instant, shone through a crack in the roof and laid a patina of gold upon her ash-colored hair; it slanted a long finger at the swirls of lovely pink in her cheeks and lingered for a moment upon the cake itself, making it appear even more huge, more glistening than it really was. The meager little creature holding it forth was transformed for the moment into a Goddess of Plenty; and Oscar's dazzled gaze never afterward saw her otherwise.

She lifted her timid eyes; they encountered Oscar's, painful with surprise and hunger; she crumpled slightly at the waistline, the cake began to tremble, and she begged in piteous accents to be lifted from the barrel.

"She's just natured to be a good cook," Mrs. Swengel was shrilling proudly. "My mother on my side inherits it to her. Yes, oncet a week still she lays ower a bakin'; and it's always just alike tasty, and that's the given truth."

Oscar made his way toward the door to observe the weather; but all interests in climatic conditions suddenly ceased as a murmur rose about him: "She's goin' fur to pass it! She's a-cuttin' it a'ready!"

The champion passed the cake herself. When she reached Oscar she did not look up at him. But she silently pointed toward the largest piece upon the platter.

Oscar accepted the omen, and cake in hand strode forth into a world of glittering promise. But he did not stride far. A couple of bags of peanuts and a wiener sandwich served only to emphasize a vague sad yearning which impelled him again and again to the entrance of the housewives' exhibits.

When the champion finally came forth he managed to cleave the clouds of glory she was trailing in her wake in the form of congratulatory neighbors, and to whisper in her ear, "I might mebbe be passin' your way out Sunday after." Again her eyes did not quite make Oscar's own, but her slight body quivered and a sound caught in her throat.

She lived in Yoder Run, a farming community adjacent to Heitville. On the following humid Sunday, then, Oscar happened to be passing through Yoder Run astride the swayed back of the Wackernagel steed. Minnie happened to be leaning over her gate.

Subsequent Sundays, humid and otherwise, found him happening in the same direction. Oscar, indeed, during the whole of his seventeenth year divided his daily dozen between the Swengel and the Wackernagel tables.

This was well pleasing in the sight of the Swengels, for they believed the Wackernagels to be the richest family in the county. It was also highly gratifying to the Wackernagels, for they believed the Swengels to be the richest family in the county. It was not until Oscar's seventeenth birthday was imminent that the ant in the sirup was discovered, and this particular ant was a large and slothful one, being personified by nothing less than the large and slothful Oscar himself. The criminal extent of Oscar's slothfulness was revealed during a heated discussion between his parents over a problem incident to the forthcoming birthday.

For Heitville, which washes on Monday, irons on Tuesday and sweeps on Wednesday, likewise inexorably presents its youth at the age of seventeen with a vehicle for dashing into the matrimonial race at full speed. But Oscar had already dashed. Was he a candidate, then, for the ceremonial horse and top buggy?

Mrs. Wackernagel averred in high soprano that he was. Mr. Wackernagel averred in deep bass that he was not.

"He has made his market a'ready," Mr. Wackernagel's Niagara Falls mustache boomed as with the sound of many waters. "What fur sense would it make fur me to spend at him fur a rig when he is fixed all?"

"Och, You Talk Dumb!"

Oscar, Cake in Hand, Strode Forth Into a World of Glittering Promise

"Och, you talk dumb!" Mrs. Wackernagel's knitting needles clashed. "Because that boy is that smart yet that he starts early out and makes up to the best house-worker in the county, then fur that his pop won't give him dare fur to beau her onto a buggy. You will git a shamed face in front of the town, so good-fixed like what you are, if that boy has got to go settin' up with his girl onto just his own feet still."

Mr. Wackernagel nonchalantly turned his newspaper. Mrs. Wackernagel eyed him redly; then she thrust the long needles through the tight knot of her hair and prepared to commit hara-kiri upon her maternal feelings.

"Listen and leave me tell youse somepun," the soprano lowered to ominous mezzo forte. "He ain't made his market yet." The newspaper crashed. "No, and that he ain't. He ain't popped nothing and she ain't passed him no promise."

She slanted stiffly backward. He slanted stiffly forward.

"Ain't popped yet? What fur a reason ain't he popped yet if he is keepin' comp'ny fur a year a'ready? Three wisits hand runnin' was looked to as gittin' down to biz whiles I was a young single. Was you astin' it off him wasn't he popped?"

Mrs. Wackernagel shook her geisha coiffure mournfully. "Her mom was tellin' me. And Minnie she cries somepun ower it too. He sets still, and eats the wittles off them, but it don't go no furder. He ain't ever led her on with no expectations. And fur why?" cracked Mrs. Wackernagel in dramatic climax. "What fur a reason yet, you ast me? I will tell you what fur a reason yet: Our Oscar is that smart that he knows he would look like a poor shakes fur to ast a girl to stand up with him to say 'Yes' when he ain't got no buggy to pack her to the preacher. Yes, I would guess anyhow, a rich ketch like what she is! And you'll be fur losin' her out of the family before ever you git her into it, so keen on the penny like what you are!"

Mr. Wackernagel rose in a fury of exasperation. "I will see oncet what he means by wittlin' off Swengel free fur nothing. Oscar! You come quick here!" He clutched the end sprays of Niagara Falls between stubborn eyeteeth. "But so far forth as the buggy goes, if I am a-gittin' one—which I ain't—he would likely go a-copyin' Doc Strunk's boy, a-snortin' in his onmannerly ottamobill after one girl and then how many." He flung open the door upon the porch and bellowed "Oscar!"

"My souls!" Mrs. Wackernagel distractedly stabbed her bosom with one of the needles. "What a black shame fur a pop to put onto his boy yet! Like as if our Oscar didn't know it wasn't moral fur to set up with two girls to oncet! You draw my breath!"

But Oscar materialized at that moment through an inner door.

Indeed his expression of pained amazement and the heightened hue of one of his ears might have led a suspicious observer to the conclusion that the keyhole had been subjected to other than its customary use.

"Now what about this Swengel girl?" demanded Mr. Wackernagel. "Was you eatin' off Swengel free of board and not payin' him back with no intentions?"

With his eyes upon his mother's lips Oscar enunciated slowly but unfalteringly, "Well, I guess I couldn't plague a girl into standin' up before the preacher oncet if I ain't got no buggy fur to pack her to the church, kin I? Anyways such a rich ketch like what this here one is."

On the Saturday afternoon before the anniversarial Sabbath Mr. Wackernagel silently appeared in the side yard trailing a shining black top buggy.

"That makes now somepun stylish!" panted Mrs. Wackernagel as she ambled about it. "Ain't not, Oscar? You and Minnie could make wonderful high society a-ridin' through town and a-wavin' that way with the whip. You should git red tossels at the bridle, now, fur to match up with them there wheels."

"Red tossels, heh?" thundered his father, whose temper had risen in proportion as his purse had fallen. "I never seen such spenders like where I got married into. You let all such tossels, and you listen on me. I'm expectin' results out of this here buggy, and you know plenty good who I mean. And if you git flighty and go galliwantin' with any such others, I'll quick fetch off you both the rig and both the horse."

"I ain't lookin' fur no such others," grunted Oscar.

But that was not saying that others were not looking for him!

Oscar sat in the family pew upon his natal day, his eyes roving intermittently toward the inclosure at the left of the pulpit. Within this inclosure with an energy incredible in her demure little body Minnie Swengel not only pumped the organ and performed upon its keys, but also led the choir in shrill sweet soprano. The word "led" is not ill-advised, for in the dramatic passages of the hymns where more physical force was required for evoking the accompaniment, Minnie in a fine frenzy of accomplishment usually left the fat alto and the florid bass a full bar in the rear. Thus, when Minnie was pealing forth a triumphant "Amen" her companions were still perspiring "on that beautiful shore."

That Mr. Wackernagel was not insensible to this activity on the part of his prospective daughter-in-law was evidenced by the forceful elbow with which he nudged his son as the two stepped out upon the porch after the services.

"Take notice to how she makes up and down onto that organ. She tromps miles onto it without moving a step yet. It will give good meals if she steps that lively onto the kitchen. And," he concluded darkly, "it ain't likely I'm the only one where takes notice to it, neither."

Oscar side-stepped the nudge and took up his wonted stand at the foot of the steps, whence a few minutes later he loitered down the walk with the young organist.

"Mom give me dare to make such a cake ower your birthday," she confided breathlessly. "Six layers with such pink icin' amongst it."

Oscar breathed hard.

"Mebbe if I come early out, we could set and eat twicet off it anyways."

"Mebbe. But don't do it to come too early. Lizzie Hangen has got two new twins, and she give us the inwitation fur to eat the noon meal here in town and see them oncet."

"Twins!" Oscar kicked disdainfully at the churchyard turf. "Gosh! What would anybody want to go fur to gape at twins fur? Squallin' insects!"

Minnie's meek face ended in a chin unexpectedly square. That Oscar had affronted the perquisites peculiar to her maternal sex was manifest by a sudden thrusting forward of this feature as she remarked severely, "Why, Oscar! You was now little yourself oncet a'ready!"

"Well, I wasn't twins anyhow. But git loose from them as soon as youse otherwise kin. And then, till it comes evening church, youse will git your first ride onto my new buggy."

"Oh, Oscar!" A tide of pleasure flushed Minnie's cheeks as pink as the roses on her hat. "Won't we make grand, though?" Her little face grew serious with responsibility even in that moment of high emotion. "And mebbe whiles we're ridin' youse would stop me off at the Schlaegels' fur to git a cake yeast. Here if I ain't that dumb that I went to work and let my yeast starter git all."

"Will they make grand oncet?" tittered Mrs. Swengel, who in rapt communion with Mrs. Wackernagel was brushing past at the moment. "Say, now, that makes a thought fur me. It wouldn't go bad with us if you was to ride with mister out this after and make a supprise on Oscar fur his birthday. We could lay on the table early fur supper and then see how it makes with them when they ride off on the buggy."

"Yes, well," meditated Mrs. Wackernagel, "but then agin, if I could fetch mister off his Sunday nap oncet?"

"Well, see, anyhow!" cried Mrs. Swengel in mysterious farewell as Oscar approached.

The inauspicious twins deterred him not at all from making his usual early start to the Swengels'. There was no reason, he argued, why he should not be proceeding in slow magnificence toward the ceremonial cake.

But, alas! A mile and a half from the village there was a crossroads, that fatal intersection in so many lives which would be blameless were there no crossroads in them. Both roads led to the Swengels'; if Oscar had but taken the one which his parents were later to travel the tumultuous incidents of the afternoon would not need to be recorded.

Nine-tenths of Oscar's mental activity as he rode along was centered upon the six-layer cake. The other tenth concerned itself casually with the proposal of marriage which the two families appeared to deem so surprisingly important. To him it had been perfectly obvious from the day upon which she had been proclaimed champion cake baker that he would some day lead her via the altar to his own domestic range. Not much mentality, casual or otherwise, was necessary for so simple a performance.

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Oscar Happened to be Passing Through Yoder Run Astride the Swayed Back of the Wackernagel Steed. Minnie Happened to be Leaning Over Her Gate

B'AR STORIES—By Will C. Barnes

SOME years ago two rangers on a national forest in Montana were working their way down a very rough cañon in which there was no sign of a trail. Fifty years before, a forest fire had swept across the region, leaving behind it a snarl of burned logs among blackened standing trunks, making progress slow and difficult. Often they found their way blocked with a log over which they could not jump their saddle and pack animals. Huge granite bowlders scattered along the bottom of the narrow cañon added to the troubles of the rangers. Finally they reached two bowlders each as large as a box car and perhaps ten feet high, that some centuries ago had been dislodged from the rim rock above and thundering down the cañon's side, had found a final resting place in its bed.

When old Mother Nature dropped them there she left them lying in a sort of V shape, but not quite touching at the point of the V. Here there was a gap between the two, but so narrow that the men doubted if their horses could pass through; certainly they could not with saddles and packs in place.

On either side of these bowlders a tangle of down timber, underbrush and smaller bowlders made it plain that if the gap would pass the stripped horses it would be much less labor to unpack and unsaddle than to chop their way around.

On top of the rocks spanning the opening was a short pole, which they judged had been placed there for some purpose. Dismounting to investigate they started through the narrow passage, but stopped short, for there before them on the ground was the dried-out carcass of a horse, dead for many months. Its right front leg was fast in the powerful jaws of a huge steel bear trap. Evidently the person who placed the trap there had done so in the expectation that bruin must pass through the gap going either up or down the cañon. From the pole overhead hung a piece of baling wire, which they had not noticed at first. This wire came down to about five feet above the trap lying below it, and a loop in its lower end had undoubtedly held a bait of some kind—a jack rabbit, a sage hen or a piece of bacon. Swinging free as it did, any bear passing through the gap would have its eyes fixed on the bait above and thus blunder blindly into the trap cunningly concealed with grass and leaves.

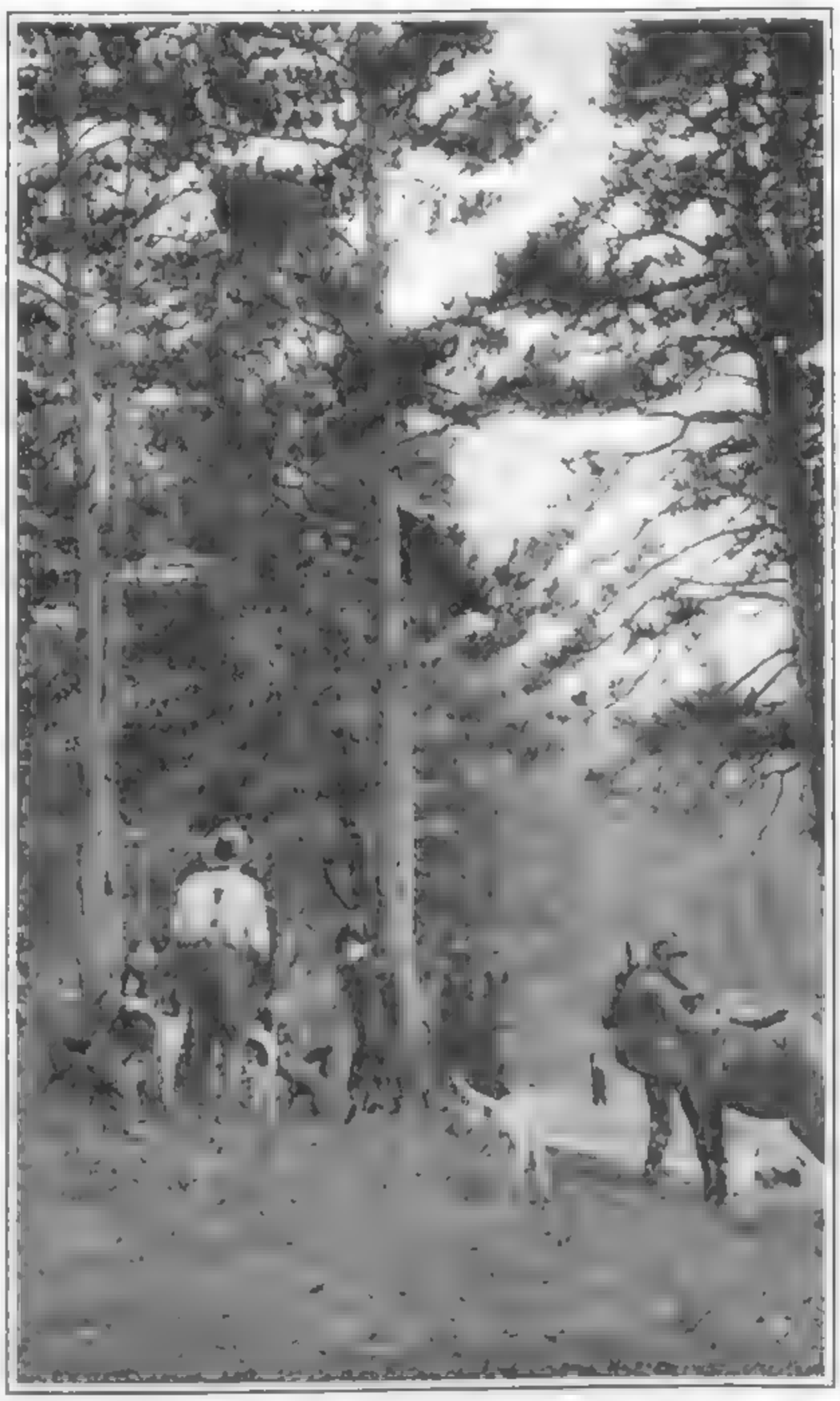
"An old-time trapper's trick," remarked one of the rangers.

But alas for the plans of the bear hunter, this horse, probably looking for water in the cañon, had started through the gap, stepped on the pan of the trap and had died, a helpless prisoner, for the ten feet of log chain fastened to the trap had a heavy log drag at one end that could be moved only by a grizzly, and then not far. The leg in the trap was broken, possibly by the snap of those giant jaws, possibly by the horse in his hopeless struggles to escape.

Both men at once recognized the horse as one lost by a hunting party several months before, for although badly torn by bears and other wild animals, enough was left of the desiccated hide to show its color and the brand on its left hip.

An Unknown Trapper

THE two men managed to open the jaws of the trap far enough to get the leg out. Then they gave the trap a careful inspection to determine its ownership if possible. Most trappers mark their traps by pricking upon it with a steel punch, their initials or some brand. Careful examination, however, failed to disclose a single mark that would lead to the identification of the man who placed it there. It weighed fully sixty pounds and as the rangers had their pack animals pretty heavily loaded they put it and the log chain up on top of a small bowlder, where, if wanted later on, it could be found readily.



The Late Paul Rainey With His Dogs Treeing a Black Bear in the White River National Forest, Colorado

Up to the present time the man who set this trap has not been discovered. Whether he came back to examine it and, finding the horse caught, left everything as it was for fear he might have to pay for the dead horse or whether he was called suddenly away and abandoned the trap, will probably never be known. There was also the possibility that he did not know the country very well and was unable to locate the spot where he had set it.

Forest rangers frequently encounter bears in the wild country over which they travel. The Forest Service does not approve of killing bears of any kind out of season or simply for the lust to kill

The service believes these animals should be treated as game animals, and should be killed only at certain seasons when the meat can be saved and the pelt is at its best. Many Western states now class them as game and protect them accordingly.

Capable Game Wardens

RECENTLY in Northern Arizona several hunters ran across a giant silvertip in the mountains, a female with two cubs not more than a month or two old. They killed all three, taking only the claws of the mother as trophies, leaving meat and hide to spoil, the latter of no use at that season of the year. A wanton outrageous waste of animal life, not to be defended or supported by any possible arguments.

There are, of course, occasional bears that raid the sheepman's flock or the farmer's pigpens and calf lots, but these are few, and of course should be killed. Under ordinary conditions bears seldom feed on fresh meat. Small rodents, such as mice, chipmunks, rats, badgers, young birds, the larvæ of ants, wasps and such insects, and grubs in old rotten trees form the greater part of their food. Bears are great fishermen, being exceedingly expert in scooping out of shallow pools and riffles fish of all sizes. The way a bear handles those clumsy-looking forepaws when fishing is marvelous.

Forest officers are requested to make an annual report on the fish and game conditions of each forest.

Last year a forest ranger in California reporting on the fishing streams in his district stated that a certain cañon through which a trout stream flowed had been closed for the entire season in order to give the trout a chance to increase in size and numbers.

"It was not necessary for me to patrol this part of the stream to prevent fishing," he reported, "because a fine large cinnamon bear and three cubs spent the summer along its banks. They did take out a few fish, but they earned them ten times over, for due to their known presence there they scared a number of would-be sportsmen half to death and kept the cañon practically free of fishermen and tourists all summer long. Being protected by law, no one dared kill them and the old one wouldn't shoo worth a cent. I called them my 'short-term game wardens.'"

Government Hunter C. H. McMillion and the Sheep-Killing Bear Which He Captured in Clallam County, Washington

In Northern New Mexico some years ago a stockman's wife and daughter went on a plum-gathering expedition. Driving a staid old ex-cow pony hitched to a rickety top buggy they went up a wide cañon about two miles above the ranch, where there was a good-sized grove of wild plum trees. The horse was tied to a tree, and with a large clothes basket to hold the fruit and a couple of sheets to spread beneath the trees they entered the plum thicket. They had been warned that bears loved plums and might be met up with, but they were not to be turned from their desire to fill the pantry shelves with plum jelly and plum butter by any fears of bears. The daughter, carrying the sheets, stopped under a tree fairly breaking down with ripe plums. As if preparing to make a bed at home she deftly flirted

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Herriot: The Frenchman for the Minute—By Wythe Williams

EDOUARD HERRIOT at the present moment is Prime Minister of France. Also he is Minister of Foreign Affairs, complete ax committee on the budget, and Mayor of Lyons. Thus, regularly every morning, he hits the front pages of the newspapers with a bang. As Prime Minister he may hold office longer than did the majority of his predecessors—or he may not. In France, more than elsewhere, Prime Ministers come and Prime Ministers go. Usually the time is brief between the announcements that another government has fallen and that another leader of the opposition has been called to power. Even Clemenceau, summoned in haste and hailed as savior of France at the war's darkest hour, was relegated to oblivion the instant the crisis had passed and the politicians were themselves again.

For the moment, Herriot is on the job, as result of the new order of things that, following the English tryout, the French voters decided at the last election. The preceding Poincaré government was one of the few that was not overthrown through lack of confidence exhibited by the Chamber of Deputies. It disappeared as an act of the people themselves, who, tired of the subservient Parliament, tired of the Ruhr occupancy, tired of the long reparations wrangle, listened to the orators of the Left, and so swept away the famous wartime *bloc national* at the polls.

Monsieur Herriot and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald Resting on the Top of Cymbeline's Mount, Chequers

The Herriot Majority

HERRIOT as leader of the onslaught thus became the first official representative of the new order, the first Prime Minister of the Left. Whether or not the régime be brief, it is certain that the Herriot program, quite aside from that launched by Ramsay MacDonald in England, has given a new tone to European politics, and therefore must be given important consideration in the immediate and future annals of the reconstruction period. Whether men themselves last out their programs is always a problem.

Again mentioning the French situation with the British, the Herriot majority in Parliament rests upon a dangerous coalition platform, in which shaky and uncertain timbers are likely to be found. At the present time the preëlection promises of Herriot seem as difficult of fulfillment as those impossible promises which Lloyd George made to his electors prior to the conference at Versailles.

It is not the purpose in this article to discuss the complex difficulties that already beset the Government of France under the leadership of Herriot, but rather to present the leader himself, and his qualities—qualities not only for arriving at an office where he becomes an important person in world affairs but also for the more difficult job of keeping the office now that he has it. The veteran Briand forms a part of the Herriot majority, and this brilliant but erratic statesman might be persuaded to try the premiership for the eighth time. Also there now lurks in the background of French politics that imposing and dramatic figure of the exile. It should be remembered, and it is remembered in France, that Herriot and Joseph Caillaux are of the same political faith. If the one fails the other might be called upon to succeed.

The radical party which Herriot leads—the word "radical" in French corresponds rather with the English word "democrat" or "liberal" than with "radical"—has 139 deputies. The Herriot majority depends on the support of the Socialists, who have 104 deputies, and the Socialist Reformers, who have 43. The Socialists, however, have refused to enter the cabinet, and all the ministers are radicals. Thus Herriot is at the mercy of the Socialists, and if he falls he may be succeeded for a brief period by a Socialist government, with his radicals then playing the rôle of silent partners. And so it can be seen how juggling, balancing, side-stepping must be combined with sure-footedness, promise-keeping and platform oratory, in order that the inevitable change shall not be too abrupt.

An Admirable Crichton

IF VERSATILITY is an attribute of success, then Herriot should travel fairly far on the road, for he possesses it to the most amazing degree of perhaps any Frenchman in public life. He is a graduate of the École Normale; and it is said of the Normalians, as they are called, that they can do almost anything better than just fairly well. Take Herriot, for example, in the rôle of author; the present French Premier can turn out an article one day on the Chicago packing industry, and the next day one on art in Constantinople. They are not slender newspaper stories, but articles which show erudition, literary talent, an ever-observing eye and a catholic interest. He has both written and lectured on such varied themes as Jeanne d'Arc, the future of railways, Rembrandt, libraries for children, Napoleon, art in the novels of d'Annunzio, Anatole France, Goethe, the modern city and garden, the naturalist Fabre, and the land question.

The name Herriot, as Prime Minister, spells something of relief, inasmuch as it has never been seen in such relation before, and only once—for three months when he was Minister of Public Works in one of the Briand cabinets—has it ever appeared on a government list. The many repetitions of such names as Briand, Barthou, Doumergue, Ribot, Painlevé and even Clemenceau, in cabinet after cabinet, slated for either the same job or another, has often brought the criticism that cabinet positions in France belonged to a select company, and that there was no broad field from which to choose. True, Herriot has been both senator and deputy for many years, but he was so accustomed to being the leader of the opposition that it took him some time to accustom himself to power. Thus in a recent important debate in the Senate over the London accord, several times he unconsciously

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PHOTOS FROM THE PICTORIAL PRESS, N. Y. C.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald Welcoming Premier Herriot of France on His Arrival at Victoria Station for the Allied Conference in London

TEETER-SNIPE BRAINS

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

A LONE box car stood upon the siding at Damgaard's Mills, its open door making a still blacker patch against the darkness of the threatening night. Back of the siding, the mountain went upward and lost itself in the gloom, where a hollow wind sounded, roaring across the summit. A furtive figure came up the track, hesitated, then heaved itself up with powerful arms and stood in the car door, listening.

From one end of the blackness came a guttural snore. The new arrival stole in that direction, produced a small flashlight and illuminated the sprawled form of a sleeping man with an empty bottle beside him.

"Dead to the world!" muttered the stranger.

He was a giant of a man, with a big brutal face and milky-blue eyes. His hair was yellowish and his lashes and mustache of a pale neutral color. When he smiled his upper lip strained toward his nose, carrying the pale mustache with it, displaying the entire gum beneath and the tobacco-stained teeth.

With the deftness of long experience, he explored the sleeping man's clothing, but found nothing. Disappointment filled him with a savage rage and he drew back a heavy foot to kick the unconscious cause of it, then thought better of the matter.

"Let him freeze!" he whispered to himself. "It'll serve him right, spendin' all his money on jackass, and me ain't had a bite to eat since mornin'!"

The giant slipped back and stood at the edge of the door, looking across the tracks to the lighted window, where old Jorgen Jensen sat at his little post-office desk, posting his books. The whole interior of the building was plainly visible, a typical mountain store, with the post office in front. Across from the letter case two men sat upon the counter, smoking. One wore a heavy Mackinaw and the other was dressed in a blue jumper and overalls. Both wore heavy hobnailed boots. Jensen took a roll of bills and some silver from a drawer and began counting. The sinister figure in the box car stiffened.

"Pretty quiet these days, Jorgen," said the man in the Mackinaw. "Not like it used to be in the old days, when this was a big loggin' camp." Jensen nodded and went on counting. "Don't you ever get lonesome, Jorgen," pursued the conversationalist, "livin' down here all alone? Why, when me and Jake Adams go home there won't be a soul left down here in the cañon. Not a soul but you. I'd think you'd be uneasy."

Old Jorgen grinned good-naturedly and piled the currency beside the oil lamp. "I aim to take care of myself, Bob," he said. "Been doin' it for fifty years, mostly." He took up his store books and began going over them.

The figure in the car door looked up toward the invisible sky. A stray drop of sleet struck, stinging, against his face and he shivered, cursing the weather and cursing the luck that had caused him to be kicked off a passenger train in this remote wilderness. Cold! Not a cent in his pockets and nothing to eat all day. His milky-blue eyes went back to the sturdy old figure in the post-office window, the little pile of currency beside it.

"Well, it's nine o'clock," said the man in the Mackinaw. Both loafers slid from the counter and yawned, buttoning their coats. They told Jorgen good night and came out, throwing experienced glances upward.

"Comin' on to storm," said the man in the Mackinaw. His companion agreed. "Snow before mornin', sure," he said. "Well, it's the end of November. We was about due to get some fallin' weather."

The two men disappeared in the night, climbing the wagon road that led up the mountain. Their shod feet clattered on the frozen ground.

An hour went by and still Jensen worked patiently over his books. The telephone rang and he went to answer it. He returned in a few minutes and resumed his work. The lurking figure in the car door swore bitterly beneath his breath.

A chill wind now wailed in the telegraph wires and went moaning on through the ragged growth of pine and fir that clothed the slope about the deserted logging camp. Fitful flurries of sleety rain lashed against the car and across the cañon an owl hooted.

The man in the car door stiffened again, licking his lips like a wolf. Jensen had risen and was gathering up his books and currency. From a drawer beside him he took an automatic also, and started tramping back toward the safe at the rear of the store. The man across the tracks lowered his great body carefully to the ground. His feet made no sound as he crept across the tracks.

"I Judge It's Only About Seventy-Five Miles Across There. What If It's a Hundred? I'm a Big Strong Guy and a Little Tramp Won't Hurt Me None, Especially If It Saves My Life"

Jensen put the revolver on the end of the counter and knelt before the safe door. He felt a slight chill, as though the front door had opened, but he thought nothing of it as he swung the safe door wide. He was very sleepy.

It came as his hand moved aside to gather the pile of currency from the floor. He had been shot by his own gun. The short snap of the automatic would not have been heard a hundred yards away, for the wind had started roaring down the cañon now and the night had taken on a still deeper blackness. The old storekeeper, still on his knees, sank gently forward, his forehead resting half inside the opened safe.

"Nice clean job!" said the killer triumphantly.

He hurried back and drew down the blinds and locked the door. Once more at the safe, he shoved the slumped figure carelessly aside and rummaged through all the receptacles eagerly. Again he found but little, and mostly post-office matter, at that: registered letters, stamps; and the fierce rage swept him again. Hopefully, he went through the dead man's clothing; but a dollar in small change was all that rewarded him here and he heaped hideous invective upon his victim's head.

"Hasn't anybody got anything up here?" he wondered savagely. He counted his gains, squatting upon the floor beside the sprawled figure.

"Twelve dollars and sixty-five cents!" He got to his feet and glared down at the floor accusingly, his milky-blue eyes devoid of any human expression. "Stingy old stiff!" he muttered, and began ripping open the registered mail.

There was little currency in the registered packages and he shoved them impatiently aside, together with the stamps.

"Too dangerous!" he decided. "If I happened to get suspected they'd think it funny I had so many stamps on me." He now began to think, and as he thought, an uneasiness crept upon him.

"It wasn't worth it!" he decided. "Twelve dollars if I was in San Francisco, now, it would be easy. But up here in this mountain country it's goin' to be hard. This railroad won't be safe, either. They'll find this job early in the morning, and then the word'll go from one end of the railroad to the other. Wish I'd thought of that. But when a guy's hungry, what's he goin' to do? I always was impulsive. Work the stuff first and think afterward! But I got to do some smooth thinkin' now, or they'll grab me sure."

The wailing of the wires outside came to him and his porcine mind was more than ever terrified. The wires sounded like accusing voices, flying up and down the line. He put Jensen's automatic upon the counter beside the looted post-office matter and looked about. His eyes fell upon a railway map which Jorgen had tacked upon the wall for the convenience of his customers. The man ripped it down and spread it upon the counter, clamping one edge between his heavy spatulate thumb and finger.

"Le's see," he muttered. "I'm here." The hairy forefinger of the other hand pressed hard upon the point marked Damgaard's Mills. The finger traveled eastward across the map and stopped. "Signal Valley," he read. "I remember that dump; a little flag station on the other railroad. I judge it's only about seventy-five miles across

there. What if it's a hundred? I'm a big strong guy and a little tramp won't hurt me none, especially if it saves my life. Yes, sir, all I got to do is to tramp straight east."

He gathered up his earnings and dropped them in his pocket. In doing this he was conscious of some sticky fluid that was on his finger and abstractedly he wiped it off upon his trousers, still thinking with his slow mind. He then began to prowl about the place, seeking food. Hanging above the safe, he found an old pack bag. He looked over the stock of tinned goods and chose some compressed meat. He took nine of the little blue wedge-shaped tins and decided that he had enough food. More than food, he needed cigarettes. He finished filling the bag with cigarettes, swung it to his shoulders and blew out the light.

Chaos met him when he stepped outside. The wind howled down the cañon, filling the air with dead leaves and whirling snow that was half rain. The uneasy feeling grew in the man's brute soul. They'd get him, sure! Then presently he looked across at the open car door, now hardly visible in the superior darkness of the stormy night.

"Say!" he thought, and grinned.

Reëntering the store, he groped back to the end of the counter and gathered up the pile of stamps and registered mail, together with the dead man's gun, then went across the tracks and stood for a moment, listening intently. The drunkard's snore could be heard even above the noise of the storm, and for the second time the killer heaved himself inside. When he reappeared and dropped to the ground again he was convulsed with mirth.

"That'll teach him to spend all his money for booze!" he chuckled. "Wait till he wakes up! Oh, boy, wait till that guy wakes up!"

Still chuckling, he moved away along the track, walking with the stealthy step of a beast of prey. He disappeared in the darkness and his going was like the passing of a black soul, traveling back to its native hell.

II

TALLY POTTER, mountain trapper-sheriff, had come over to Wittneyville to have a bad tooth extracted. In the cold upstairs bedroom of the little mountain hotel he groaned in his sleep, for his face hurt abominably. He came awake, finally, and observed that it was morning, noting also the suggestion of frying bacon coming from below. He stuck his tongue into the cavity left by the departing tooth and the place felt like a deep spot in the Grand Cañon and throbbed like a broken heart. Adding to Tally's misery, his rheumatism had come awake at the approach of the storm and a pain shot through his shoulder with the viciousness of a red-hot poker.

Tally got up and dressed, groaning dismally. A mean wind shook the house and through the window he saw the snow whirling down the street. He went downstairs; and though it was yet too early for many boarders, he found Cap Bailey seated near the stove, eating his breakfast. Cap Bailey was a hang-over from the old livery-stable days. He smelled of the stable and wore enough whiskers to stuff a mattress.

"Hello, Tally!" he greeted cordially. "Come over and set. You heard the news yet? Jorgen Jensen has been murdered."

Tally came to life suddenly, all his man-hunting instincts alert.

"When?" he asked. "How?"

"Sometime last night," said Cap Bailey. "Shot in the back with his own gun—and the post office robbed! But they got the feller that done it—got him with the goods on! Bob Curley had a sick cow and he went down to the store about midnight after medicine—he knew Jorgen slept in the store, of course—and he found—it. He telephoned up here to the night operator, and as luck would have it, a freight train had just come up the cañon. They searched the train from end to end, and in a box car they'd picked up from the sidin' at the Mills they found this feller. His pockets was full of post-office stuff, stamps and registered letters, and he was packin' Jorgen's own gun—with one shell empty. He was half drunk and nearly froze and didn't seem to remember anything about it, but that won't save him. Ornery son of a gun, shootin' a man in the back! And a good feller like Jorgen Jensen, too, that never done harm to a single soul!"

"What have they done with him?" asked Tally.

"He's over in the calaboose and two detectives are grillin' him. They come up half an hour ago and one of 'em told me it was a clear case. But they're goin' down to Damgaard's Mills pretty soon to look over the scene of the crime, and make it a cinch. They've rented saddle horses from my stable."

Tally had lost all interest in his breakfast. He hurried down to the jail and found two big aggressive men questioning a cringing, trembling creature mercilessly. Tally took one look at the suspect and saw merely an ordinary hobo with a weak chin and bleary eyes and loose lips that quivered uncontrollably. Fear was in the faded blue eyes—a fear that was mixed with a bewildered lack of comprehension. All this Tally Potter saw and understood with that man-hunting instinct of his that met things underneath and knew them without knowing how.

"That ain't the murderer, gentlemen," he said involuntarily.

The detective in charge wheeled upon him.

"Who're you?" he demanded. "What d'you know about it?"

Tally grinned apologetically.

"Maybe I oughtn't to've said that," he said. "My name's Potter. I'm sheriff up in my county, over in the hills."

"Well, go back there!" said the big man, and turned again to his prisoner. "And don't you come buttin' in here again!"

Tally was indignant at the rebuff, but said nothing. He hung about in the driving snow outside, and when the detectives mounted and rode away down the mountain road toward Damgaard's Mills, Tally Potter got his own horse and joined the excited crowd that followed. Another crowd stood about in the snow when they reached the scene of the tragedy, for bad news travels incredibly. The detectives went inside and Tally Potter followed them, but was promptly ordered out.

"How'd you get in here?" demanded the big man offensively. "Get out now, and stay out! Hear me, rube?"

In twenty minutes the two officers reappeared, satisfied.

"Not a doubt about it!" the leader was saying. "Not a doubt in the world!" He noticed Tally Potter, standing knee-deep in the snow, and grinned.

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"Tester Snipes!" Reiterated the Amused Killer. "Tester-Snipe Brains is Right!"

THE LABORER'S LUNCH

By James Stevens

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

A FULL Dinner Pail was a very effective slogan in one presidential campaign. In that time the laborer's dinner pail was often a simple lard bucket; at best it was a tin pail with a lid that held cold coffee, costing ten or fifteen cents. Today it is a handsome, serviceable, ingeniously contrived article with a pint vacuum bottle in its lid, and it costs from two to eight dollars. Millions of the modern lunch pails have been sold; the manufacture of them is a standard industry; they are sold in every drug, hardware and department store in the country. The dinner pail of today is an original American development, something to admire. And it is full; full and overflowing. The full dinner pail is here, and has been for some time. For the laborer's lunch has developed along with his lunch pail. Because so much of our food products are used for it each day it has become a true economic element. And the workingman has made it more than a means to keep body and soul together; he has made it one of his life's pleasures to boot. It is more of an interesting and significant subject than it was in McKinley's time. One wonders why it is ignored.

"Dog-Gone!" I Said Sorrowfully. "She's Spilled." "Azuh Too Bad," He Said Sympathetically. "Tof Luck"!

For one thing, it astounds and discomfits the dietitians, offending as it does against all their laws and formulas of feeding. Its prodigiousness baffles the sociologists; for nine out of ten of them build their work on the assumption that the workers of America need fixing and relief in every particular. Find a professed sociologist and you find a man who, no matter what common sense and rationality he may claim for himself, has in his heart an image of an ailing society. The sociologist is usually a doctor of social ills, real or imaginary, rather than a student of society. He is looking for symptoms of starvation, so his busy glance passes over the crammed dinner pail as inconsequential.

And the story writers do not feed their laborer characters as they should. Cooper, Hawthorne and Irving set very good tables, though food was far scarcer then than now. Maybe modern story writers see so much food that they get sick of it and can't stand the idea of writing about it in their stories. At any rate, they never give the workingman much of a lunch, though, to be fair, it must be admitted that they sometimes let him sit down to a pretty good supper. But even then he doesn't stare with misty eyes at the steaming table, and then pile his plate up with an oozy bubbling T bone, juicy cabbages, brown spuds, creamy gravy, and, with a butter-soaked cake of corn bread in his left hand, a fork in his right and a fragrant saucerful of coffee near his plate, tear into his grub wordlessly, like the hearty, healthy man he is. No; the author lets him eat maybe one or two bites; and then he makes him show off his soul by telling maw of the social conflict at the works, or lecturing sis on the evils and perils of fox trots, movies and sheiks.

The Richest Lunch on Earth

NOW a real self-respecting workingman doesn't spout slangy imitations of professorial gab. If he is a naturally wordy man who absolutely must talk every so often he will say such things as these: "Gosh, maw, but you sure got your biscuits to a T tonight." "Owie, maw, but a steak like this does make me love home, sweet home!"

"I don't like pertaters alone, partickerly, and I don't like gravy alone, partickerly; but give me gravy and pertaters mixed, and I have what I call eatin'. Pass 'em over, maw."

The evening meal, however, is a universal institution. The people of all occupations and conditions enjoy it in much the same fashion. But the American laborer's lunch is peculiar to himself; it is like no other on earth.

I first thought of this as long ago as 1913, when I was driving a water tank for a cement-mixing crew in Salt Lake City. The mixers were Slavs, and the name of their homeland, I believe, was Hunyokia. At any rate, I called one a Bohunk one day, and he replied vigorously, "Me no Bohunk; me Hunyok!"

The lunch that sustained them in their hard labor made me marvel. Each man had his loaf of black bread and quart of sour wine. But they did get brawn from it. It was hand mixing on this job; and the mixers shoveled heavy sand and gravel and lugged around two sacks of cement at a time all their eight hours without seeming exhausted at the end of their day. They marveled in turn at my boiled eggs, pickles, doughnuts and pie.

"You mus' be reesh man," Adolf would say each day at lunchtime with a grin. My answer would be a tolerant smile. I was young enough then to feel immensely superior to men who were content to work on a lunch of black bread and sour wine, saving 80 per cent of their wages. But sometimes I yearned toward them with a longing for fellowship. Adolf was agreeable, intelligent, approachable. We became pretty good friends.

One day I had a delicious-looking quarter of an apple pie in my lunch pail. It was a spring day; earth and grass had a fresh smell from the showers of the night before; the sun shone through clear air, and robins chirped about. My soul glowed with the sweetness and light of the season. As I ate sandwiches I looked at my pie with much pleasure of anticipation. Brown flakes were loose on the crust, and the golden filling shone where the sunlight touched it. My tongue tingled with eagerness for the taste of it. I downed my last sandwich hurriedly and was reaching for the pie when I noticed Adolf uncorking his wine bottle. At once an impulse of generosity caught me. I offered to trade Adolf my pie for his wine. He grinned. I felt I would do anything to make him happy. It was sunny May.

But the first swallow of sour wine quenched the sparkling of my soul. I looked at Adolf. He was chewing slowly, as though to prolong his delight with this apple pie. Adolf smiled with his eyes; his cheeks were too stuffed for expression. I sighed and bravely lifted the wine bottle again. My innards felt disturbed. I thought I must have half-emptied the bottle; but then I saw that at least five-sixths of the wine remained. I felt unequal to another drop of it. I leaned back on my elbow, after placing the bottle behind me. Very, very cautiously I toppled it over. When I was sure the bottle was empty I sat up.

"Dog-gone!" I said sorrowfully. "She's spilled."

Adolf was picking his teeth.

"Azuh too bad," he said sympathetically. "Tof luck."

"Never mind. How'd you like the pie, Adolf?"

He shrugged his shoulders, rolled his eyes, spread out his hands, and grinned delightedly. He said nothing, but he looked pleased indeed. So I felt the mellowness and light of spring in my soul again.

Overfeeding

BUT that afternoon I happened to kick over a clod near the spot where he had rested at noon, and there was all the quarter of apple pie but one bite. For a minute I was angry. Then I got to studying the affair, trying to think of a good reason for the difference in our tastes. Why was it that sour wine wouldn't sit well on my stomach, and apple pie wouldn't sit well on Adolf's? Was it only because he was a Hunyok and I was a Yankee? Because he was a dark Slav and I was a blond Anglo-Saxon? Because he had been reared under a king and I under a party? Because of individual differences in heredity and environment? I used to think pretty deeply in those days, bothering my mind with every little thing that came along. Only small things ever made me ponder very much; to those thinkers who take all mankind and its history as material for their thoughts, who brood about the firmament and its stars, who create a metaphysical world for their profoundest cogitations because reality seems so shallow and obvious—to such thinkers my thoughts about Adolf's distaste for apple pie and my distaste for sour wine would seem very childish and ridiculous. Even now I hope no great thinker reads this, for I am sensitive, and I know he would laugh at me. Thousands of worried men and women ask every day, "Why will people drink such stuff?" Thousands of fleshy folks are always asking, "Why can't I leave starches and sweets alone?" Great thinkers laugh at such plain everyday questions and will not bother to answer them. Doubtless few of them will agree that the American laborer's lunch of today is a phenomenon.

But it is a phenomenal creation. Aside from its prodigiousness, there is splendor and glory in its appearance, with its contrasting colors of eggs, frostings, fruits and relishes. And it is not without its touch of the dreadful and ominous. The average lunch makes a stupendous meal. It is the custom to leave a good share of it in scraps; but I have often eaten all of mine on hard jobs. Nearly always there followed a torpor of the mind, a languor of the spirit, a heaviness of the flesh. A dangerous condition for a worker around grinding machines, screaming saws or hot iron. A painful condition when there is heavy or fast work to be done. And it is a condition common enough to have an effect on American industry today, though the average American worker is not yet a complete victim of overfeeding. But he is on the road, and he has been ever since the era of high wages began and a plenitude of all kinds of food was made possible for anyone.

This may sound like an attempt at humor. But anyone can go around the usual American industrial plant at the lunch hour and see that what I say is true. The alien laborer may be eating a meager lunch; but the American

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The Modern Days of Anthracite

By PHIL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

PREVIOUS to 1902 the conditions throughout the anthracite coal fields were similar to the ones I was familiar with. There were many breakers, but the output of each breaker was small. Here and there in the different districts were collieries which put out a large tonnage for that time. It was impressive to us all. It would look exceedingly small now compared to the tonnages of the giants that have since grown up to full size; so when H. W. Emory, our superintendent, told me that the breaker they intended building was to have a capacity of several thousand tons a day I was much elated by the magnitude of the undertaking that lay ahead.

Labor was not exacting. The good old days were still with us. I moved down to the lower valley, feeling happy and hopeful. I was getting a large salary. I was indeed. If I were to tell you the amount of it you might smile. But it was large at that time. I was a district superintendent. Today a colliery foreman gets more than I did.

"They're going to jig the coal, Phil," Tom, the boss carpenter, told me one day with a smile. "H. W. sent me down to look over those old pitching-vein breakers where they have to wash and jig their coal, and by golly"—he did not say "golly," and what he did say he said with a comical twist of his mouth—"you got to carry an umbrella and wear gum shoes in them to keep dry. Our jig tanks will be water-tight."

It was hard for the old-timer to reconcile himself to new things. Tom chewed tobacco and drank whisky; and when he heard where I was going he said I'd have to buy a keg of quinine and a bar'l of whisky to keep from shaking myself to death with malaria.

He thought a man that did not chew tobacco was an unsaved sinner.

My promotion was soon bruited through the offices. That word "bruit" should be spelled differently to tell exactly how the news was carried and received. My old transitman was the first to congratulate me. This was how he did it:

"You're lucky, Phil," he said. "You got to the Emory fire just in time."

"How do you spell 'lucky,' Jenk?" I asked.

"Why—the usual way," he blundered out. "How do you?"

"I don't spell it at all. I was sent to the Emory to do special work, and there was a gas explosion followed by a fire, and H. W. put me in charge to put the fire out. That was lucky. Let me tell you something. You can't learn anything about the mines around a pool table."

I saw his face change and knew he did not like what I said so well as he liked to play pool; but I was not going to let anyone call me lucky and get away with it. It is all very well to be known as a good fellow, a good mixer, but show me a good mixer in a big job. One or two, perhaps; no more.

The best kind of a mixer I know is the man with a hoe that mixes mortar. He can mix and work at the same time. I do not know of any other man that can.

I was sent to the Waterwave, the name of the new operation, in a few days. The shafts, tracks and breaker had been pretty well laid out on paper and I had studied the drawings and had one with me. I built a rough hemlock-board office the first thing. Contracts for sinking the shafts had been let, and the erection of the head frames over them and the foundations for the air compressors and engines were pushed. Tom had charge of building the breaker.

Three locomotive-type boilers were installed, steam pipes erected and connected, and the day came for the general, the company's manager, to dig the first shovelful of earth out of the ground where the shafts were to be sunk.

There was no particular fuss made about it. H. W. drove him there from the station with a horse and buggy, and while the general used his foot to stamp the shovel into the hard soil we stood around in a circle and watched him.

"The general's getting old," Tom said in my ear.

Cold weather was upon us before the shafts were down a hundred feet in the rock. We were located on a hillside overlooking the valley of the Susquehanna, and snow covered the ground and ice was floating in the river.

Shaft sinking is generally carried on in three shifts of eight hours each—the drilling shift, the firing shift and the mucking shift. The rock banks grew; the skeleton frame of the breaker stuck higher and higher in the air; we went through a thin vein of coal—hurry—put on more men; Tom was breaking his record chewing tobacco; supplies, timber, and the like, came in in trainloads, but it was all an exhilarating tonic to me, with "Where's Phil?" "H. W. wants you on the phone." "How can we sink the shafts any faster?" "I'll have to put on a night gang to unload the breaker timber." "Tom wants to see you." And when I got to Tom: "What idiot drew these breaker plans? That girt will be in the way of the main belt." "The powder man says he can't get that load of dynamite here today." "The rope on Number Two Shaft is getting bad and the shaftmen say they won't work under it." That was the tuneful melody they played and sang twenty-four hours a day without missing a beat.

But we were making the fur fly and I knew it. I read that much on H. W.'s face every time he came down to visit us. I felt it in my bones, too, every time they struck the bed and went with me into a blissful sleep.

"It's going to be a record, Phil," Tom said one day, taking a new chew to replace the old one he had ground

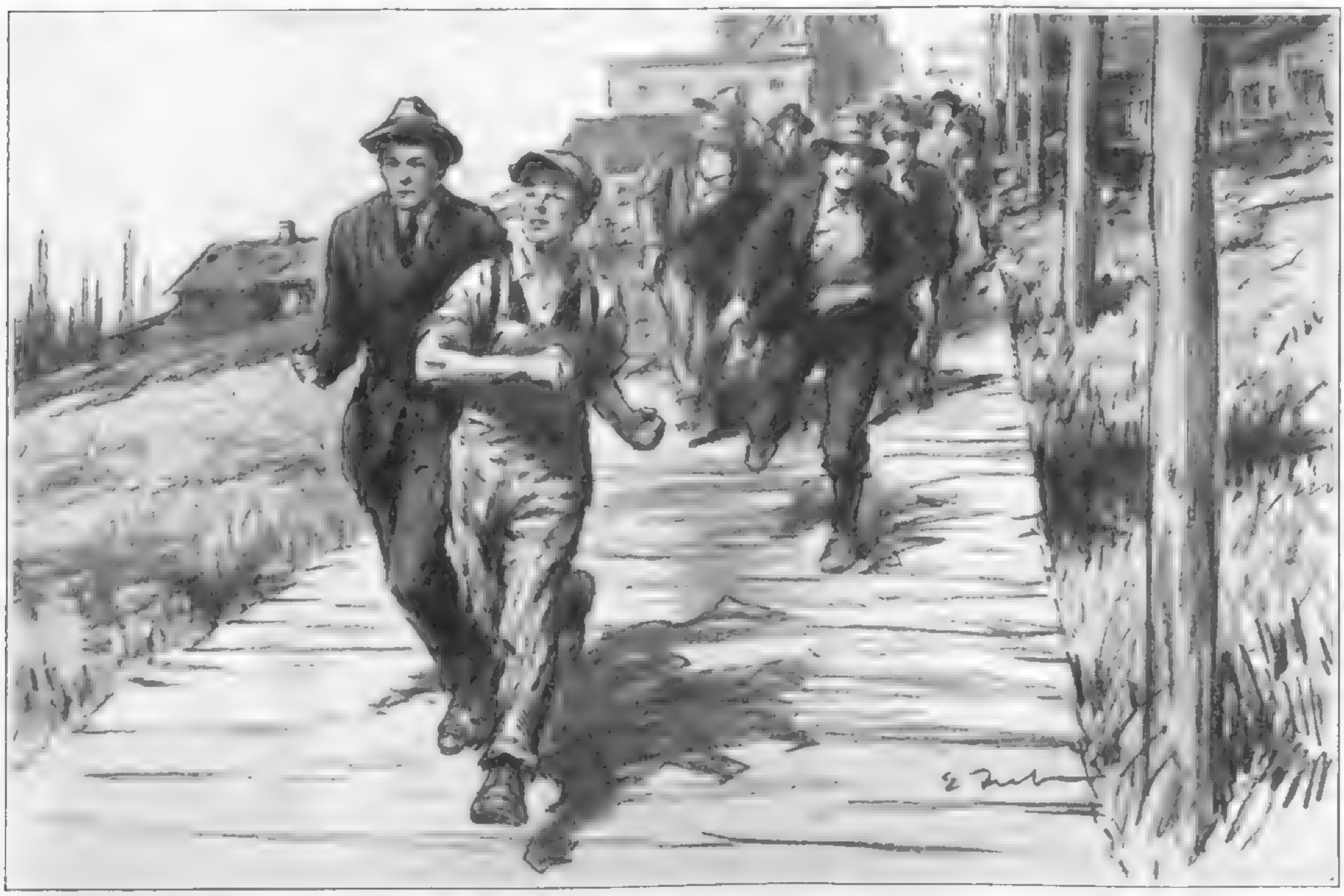
(Continued on Page 191)

I Took Hold of Her Hand That Held Mother's. "Isola Promised Last Night to be My Wife," I Said

TIME IS MONEY

By W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



As He Ran Wallace Became Aware of Feet Beating at the Planks Behind Him, Not Footfalls That Were Dying Away Like Those of the Men He Had Passed, But Growing Into a Louder Rhythm

AT THE end of a six-mile stub line lay Petroville, an oil town, located in a heavy, soggy land as flat as a pancake. Nature had cast an arboreal frown across the brow of its surface, gloomy black ash and somber elm; it was a depressing spread of earth meant to be so fair.

But thus handicapped, Petroville was a joyous town: men laughed, and fought, and laughed again; their blood ran rapid, titillating to the exhilarating passion of the gamble that was in oil; fortunes bubbled up from the depths of the somber earth in the black-green streams of petroleum. Overnight a man might become rich; like Byron, wake in the morning to find himself famous. Toil and hopeful striving keep men young, Nature's children; the citizens of Petroville had one another on tap for pastime as well as for profit, and they worked both schemes to the limit.

There were no theaters, no movies in those days; there was not even a hockey, a lacrosse or a football team; foot-racing was the town's passion; a good matched foot race and the shutters were put up.

It was this reputation that had brought the Mixer, Splann, to Petroville. He was a specialist in foot speedsters. Splann was an affable, pleasant-faced, rotund individual, with an air of opulence, and his expressed desire in Petroville was to acquire oil lands, so access to the select group of oil operators that made the Corby House their headquarters had been easy. On the fourth day of his stay he sat in the office of the Headquarters Hotel with its proprietor, Charlie Hard.

Hard was a born gambler, that curious cold-blooded type, without nerves, or with nerves of steel, that makes gambling a success financially. He had what is called a poker face, an ice mask that nothing changed; no heat of passion thawed that pale-skin coldness, no sudden threat of disaster caused the full gray-blue eyes to lose their steady placid stare of reliance. Locomotor ataxia had put a crimp in his physical aptitude and a thorn in his temper. Men would take his word, his promise, but that let him out—he was unethical in his chiaroscuro. He took the most solicitous care of his mother, which was an entry on the credit side of the moral ledger.

What Splann the Mixer had picked up in his research was that Hard was the stiffest better in Petroville, and, judging from what he had heard, a man of his own kind, broad enough to go the limit, unethically and unfalteringly; and the Mixer, sitting there in Hard's private office, was explaining the reason for his call.

"I've been here four days, and I've got the compass boxed," he announced.

Hard nodded, those cold poker eyes fixed on the round face of the Mixer. "Oil, Mr. Splann?" he queried.

The Mixer chuckled. "It's come that I've got to hide from those fellows with oil lands to sell."

"I've got five acres ——"

Splann held up a hand like a semaphore blocking the oil proposition. "You've got one good little oil well, Mr. Hard—Jack Wallace."

Hard stared.

"That's my game," the Mixer declared—"foot-racin'. That's what I've been doin' here, lookin' the field over. Wallace is the best hundred-yard man here, and you're his backer."

The poker eyes said nothing.

"I heard Petroville was bughouse on the swift feet, so I drifted in. I was goin' to plant a runner here—let him get a job till he wasn't a foreigner, then spring him on Jack Wallace, 'cause them oil nobs that's got the little club at the Corby House have got a slogan, 'We'll bet money, chalk or marbles till the cows come home'—ain't they?"

"They'll bet on most anything, but twice on a foot race."

"So I heard. My game's this way; I plant a fast man, same's I said, nobody knowin' I've got anything to do with him except some townie that pulls the strings for me, see?"

Poker Eyes said nothing.

"Naturally I'd go to the Corby bunch, as you handle Wallace, but a bunch ain't no good to me; too many cooks get brine in the mulligatawny."

"I see," Hard vouchsafed.

"Say, Mr. Hard, you're it—just what I sized you for; you don't talk none."

This raised a nod from Hard.

"If you're on," the Mixer continued, "I'll show you how we can clean up."

"Show me."

"I thought so. Here's my hand, face up on the table. In the first place"—he pulled a notebook from an inner pocket and consulted it—"Jack Wallace can run a hundred yards just under ten and a half seconds."

The blue poker eyes opened a little in surprise.

"This is my ledger," the Mixer explained; "I've got all the boys and their time here, because in my business a fifth of a second means the difference between payin' out and receivin'; time is money, Mr. Hard, time is money. And Wallace isn't your man's name, it's Jack Hogan; I see him run in Buffalo once. Nobody here knows that, do they?"

"I didn't."

"No. He sifted in here to work at his trade, house paintin', and he's picked up some easy money runnin' against boys that can't beat eleven seconds nohow. The boy I was goin' to drop in here can run the hundred in ten flat any old time; but he's too good for this job, see, because I've got a job on for him down in Troy. But this town's about ripe; they've got the foot-racin' bug bitin' them. There's a boy down in Detroit, J. H. Davin"—the Mixer flipped over a leaf of his little book—"he can run the hundred in ten and a fifth, and he'll stay put; he'll do what I tell him."

"He's a bird if he will," Hard remarked.

"He will, because he knows I can get him the coin. It won't do to write him to come here, because he's sure to show that letter to someone—kind of boastin' like—'tain't safe. You could slip down there, find Davin, and bring him up; we could turn a trick."

"Keep him under cover? Get him a job?" Hard asked.

"No; turn him over to the Corby gang, and let them spring the ringer, spring him on Wallace and you, see?"

"But he can beat Wallace, accordin' to your dope."

"J. H. won't; he'll stay put, I tell you. You send me word to this address in New York, I'll hop a train, get here two days before the race, and we'll bet 'em to a standstill; they've got lots of jack."

"How will I find Davin?"

"You go to Rooney's saloon in Detroit, and Rooney'll get Davin for you in an hour. But don't tell Rooney nothin'; don't even tell Davin where you're goin'. I'll give you a letter to Davin to string with you same's if you was me. You don't come in to Petroville together; he goes to the Corby House for a room, and looks for a job. In a day or two he, careless like, leaves a pair of runnin' shoes somewhere about his room, and before night Corby'll know that the stranger is a foot racer layin' low for a match."

"He will. Even the chambermaids bet on a foot race in this town."

"Corby'll hop on to Davin, and string you and Wallace for a match, see?"

A mirthless chuckle issued from Hard's thin lips.

"Ted Corby'll come down here buyin' drinks, and wantin' to bet twenty dollars he can beat Jack Wallace himself. Ted's fat all over except in his brainpan."

"Now that's why I've come to you, Mr. Hard, because the thing couldn't be in better hands. You and Corby have been bettin' each other."

"Better give me the letter," Hard said, "and I'll think it over. I'll let you know."

That night Hard laid this commercial proposition before Wallace, the ethics of the deal holding no place in the consideration of it. It resolved itself simply into feasibility and profits, plus the touch of a sentimental desire to put one over on Ted Corby and his associate friends of wealth, the oil operators.

"It looks all right to me," Wallace said: "there ain't no chance it won't go through, because the Corby fellows are sore on me takin' their jack when I beat Tom Gowdy. Remember the howl they put up that I was a ringer?"

"But they didn't know you were Jack Hogan."

Wallace stared. "Where'd you get that stuff, Charlie?"

"From Splann; he recognized you."

Wallace laughed. "But it didn't hurt you none, Charlie. There's just one thing: if this Davin runs it out on us ——"

"He won't; Splann has got him in his stable of runners, and Splann's goin' to be here. Splann knows that the big money is up with the Corby gang; knows that he couldn't take much off me. But you've got to go down to Detroit for this boy. If I was to leave town for two days, and a runner showed up about the time I got back, Ted Corby would say 'Nothin' doin'.'"

Then it transpired that Wallace, having just finished painting the big schoolhouse, declared he was going out into the wide, wide world to invest a few dollars in the joyous things of life; going over to Port Huron, where a man's card of introduction to the smiling ones was a greenback. He even bought his transportation to Port Huron; but when he had crossed the river from Sarnia to Port Huron he hopped the train for Detroit, utilized Rooney's acquaintanceship with sports and sportsmen, landed Davin, and was back in Sarnia next day.

If he had kept right on to Petroville, some thirty miles away, a lot of things that did happen would not have happened. But Wallace decided that they had better wait for the night train—get into Petroville in the dark; and, waiting, he began to think of Tom Judd, who ran a saloon in Sarnia and was a foot-race fiend. Tom always had some runner on hand. Why couldn't Wallace run the rig on Judd with Davin, and gather in some easy money? He could try anyway.

He explained the adventure to Davin, saying, "Remember, you've been workin' for me in Petroville, and your name's Billy; you just follow my lead—let's go."

As Wallace pushed open the lattice swing half door of the saloon, Judd, who was seated at a table, stood up and cried cheerily, "Hello, Jack, old oil tank—come and sit down. Where you been?" he continued, as the three found chairs.

"Me and Billy—he's workin' for me—we just finished quite a job, and took a run over to Port Huron to get our whiskers trimmed."

"How's foot-racin' among the derricks, Jack?" Judd asked.

"I ain't had a race for months; I been sort of schoolin' Billy along; when he can get away with the gun I'm goin' to match him against Tom Gowdy."

"Fine, fine," Judd admired. "How fast can he do a hundred yards, Jack?"

"About eleven and a half seconds."

"Pretty good—not bad at all, that. There's a young feller here, a carpenter, thinks he can run, and he's got money too."

"I'll run him, Tom."

"Couldn't be done, Jack. He knows you by reputation, and he wouldn't take you on. But Billy there could beat him; I timed this carpenter in the last race he run here—twelve seconds for the hundred yards; and if Billy can run it in eleven and a half, you don't want nothin' better'n that, do you?"

"Well, I don't know as I want to run Billy yet till he's a bit better at the start."

"I can get hold of this chap," Judd declared; "you come back in an hour; and if he'll make a match you can pick up a couple of hundred."

Wallace hesitated, but said finally, "We'll come back in an hour, Tom, and p'raps I'll back Billy against him."

When the hour was up, and they reëntered the palace of intrigue, Judd, with a grin on his face said, "Jack, the drinks is on me. Line up." At the bar he turned to Billy and asked, "What'll you drink, Mr. J. H. Davin?"

Wallace stared. "What's the idea, Tom?" he queried.

"The idea was good, Jack, but it bust. I'll say, though, that it was smooth; you had me goin' and comin' both ways of the jack. Soon's you went out the barkeeper here told me who Billy was—he's been workin' in Detroit, and see Davin run there. But there ain't no hard feelin's, Jack. You're welcome as the flowers in May any time you can string Tom Judd for a bet."

Jack explained lamely, "I met Davin over in Port Huron today with some of the boys, and suggested that he come over and try and get a race. I guess that we'll move along; Davin's hoppin' the train on his way back to Detroit, and I'm on my way to oil town."

As they walked away from Judd's saloon Wallace said, "Davin, I wish I hadn't made that spiel. You'd best hop the train for Port Huron, come back again and take the late train into Petroville. Tom might watch us, and if we

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"Hey, You Fellows! What's Up Here?" The Speaker Was the Chief of Police, Dan Jenkins

How I Found Myself—The Lawyer

Reported by Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

MY FIRST job," said the lawyer, "was manufacturing. I operated a simple but efficient machine known as the adz and turned tree trunks into railroad ties. My skill with this implement enabled me to earn as much as two dollars a day—some days—and it was quite generally believed in the camp that I had a brilliant future before me as a piecework laborer."

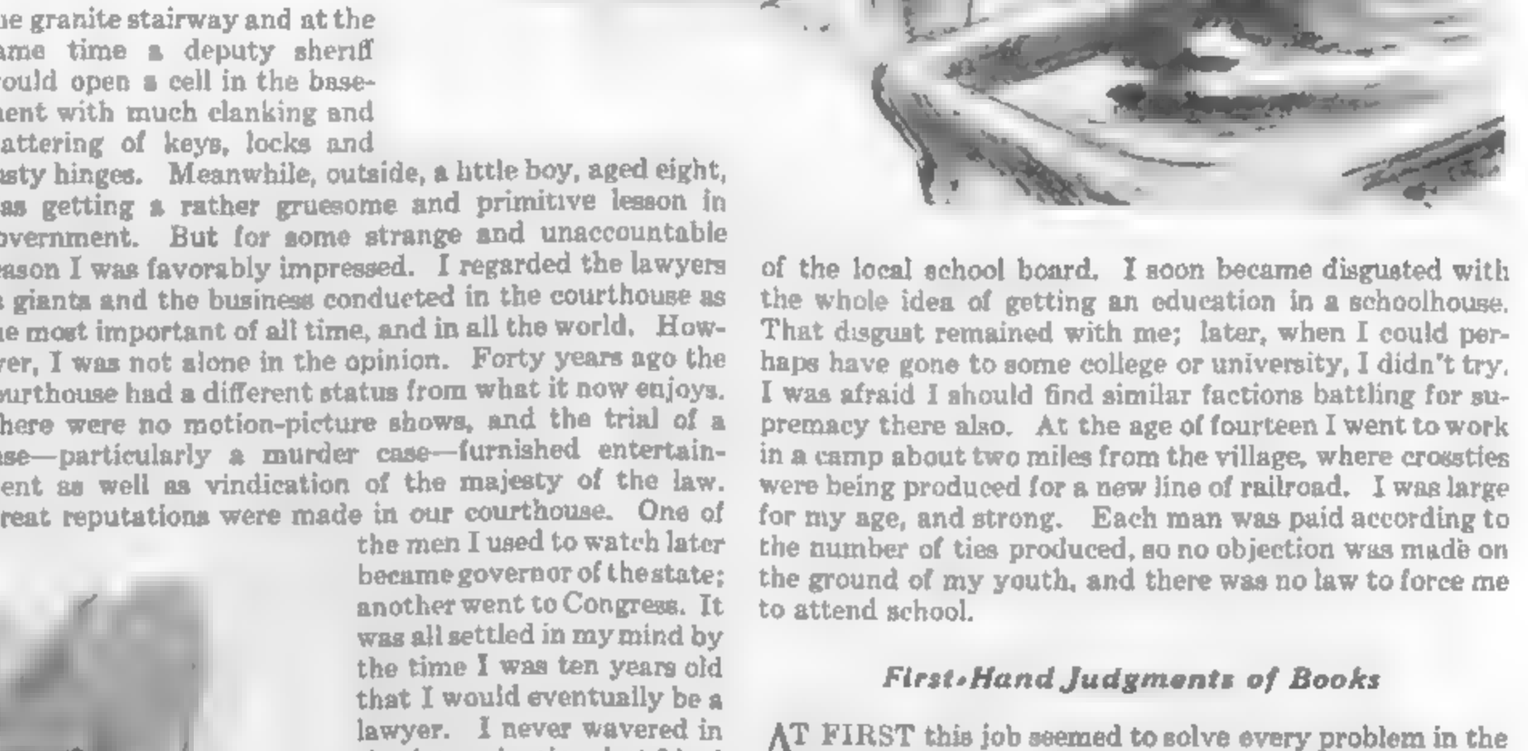
The banker—who had already told us of his youthful experience as a mender of barbed-wire fences—laughed heartily. The rest of us grinned as we looked at the impressive, scholarly speaker and endeavored without success to imagine him in overalls or whatever it was he wore at the time. Later he informed us that he couldn't afford overalls; moreover, they were regarded in the camp where he served as a vulgar display of opulence. We pushed back our chairs, the ten of us, lighted our tobacco and gave our attention to the speaker. In our crowd we specialize on the story of how a man found out what he wanted to do and how he managed to get started in the doing of it.

The little town in which I was born and spent my early childhood—the lawyer continued—was the county seat; consequently the most imposing structure in it was the courthouse. I marveled at the grandeur of that building and wondered who had had the temerity to paint the tin roof of its dome, a mighty thing towering fully thirty feet above the fourth floor. Looking at the great blocks of sandstone in the walls and the broad slabs of granite that constituted the stairway leading to the entrance, I meditated upon the greatness of my country and was thrilled.

Early Thrills at the Courthouse

THERE was a long water trough in front of the main entrance, and I used to stand near it watching the horses drink. From time to time lawyers would pass by me, carrying documents and books. Some of them I knew by name. Being so near these great men as they passed to and from the courts was, I think, the outstanding experience of my boyhood.

I was afraid to venture into a court room; but, standing under an open window, I would often hear the voices of eloquent men pleading their cases. Down in the basement was the county jail. If a criminal case happened to be on trial I would sometimes see the defendant taken from his cell. The basement windows were very large and barred with iron rods nearly an inch in diameter. The defendant's lawyer would walk up

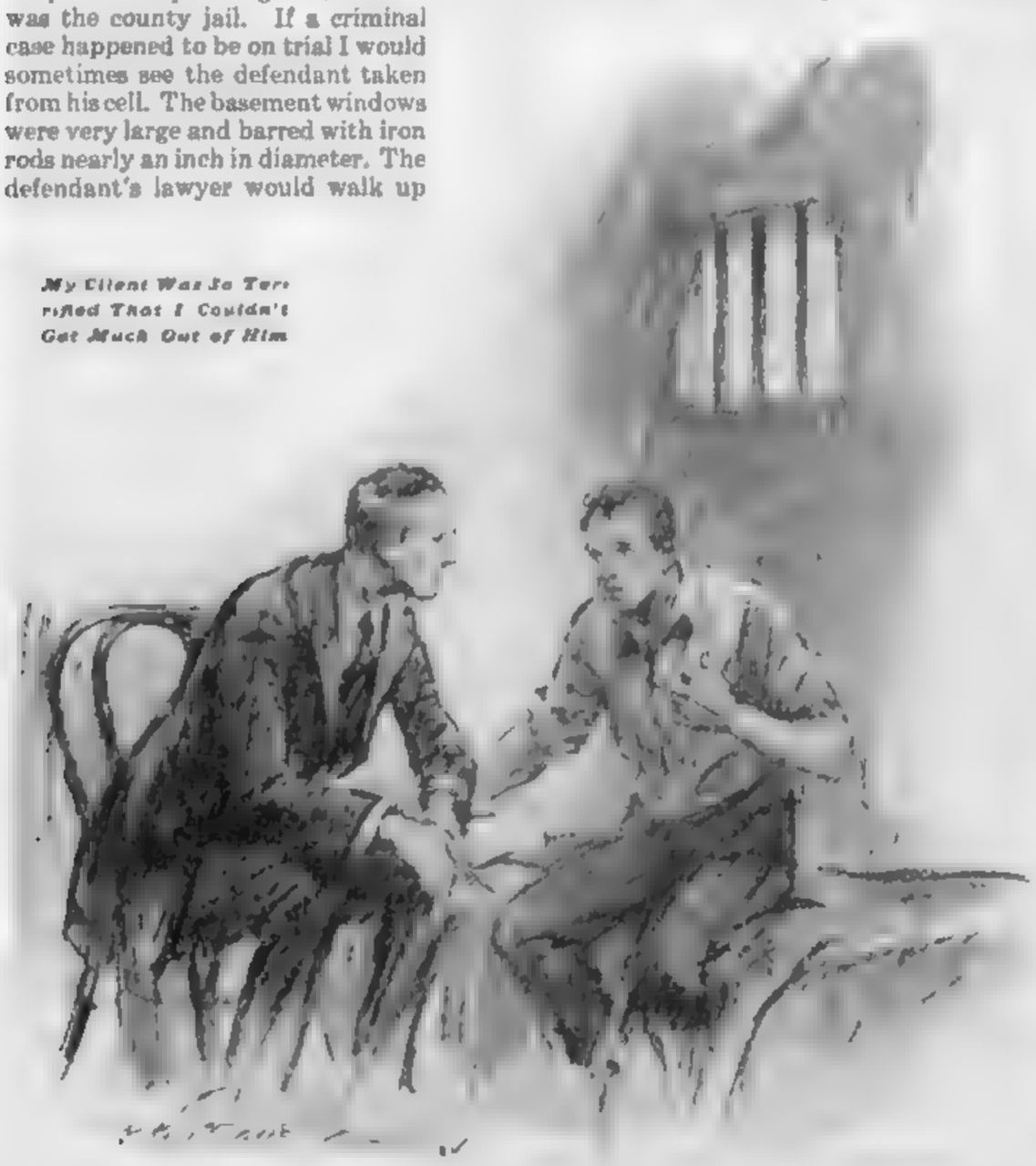


Being So Near These Great Men as They Passed to and From the Courts Was, I Think, the Outstanding Experience of My Boyhood

the granite stairway and at the same time a deputy sheriff would open a cell in the basement with much clanking and clattering of keys, locks and rusty hinges. Meanwhile, outside, a little boy, aged eight, was getting a rather gruesome and primitive lesson in government. But for some strange and unaccountable reason I was favorably impressed. I regarded the lawyers as giants and the business conducted in the courthouse as the most important of all time, and in all the world. However, I was not alone in the opinion. Forty years ago the courthouse had a different status from what it now enjoys. There were no motion-picture shows, and the trial of a case—particularly a murder case—furnished entertainment as well as vindication of the majesty of the law. Great reputations were made in our courthouse. One of the men I used to watch later became governor of the state; another went to Congress. It was all settled in my mind by the time I was ten years old that I would eventually be a lawyer. I never wavered in the determination, but I had picked an extremely difficult ambition.

My mother was a widow and there were other children in the family, some younger, some older. My father's father had been a lawyer, so my mother sympathized with my ambition. She doubtless imputed it to heredity instead of my habit of hanging around the courthouse water trough. We were very poor; but in those days—and in a village—it was not difficult to obtain plenty to eat and a comfortable house. We lacked money for books, clothing and similar articles.

An elder brother was the chief support of the family. He was entirely willing to carry the burden so that I might go to school, but the schools didn't amount to much; terms were short and the teachers were chosen or discharged according to the fortunes of two factions, half political, half religious, that seemed to find great delight in bitter contests for control of the local school board. I soon became disgusted with the whole idea of getting an education in a schoolhouse. That disgust remained with me; later, when I could perhaps have gone to some college or university, I didn't try. I was afraid I should find similar factions battling for supremacy there also. At the age of fourteen I went to work in a camp about two miles from the village, where crossties were being produced for a new line of railroad. I was large for my age, and strong. Each man was paid according to the number of ties produced, so no objection was made on the ground of my youth, and there was no law to force me to attend school.



My Client Was So Terrified That I Couldn't Get Much Out of Him

First-Hand Judgments of Books

AT FIRST this job seemed to solve every problem in the world for me. I earned money enough to buy all the books I needed, and I was not too tired to read them with profit. But after a while a new problem presented itself, and I may say that it never was quite solved. When I had read all the books I knew anything about, I had to find out which came next. Everyone I appealed to gave different advice and I had no cultural background that would enable me to determine the value of these conflicting opinions.

The result was that my course of study ceased to be a course and went all askew. At this point competent direction is very much needed in the education of a young man, no matter how energetic and determined he may be. The universities have their faults, also their advantages. I went through an unhappy year of doubting myself; suspicion that my mind was perhaps not much better than that of the other day laborers would often enter. If I were to talk all night on this one point I could not adequately disclose how tragic that period really was; so I shall dismiss it and tell you of the decision that necessity forced upon me. I resolved that—right or wrong—I should have to assume an Olympian attitude toward all books and be my own infallible judge. If I liked the book it was valuable; if not, it was no good, regardless of what any person or the whole human race said on the subject. Some of Shakspere's plays impressed me as great; others not far from idiotic. Every period of American history stirred in me breathless interest, but I couldn't read Carlyle. Macaulay seemed silly and Charles Lamb seemed more interested in his writing than in what he had to say.

Treatises on law itself, the actual textbooks, seemed to me to contain about the best writing I encountered. I mention this because, with exceptions, of course, I will still defend that judgment. If Blackstone is not engaging

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Making a Hotel Fashionable

By KATE SPROUL NOLAN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

THE business of making a hotel fashionable is rapidly becoming a science. As a social director I claim a share in promoting this science and at the same time in putting more than one hotel on the map, socially speaking at all events. Just as all trades have their tricks, so has the hotel business its own mode of procedure, its own methods of gaining its end, its own little idiosyncrasies, peculiarly fitted to its needs. What happens behind the scenes of a hotel often proves of more interest than the general routine so well known to all of us in whose lives at least one hotel plays an important part. I sometimes wonder which hotel would receive the greatest number of votes in a popularity contest. It would be hard for me to choose between a number, and you probably feel pretty much the same way. The decorations of one are so artistic, the food of another so palatable, the little attentions of still another so welcome—and so it goes.

It is only within comparatively recent years that hotels have become the vogue. Previously they were a convenience for travelers. It was rare for a person to make one his or her home or to entertain guests therein. Thanks partly to well-directed promotion and publicity, quite the opposite is now the case. To have the address of a Fifth or Park Avenue hotel opposite your name is quite common, and some of the season's most exclusive social affairs now take place in the ballrooms or private suites of these same hotels. This change has come about gradually and only through the untiring efforts of hotel owners, managers and others vitally interested in their welfare.

It is the aim of every owner of a high-class hotel to have it patronized by the so-called socially elect and in time become their rendezvous. At the beginning of its career he cares more for this than for the financial success of the hotel and gladly incurs, if necessary, a considerable loss to attain this end. He figures—and correctly—that if it is a social success it is bound to be a financial one, and his logic is good. The *nouveau riche*—even the hoi polloi, though to a lesser extent—follow eagerly the trail blazed by those who have reached, or are well on their way to, the top of the social ladder, which bears so many climbers one would think it would break down, which it doubtless will eventually.

It is no easy matter to induce people to change their mode of living and to look with a certain amount of tolerance at first and later with enthusiasm on something which they have hitherto regarded with the utmost indifference. How successfully this has been done in this instance is proved by the important part played nowadays by all high-class hotels. Social climbers and social columns are partly responsible for this change of attitude. It is true it has taken years to bring this about, but as our schoolma'am used to tell us, "Rome was not built in a day."

The newer hotels perhaps have less of a struggle, although their problem is by no means an easy one. Society may now flock to hotels, but how does that benefit the newcomer unless it flocks in his direction? By hook or by crook the tide of fashion must be turned his way. Various hotels employ different means of turning the tide.

Some employ social directors for this purpose. Time was when such a person was looked upon askance and her very connection with a hotel was kept a dark secret. Quite the opposite policy is now adopted and a social director is even used for publicity purposes. The morning after my photograph appeared in a Sunday supplement as being the only social director in captivity, I was besieged with telephone calls and letters. The power of the press—how well I know it! Of course there were the usual photographers—ever on the job—anxious to take my picture; nor did I wonder at their thinking there might be room for improvement on the reproduction. Department stores, specialty stores, dressmakers—or rather modistes, as they term themselves—all were eager to obtain my good will and at the same time new clients. One particular store—a veritable shrine on the Avenue—even offered to furnish my wardrobe, with the understanding, of course, that as I flitted hither and thither through the lobbies, restaurants and ballrooms, I would not hesitate to tell those with whom I came in contact whence came my gowns. Similar offers even now come my way, as people fail to realize how little flitting I do in my career of popularizing hotels.

Those who interested me more were the reporters seeking interviews, some for the evening and magazine sections of metropolitan papers and others for syndicates. Such were welcomed with open arms, and for a week or more I devoted myself to the business of being photographed in various social postures or in my office arranging parties and telling these very helpful persons what I wanted the public to know concerning my work. According to all written reports, I was a party maker. I had a grand and glorious time planning teas, choosing decorations for parties,

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And How They Love the Lobbies! What Affectionate Farewells and Greetings Take Place There Among Them!

LOVE'S SIMPLE TALE

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE mosquito poised on a petal of the blue sunflower nearest to Myra's elbow. Myra rolled in her pillows and struck, so that her palm seemed to burst in flame and the room echoed. Rosita mumbled from her cot, "Wha' y'do?" and then slept again with one pink foot drooping out of the sheets and her freckled arms locked on her face, for the cell's walls rippled with glaring lines cast up three stories and a hundred yards from the waves. Myra nursed her palm and contemplated, grinning, the mosquito's ruin. It was a triumph, for she felt that this mosquito was the summer's veteran. Since June he had danced in slow loops of noise above her head on all windless nights when Rosita snored. And now with September emptying rooms of the Ocean House, lo, she had conquered him! It was something! She sighed and dropped on her pillows tranquilly, and then the gong boomed in the fourth story and the feet of ten pages in the servants' corridor all smote the floor together and the jumbled sound of words descended through thin plaster. Rosita moaned, "Aw," out of her slumber and flounced in the quivering cot.

"At least," said Myra loudly, "you haven't been awake all night!"

Her young sister rose out of the sheets with wild russet hair in frantic tufts across her forehead and round eyes savage.

She sighed, "I dunno what you got to start bawlin' me this early for, Myra Doggins! I dunno why you can't let a person ——"

"Go to sleep again," said Myra, "and try not to say 'dunno.' It's a neologism that I happen to despise. Go to sleep again! The charge of the light brigade is almost over."

Rosita's blue eyes narrowed and the Corinthian mass of her hair arranged itself under her palms. She jerked the strap of her nightrobe higher on one plump shoulder and knelt in bed to stare at Myra, becoming very lovely as she posed.

"What's bitin' you now?"

"You wouldn't understand if I told you, so go to sleep."

Rosita cocked her head sideways and drew a strand of the preposterous hair over her exquisite nose.

He Really Made Wonderful Progress on the Beach, and Myra Watched the Heavy Shoulders Swing With Joy Because It Was All So Simple

She said, "Aw, boo! School opens nex' week. You're thinkin' of those damn kids! That's it, huh?"

Myra lay on an elbow and declaimed, "Rose, I wish you wouldn't swear! I know some of these cubs like it. But it limits your conversation. The world's full of adjectives. I've used most of them. But don't swear so much. No, as a matter of fact, it'll be a relief to get back to the kids. A school-teacher has enough nuisances on her hands, but she isn't bullied because the fog comes in and spoils a picnic on Shell Rock, or because —— I really," Myra yawned, "had no idea how many disagreeable women there were in the United States."

Rosita stared upward at the thin ceiling and paid no heed.

A peculiar steady noise was piercing wood and plaster from above. Myra wondered which one of the ten pages was dancing a jig and why mild groans were delicately audible.

Then Rosita said, "That's Nathan Preble."

"He looks too solemn to dance at this hour of the morning," Myra objected.

"He don't. He bends over backward and bumps his head on the floor. It's awful good for his abdom'nal muscles," Rosita mused. "He's the swellest swimmer on this beach."

"He's quite a nice lad," said Myra, "and I do hope he's saved his pay. All those boys roll dice behind the cigar desk. You always think of New England boys as so—so staid and puritanical. I suppose they'll be going back to high school in a week or so."

The pages had clearly come to the point of putting on their shoes and sharper sounds came down. It was useless to try to sleep again. Myra drooped out of bed and went slowly to blink against the flurries of glare from waves in irritable movement along the crescent beach. Old Mr. Coe was taking his secret plunge and his figure was a bulb of black and pink as he sat in this shallow thresh of water and seemed to gaze toward Shell Rock, half a mile away. Perhaps he marveled that anybody could swim that far. At noon youths and maidens would go bobbing away from the anchored float with its high-diving standard and their legs would be white or brown threads on the Rock's lizard of sullen gray.

Myra yawned, "I wish I could swim. I always feel as if I'd lost a leg in the water."

"You look so swell in a bath suit," Rosita said encouragingly, "I dunno it matters any."

Myra flushed, drawing back the black luxury of her hair and beginning to braid it. With terrible noises the pages all fell downstairs to their early breakfast. Old Mr. Coe rose from his shallows and involved his shapelessness in a bath robe suddenly, as if he had heard the roar of the pages' heels on the staircase and dreaded their young inspection. Myra beamed behind the flimsy curtain of cheap lawn—it needed washing badly—and watched the nice old lawyer struggle with his drapery. He had been coming here for years and had never been seen at the normal bathing hour. He was truly rich, too, and yet he came here from New York with a valet and a secretary and lounged among these nameless nobodies at this unheard-of little beach. But perhaps if you were rich, you got so tired of wits and notables and liked plain folk, and the high-school lads and girls from inland cities who bawled copious flatteries and sarcasms across the dining room. Or perhaps everybody was much the same, in better dress, with smoother manners, in his own world. And one of his pink arms kept flapping about in search of a sleeve. Then a creature made of dark sirup slid out of the waves and took possession of the white robe and the fat pink arm, and Mr. Coe nodded graciously at this slippery miracle with a wet band of scarlet around its hips, and dismissed it into the waves again. It went swirling toward the anchored float, and Myra said, "Oh, how nice!"

"Yuh?" Rosita grunted from a pillow.

"Nothing. Mr. Smith's Jap, or Hawaiian, or whatever he is, helping poor old Mr. Coe into his bath robe."

Rosita said, "Yum," and went to sleep again with her awful swiftness. Myra drearily dressed, without any thoughts to interrupt the ordeal. Her ankles ached. The late mosquito had chewed her neck. And next week the school again, and Mrs. Gough, the principal, toothishly beaming and purring, "Back to the little folks, Miss Doggins?" And the battle on again with the new janitor, and the boarding house in One Hundred and Third Street and the taste of oatmeal in a cold saucer; and life going on and on and on—on and on and on. The adverb trudged down the brass-edged steps with Myra. And Rosita must do better at high school this year, and she mustn't go to pictures at night with that clerk from the great corporation that made so many films of hardy life out West. His eyes were too close together and his hair was solid with shellac. On and on!

Myra sneezed in the light of the lobby and saw all the gray flannel shirts of the pages grouped in the open doors of the veranda. Perhaps old Mr. Coe had died of apoplexy on the sands. They had leaked out of the dining room to gape at something. Nathan Preble turned his black head, as she came toward the bunch of legs, and said, "Good mornin', Miss Doggins," as the son of a Boston druggist should do; and then spoke as a boy of eighteen in a thrilled gulp, "Come and look at this fella dive!"

The youngest page squeaked, "oh jaseethawun," which Myra interpreted as, "Oh, did you see that one?" But she could see nothing but a scar of foam spread on the water by the float, and the white skeleton of the diving standard as it swayed on the swells of Buzzard's Bay. Then the creature of sirup came sliding as seals slide over the edge of the float and went rippling up the standard's treads, and the youngest page yapped, "Lookatheguy!" in his foreshortened dialect. For a breath the body in its immaterial garment poised on the highest platform, and then it was a spar of lovely bronze, and the waves were scarred again with the tiny blow of its disappearance.

"It's Mr. Smith's Japanese," said Myra.

"Naw," Nathan Preble boomed, "his Jap's a little fella. That's the other guy in his cottage. . . . Aw, he's all through!"

The pages went dribbling back through green doors into the dining room and a ripple wandered the cove's surface toward the last white cottage on the extreme eastern point. The sirup-colored body slid into a tiny motorboat tethered to the pier of the house and then it swarmed mysteriously up a pile of the pier, twinkled off, dwindling around the one story of the cottage, and vanished.

"I don't know," said Nathan Preble, as a Bostonian should, "if it's right for a fella to go round in just a pair of trunks. But it's before breakfast. . . . What's his name on the register, m'm?"

Myra spun the register and gazed again at "Alan Smith, Carmelsville, New York," and at "Tago Miuri," underneath it. The sirup person hadn't been registered.

She yawned, "Mr. Smith forgot to put him down yesterday afternoon. . . . Yes, that isn't his Jap. He's too tall and too graceful."

She shut her thumb in the register and stood considering. It must be a valet. Those Polynesians were loyal, in tales, and Mr. Smith had saved this boy's life once. Probably from a shark, and that was why he had lost a leg. And the Hawaiian ran to bring him things, and was like a dog in his house at Carmelsville. He wore a lanai, or whatever they called those kilts of flowery silk in books, and played a ukulele in a corner of some garden and came crawling with the instinct of primitive creatures when he saw his lord's eyelids droop over the blue eyes and the curly fair head nodding in some unhappy reverie. How strong your hands were on the crosses of your crutches yesterday, and do you know how that blue coat darkened your eyes? And it must have been dreadfully hot in the train, because your collar was all limp around the top, Alan, and the Jap looked so worried and you ought to have had yourself driven straight around to the cottage and not have bothered about signing this silly old register, Alan, and you can't be more than twenty-seven or eight, Alan. Alan. Alan. And it didn't matter about saying, "Oh, hell," when the pen point spluttered. Father used to say much worse things than that whenever he got discharged, Alan. And anyhow people are much more liberal about profanity than they used to be. . . . I know I looked dreadful in that dress yesterday. . . . But I'm only twenty-six, Alan, Alan, Alan. If you had an imbecile, gadding, feather-headed sister to put through school and look after, you'd be snappish when people speak to you suddenly and, Alan, I didn't see your crutches until I looked up, Alan. There was a lumberjack when papa was managing the mill out in Oregon that looked at me just the same way, only differently, and if you had to teach a primary class all winter, you'd get a frown between your eyes, too, only I don't want you to. And we went past Carmelsville on a boat once going up to Albany, and it looks so pretty and quiet with the hills behind it. And some boy will be idiot enough to marry Rosita soon, so we wouldn't have her around the house long, Alan; and anyhow she wouldn't bother you if she could find a chauffeur or anything to talk to. She takes after father. He was so kind, but you wouldn't have liked him. Mamma was nicest.

"Golly," said Nathan Preble, "but you're good-lookin'!"

"Thank you," Myra snapped, stalking around an end of the curving counter.

She now sat on her high-backed chair and gave a glance at the clock above the honeycombed mail rack in which one unclaimed letter fluttered as wind brought in smells of wild fern and bay leaves from the rocky slope behind Alan's cottage.

She had said, "I hope you'll be comfortable, Mr. Smith. I had all the linen aired." And he had said, "Thanks a lot, Miss ——" And she had said, "Miss Doggins." And he had said, "Any relation to the Doggins Orange Company out at Santa Barbara?" And she had said, "No, I wish I were." And he had smiled. And then the crutches made that dreary, bumping noise on the rubber mats of the lobby's floor.

"Miss Doggins," said Nathan Preble, "I was nineteen years of age yesterday."

Myra growled, "Congratulations," and then smiled. The burly lad was trying to tell her something important about himself. He had once or twice mentioned his soul in her hearing.

Oh, yes, males consulted her sometimes! He didn't know that his smooth black hair was almost offensive.

"A fella," said Nathan Preble, bulging all his muscles at her, "nineteen years of age could be counted pretty mature; I mean responsible, kind of "

"Yes, rather, if he has any sense, Nathan," Myra agreed.

"That's what I meant. Anyhow, father wrote me yesterday how he's going to give me thirty dollars a week to work in the store. I'm the oldest son, m'm," said Nathan, "and named for Uncle Nathan Lasher in Salem. He's a bachelor."

"That's very nice," Myra smiled.

"Yes'm. Then, under the circumstances," Nathan said grandly, taking a step back from the desk, "y-you wouldn't object, maybe, if I corresponded some with Miss Rosita?"

If men only knew that rough fair curls—the sort that never make circles—were better than smooth black hair and that black eyes looked so stupid! Myra considered Nathan Preble and beamed upon him kindly. The poor cub had been beguiled by Rose! The poor imbecile! The gump!

"Why, no, Nathan, I haven't the slightest objection."

"Thank you an awful lot, Miss Doggins," said Nathan, entangling his thumbs in his belt and his feet in a mat's loose edge. "Thank you."

"Thank you, Nathan," Myra smiled. "Most cubs—I mean, most boys of your age wouldn't have thought of asking my permission at all. Run and get your breakfast."

The smile lingered with her in the empty lobby and was wasted on the stuffed swordfish over the dining room's green doors. Myra suppressed its remains when Mr Quirk, owner of the Ocean House, came sadly down the stairs and tragically murmured, "Good morning, Miss Myra," as he crept, in a white necktie, into his dining room and the pages stilled their jesting with the waitresses at his coming. He was meaningless and void after two seasons in his hotel. He just spelled nothing. The pages, full of oatmeal, came idling out of the smell of coffee and chirped to one another on the veranda, strewn already with fine sand blown up from the beach's shimmer.

Now old Mrs. Nevinson descended the stairs with her air of fright for fear that no food would be left, and Myra agreed, smiling, that it must be very hot for Mr. Nevinson back in Syracuse. Then, with horrible brayings and clamors, the large feet of four whelps from Chicago called indeterminately Butch, Spike, Babe and Husky, rattled down from the third story and pounded past Myra, who wished that each of them had lost both legs. Why should they

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"What D'you Think of My Kid, Mamie Doggins?" "I Think He's Sweet," Said Myra

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

The Nationalization of Industry—By Isaac F. Marcosson

THE deeper you probe into Bolshevik economics the more you find them subservient to political control. Nowhere is this reaction more distorted or destructive than in the nationalization of industry. In the case of the New Economic Policy you saw how private enterprise, as expressed in retail trade, developed to such an extent that it monopolized 85 per cent of the merchandising turnover. It operated so strongly against the communistic system that today it is being strangled.

Nationalization of industry is not likely to suffer a similar fate. Denationalization spells alienation of economic control, and loss of economic control, in turn, means an end of the monopoly of political power. This, in a nutshell, is the reason why the masters of Russia cling tenaciously to their hold on production, regardless of financial consequences. As a result, less than 4 per cent of the industrial output is privately owned. The staffs and products are so small as to be negligible factors.

A Celebration at Moscow in Honor of the Birth of the Soviet Republic

If you have read the preceding articles of this series you know that the seven men—Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin, Tomsky, Rykoff and Trotzky—who comprise the political bureau are the real rulers of Russia, affording perhaps what is the most striking illustration of machine politics of modern times. They are able to project and consolidate their power because they occupy what Bolsheviks are pleased to call the commanding heights. Reducing these heights to activities, you discover that they are, first, the dictatorship of the Communistic Party; second, the Foreign Trade Monopoly, with which are tied up all soviet foreign policies; third, the nationalization of industry. The loss of any one of these strategic points would seriously weaken the iron grip that the big seven has on everything and everybody in Russia.

The Wreck of Industry

IN APPRAISING the nationalization—it is just another word for the disintegration—of Russian industry you do not have an arraignment of Bolshevism, but an indictment of government ownership and operation. The fact that this particular nationalization goes on under communism is because Russia is dedicated to a communistic scheme. If Mussolini, for example, nationalized all the railways and industries of Italy to perpetuate his political power, it would be the identical operation. With any other setting, nationalization remains the same inept and wasteful institution. Mobilization of output for war purposes is the only justification. In the case of Russia the nationalization is further perverted by the soviet mentality, which by this time you have learned is synonymous with evasion, deception and misdirection. The deadening mediocrity which pervades the human side of life extends to the industrial.

As is the case with every other aspect of Russia, a brief historical approach is essential to an understanding of what is going on now. You cannot comprehend the depreciation of plant and personnel—equipment is 50 per cent under par and output less than one-half of prewar—without knowing the chain of circumstances since November, 1917, when the Bolsheviks came into power.

In the first flush of fancied freedom there were three great Bolshevik slogans. One was Loot the Looters. With this the proletarian prejudice against finance and industry was capitalized to the limit. Every landowner and industrialist of the old order was regarded as a plain plunderer. Therefore his property was seized.

The second maxim was The Land to the Peasant—the Factory to the Worker. Although the peasant did not know it at the time, he was the victim of a joker, because, with the distribution of land, he made himself the tool of a system that confiscated all his output. The third motto was All Power to the Soviets. Over all this was unfurled the general battle cry for world revolution summed up in the words "Workers of the World, Unite!" As you will presently see, the Russian workers united for everything but work.

Dzerzhinsky, Head of the Supreme Council of People's Economy

In establishing the alleged dictatorship of the proletariat—in reality it is over the proletariat—Lenine and his associates had little thought for the peasant—"the giant with the feet of clay," as Bismarck put it. The big end to be served was the placation of the city worker, then, as now, the backbone of the communistic strength. The Russian worker had always had something of a grouch against his capitalistic employer. This grievance had been coddled for more than fifteen years by the professional revolutionaries, who now sat in the saddle. In having all Russian industry turned over to him, the artisan apparently got what he wanted. Actually, he became a pawn in the bigger soviet political game, because nationalization put the control of production under the authority of the Communist Party. So it has remained.

On the day nationalization was effected the Russian productive machine was never in better order for the reason that it was geared up to war needs. Millions of rubles had been expended in improvement and expansion between 1914 and 1917. The Kerensky régime was too short-lived to work any serious damage. Thus, when the horny-handed took over they found a highly organized plant. Despite the predominance of the peasant in population—he constitutes 85 per cent—the gross Russian national income of 16,000,000,000 rubles before the war was equally divided between agriculture and industry

Chaos

THE expropriation of industry was one of the first of the many violations of all moral principles that have marked the red régime. Moreover, it has peculiar interest for Americans. It grows out of the fact that the bulk of the old Russian production was financed by foreigners The total alien investment aggregated 2,007,306,200 gold rubles. A gold ruble at parity is 51 cents.

The French ranked first, with an investment of 648,089,700 rubles; England came second, with 500,564,400 rubles; Germany third, with 317,475,700 rubles; Belgium fourth, with 311,812,400; and the United States fifth, with 117,750,000 rubles. The remainder of the holdings was mainly divided between the Dutch, Swiss, Swedes and Danes.

All this money, at the moment, represents a complete loss to the investors through the confiscation of their property. The one exception that I was able to discover was the plant of the International Harvester Company at Lubertzy, which is not far from Moscow and represents an investment of approximately $15,000,000. Although this plant has not been nationalized, it has been idle for nearly two years because of the utter impossibility of manufacturing and merchandising under Bolshevik regulation, which is just another word for restriction. The general impression is that the International Harvester plant has escaped nationalism solely because the Bolsheviks want to use it as a bargaining asset at that uncertain time when the question of American recognition of Soviet Russia comes up.

In order to get the opening picture of nationalization, imagine for a moment what would happen if every industrial institution in the United States, from the United States Steel Corporation down to the smallest button factory on a side street, passed overnight from the experienced direction which had made their successful administration possible, into the control of the hired hands. Visualize further the fact that the employes chosen for direction were selected, not by virtue of their fitness for the task but because of their loyalty to the political party in power. This is precisely what was ordained when Bolshevism broke.

The most astounding situation in all productive history developed, and with it an almost unbelievable chaos. In the six years that have passed chaos still obtains to a considerable degree because of the fundamental idea of consolidating political power at the expense of production. Though surface conditions have improved, the progress registered

has been due more to irresistible economic forces than to readjustment to what we call normal procedure. Soviet output does not keep pace with home demands. The bulk of export has been made at the expense of the native consumer, mainly the peasant, who is paying the overhead for the whole nationalization experiment

It is difficult to know where to begin a concrete analysis of soviet industrial production. So many unprecedented factors enter into its composition that there can be no logical comparison with any other existing order

To begin with, the average American scarcely comprehends the scope embraced by Russian industry as a whole. Soviet Russia today is the largest single business organization in the world, because the government runs everything. It owns a vast territory—it is equal to one-seventh of the surface of the earth—with all its forests, mines, fisheries, transport by land, water and air, telegraph lines and cables, factories and all the accumulated stocks of iron, coal, oil, grain, cotton, wool and precious metals It also operates directly or indirectly every bank, insurance enterprise, theater, newspaper and magazine. It further holds a monopoly on the wholesale and foreign trade. It means, in a word, that Russia is the biggest plant and the greatest shop under one authority anywhere

In this vast empire of trade and production there is no free play of economic laws, either in normal competition or in demand and supply. Everything is by mandate Backing up every mandate is the most ruthless and closely coördinated national tyranny that this or any other age has witnessed.

All plants, with their equipment and stocks of raw material, were seized by the soviet authorities and turned over to the present management, such as it is, free of capital indebtedness. Since there is no capital investment or liability in the ordinary way, there are no fixed charges, such as interest or rentals, and no amortization. Under the Bolshevik rule, all profits—if any—go to the state, and by the same token all losses are borne by the state. Here you have one reason for the conspicuous failure to function successfully.

Misleading "Statistics"

ANOTHER illuminating detail is that losses in operation due to exorbitant costs, as well as lack of demand, seldom affect the scope of production Industries are frequently expanded as a matter of policy which is mainly political Now you can see why it is well-nigh impossible to point a parallel with industry in America, England or France But these are incidental obstacles in the path of the appraiser of Russian industry. Although many of the terms of capitalism, such as trusts, syndicates and boards of directors, have been borrowed, their use by the Bolos is misleading. The board of a soviet trust does not function as a group of American directors. Its first idea is to satisfy the political needs or demands of the Communist Party.

Then, too, there is the matter of statistics, those familiar white lies which work overtime in Soviet Russia as in no other land. The only available Russian statistics are those computed by the Bolsheviks. A little matter like accuracy is always bent to soviet will

Machinists in a Russian Automobile Factory

or expediency. No alien is ever permitted to make an absolutely free investigation of what is going on. He must go where the authorities send him, and, let me repeat accept the data ground out in the mills of misinformation

At this point it may be well to show concretely the fallacy of soviet figures. The prize exhibit of the gallery of so-called industrial progress is the Textile Trust. The claim is that production is now one-half of prewar and that during the last fiscal year 5,000,000 poods—a pood is thirty-six pounds—of raw cotton were consumed. When you know that this amount is exactly one-fifth of the prewar consumption, you realize that either the textile product is spun out to the nth degree of thinness or that there is a large degree of elasticity in the truth of Bolshevik statistics

Now let us see what has happened since November, 1917 Like everything else, Russian industry has been a series of costly experiments and, in a larger sense, it is still an experiment

When the factories were turned over to the workers a grand jamboree of idleness began. As I have frequently pointed out in these articles, liberty in Russia seems to mean license to loaf. I exclude many men in the higher positions who are not shirkers. The rank and file, from the moment nationalism was decreed, have produced considerably less than they did before the war. Thus one of the principal handicaps on output all along has been the almost utter indifference of the worker toward his job. He would rather talk than toil

But idleness has been only one flaw in the industrial structure. The moment Bolshevism dawned, demoralization succeeded trained order in the factories. Every plant, large or small, came under the control of a central administration of three communists This group was called the collegium No bourgeoisie were tolerated, which means that technical skill and experience were not essential. The collegium was answerable to the Communist Party Its principal responsibility therefore was to procure a 100 per cent loyalty in the factory to communism and not to production Employes did as they pleased. As a result, they spent most of their time discussing politics. Such, in substance, was the so-called workman's control

The inevitable outcome was that factory production shrank to the point where it was a joke. The same disordered state of affairs obtained in the mines. After two years of communism, the coal output in the Ukraine and Siberia declined 75 per cent; oil in the Caucasus, 67 per cent; cast iron, 97.6 per cent; iron and steel, 96 per cent; raw cotton and wool, 80 per cent; dyestuffs, 97.8; chemicals, 89 6 per cent; soap and candles, 82 per cent Not only did output dwindle but hundreds of factories closed down altogether. Petrograd, the Leningrad of today, will illustrate. On January 1, 1917, there were 556 industrial establishments employing 379 227 workers. Exactly two years later they had declined to 264 factories, with 124,610 employes

It was about this time that Trotzky had the brilliant idea of militarizing labor, which meant nothing more or less than putting demobilized soldiers to work in the factories and mines under army discipline. The movement proved to be a complete failure, because the militarized productivity was about 75 per cent lower than that of free labor, which was little enough. The armies were withdrawn from the factories and mines and sent back to the fighting front to battle against the Poles

The New Economic Policy

MEANWHILE communism reached its apex. The country was practically living on rations and the peasants were compelled to give up four-fifths of what they produced to the government. What they kept for themselves had to be exchanged through a process of primitive barter for commodities they did not produce. They went on strike and agricultural output declined. By the beginning of 1921 conditions became so acute that Lenine called a halt and introduced the New Economic Policy, which gave the peasants the right to sell their produce for cash and also enabled private enterprise to come back to life

The New Economic Policy not only meant some measure of freedom for the peasant and the shopkeeper but it led to a complete revolution in the nationalization of industry. Up to this time nationalization had really not been complete, because what production existed was isolated and sporadic. Under the new deal some attempt at coördination was made, and it is this system of unifying the various industries that is now in operation

Circumstances favored the fresh alignment Through the conquest of the white armies, the Donets coal basin and the rich oil fields around Baku and elsewhere had come under soviet control. The foreign trade monopoly, which was a by-product of the New Economic Policy, demanded

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The Lenine Squadron. Russian-Made Aëroplanes at the Chodinka Field Near Moscow

The Bachelors of Devilhead

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Making a Wide Detour, the Old Fox Had Posted Himself Behind a Rock

FOR a week the daisy-starred upland meadows had danced and glittered in sunlight much too warm for June. Then, in the early afternoon of the seventh day, a great storm broke about the craggy summit of Devilhead and for three hours or more the cannon of the clouds rumbled and roared amid the peaks. Young Dan Alexander, watching the spectacle from the deep valley under Devilhead, talked to himself, as was his habit.

"Cloud King and Red Rogue," he muttered, "you're gettin' some music now; and up where you are that thunder's ten times as loud. I wonder how you like it."

They liked it little, because all this tumult of the elements was a departure from the normal course of things and interfered seriously with the necessary business of life. Yet neither Cloud King, the peregrine falcon, nor Red Rogue, the fox, who had their homes on Devilhead within twenty yards of each other, was frightened by the storm. They knew what it was, having experienced many storms in their time, and they took it calmly enough.

Red Rogue dozed quietly on a dry bed of leaves at the inner end of the deep natural tunnel which was his favorite den. Here, in the heart of the huge rock mass forming Devilhead's summit, the old fox was snug and safe from wind and rain and lightning, while even the mightiest of the thunderclaps came to his ears so softened and subdued that the storm seemed miles away. Cloud King, the falcon, had no such remote retreat. The wind and the rain beat upon the portal of his castle; the glare of the lightning lit its inmost recesses; the crash of the thunder was like the crack of doom. But Cloud King, the peregrine, was a brother of the thunder, a son of the mountain storms. All his life he had dwelt with them and they struck no terror to his heart. While Red Rogue slept peacefully in his rock-ribbed fortress, the big gray duck hawk stood alert and wakeful in his aerie, a small cave in the face of the cliff fifty feet above the entrance of Red Rogue's den, and watched with sullen, undismayed eyes the prodigious drama of the storm.

Dan Alexander, gazing up at the peak from the porch of his father's cabin under Devilhead, guessed that this would be the way of it. A rare man was Dan. He had had some schooling and even a year at college in a city of the lowlands; but his mountains had called to him and presently he had returned to share with his father the little cabin under Devilhead, to farm a little after the fashion of the mountaineers and to indulge to the utmost his passion for hunting. He knew the beasts and the birds of the upland woods as few mountain woodsmen have known them; and somewhere in him there was a romantic, imaginative strain, strengthened and developed by his schooling and by the books he had read, which caused him to give names to certain ones among the wild creatures which, for one reason or another, strongly stirred his interest. Chief among these were the two dwellers on Devilhead peak. Many times Dan's path had crossed that of Red Rogue, the old dog fox. Day after day he had watched Cloud King, the peregrine falcon, patrolling the air roads of his wide kingdom. Again and again he had seen the bloody handiwork of these two wild hunters who inhabited the inaccessible cliff at the summit of the mountain; and long ago he had declared war against them, matching his skill and woodcraft against their wiliness and swiftness, finding all the more pleasure in the contest when he learned, as he very soon did, that the two buccaneers of Devilhead were well able to take care of themselves.

Red Rogue Discovered a Cottontail Feeding on Certain Juicy Stems Which Grew Along the Tiny Stream

For weeks he had hunted them persistently, neglecting all other game, often lying in ambush on the mountain's summit above the precipice where they had their homes, even risking his life in an effort to traverse the face of the cliff itself. Once he had clipped a feather from Cloud King's wing; once and once only he had looked at Red Rogue along the barrel of his rifle. It was a long shot and the bullet had gone an inch too high. Angry and piqued because his woodcraft had been set at naught, Dan nevertheless realized that he was wasting his time and abandoned his intensive campaign. But he did not acknowledge himself beaten. On the contrary, he was constantly on the alert for the opportunity which he was satisfied would come. Always, when he roamed the mountain slopes and valleys in search of grouse or turkeys or squirrels, he kept Red Rogue and Cloud King in mind; and always, when he looked up at the huge mountain towering above his cabin, his eyes sought the lofty cliff where the two wild hunters had their homes.

For many minutes he gazed at that cliff on the June afternoon when, after a week of heat and drought, the first summer storm of the season broke about Devilhead's summit. The rain, which was fast hiding the mountain, was drenching the valley also. Already the first big drops were pattering on the roof of Dan's cabin. There were chores to be attended to, but for the present he must wait under shelter until the worst of the storm had passed. So, with feet cocked up on the railing of the porch, he sat and puffed at his old black pipe, watching the onward sweep of a great leaden cloud which barely topped the peak a thousand feet above him across the narrow valley, marveling a little at the play of the lightning and the crash of the thunder, idly wondering how the two dwellers on Devilhead were faring in the storm.

Presently Dan's gray eyes narrowed and brightened. He took the pipe from his mouth and pursed his lips, frowning thoughtfully and drumming on his knee with long bony fingers.

"It'll rain all afternoon an' pretty much all night," he muttered. "They'll not be able to hunt an' they'll be hungry in the mornin'. Lord knows where Cloud King'll go; but I'll bet a hat Red Rogue'll go straight to Rocky Meadow as soon as the grass is dry an' pick up some mice to take the sting out of his appetite."

Dan knocked out his pipe, yawned and stretched his long arms, bare to the elbow.

"Got a good notion to meet him there 'bout an hour after sunup," he said to himself.

At first dawn Red Rogue awoke. He had slept blissfully throughout the night, seeming somehow aware, even in the retirement of his rocky retreat, that outside the rain was still falling. Red Rogue did not like rain. He hated to get his fur or even his feet wet; and though he was hungry, he was loath to leave the shelter of his dry bed until the sun had shone for at least a little while on the drenched grasses and weeds of the high upland meadows. So, although the rain had ceased a little before dawn, the old fox, after considering the situation for a moment without moving, went to sleep again and dozed until after sunrise. Then he rose, stretched his long, lithe, rusty-red body lazily, scratched a black-tipped ear with a black hind foot, and trotted briskly toward the exit of his rock-walled tunnel.

On the narrow shelf outside he halted, testing the wind with quivering nostrils while his gaze roved over the vast panorama spread before him. The storm had washed the air clean and crystal clear; the heat which had lain so heavy on the land for seven days had broken; there was a sharp nip in the gentle breeze, which drove the last vestige of drowsiness from Red Rogue's brain.

That cold, crisp air was like wine. Red Rogue was old—so old that for two springs he had not mated, though he was still strong of wind and limb; but, old though he was, he was sensible of the magic of the morning and felt new energy and vigor in every fiber of his body.

His eyes shining, his slim ears cocked, his long, beautiful white-tipped tail held high behind him, he drank the faint fragrance of a million daisies and looked out over his blue-and-purple kingdom of mountain and valley. Once, for a moment, his gaze rested on Dan Alexander's cabin nestling in the oak and chestnut woods clothing the gorgelike valley far below. As though the sight of that cabin were a challenge, he barked three times, each bark a clear thin note, less querulous than usual, with something of joy and something of confident defiance in the ring of it. Then jauntily, with mincing steps and elevated brush, he trotted along the shelf and, lightly leaping a gap in the narrow way, passed around a jutting shoulder of the cliff with never a glance at the abysmal chasm yawning under him.

Indifferently, with no change of expression in his grim dark eyes, Cloud King, the peregrine falcon, watched him go. The big duck hawk took little interest in the old red fox who shared with him the craggy summit of Devilhead; but because it was his business to watch every moving thing within range of his vision, his eyes followed Red Rogue as he picked his sure-footed way around the precipitous face of the cliff, until he vanished in a dense kalmia thicket fringing the rocky forehead of the mountain. Yet, except that the nature of wild things forbade it, there might have existed a certain fellow feeling between these two dwellers on Devilhead's loftiest peak.

Not only were they near neighbors, sharing the security of a precipice virtually inaccessible to man. They shared, too, the distinction of bachelorhood—a real distinction in their case, because it indicated that they had been victors in the stern battle for life, and, eluding death in many forms, had won through to old age, when love and mating no longer interested them. Even as Red Rogue was mateless, so, too, was Cloud King. If a mate had come to him he might have taken her. But the peregrine, boldest and most destructive of the falcons, had been the hated enemy of mankind for generations and its numbers had been thinned. Never abundant in the high inland region around Devilhead, where there were no large rivers or extensive lakes to attract ducks, the peregrine's favorite prey, this

swiftest and handsomest of all the hawk kind had all but vanished from the mountain country.

For this Cloud King cared nothing. He was as contented in his loneliness as was Red Rogue, the fox; and the absence of other buccaneers of his race meant simply a larger food supply for himself. Only occasionally did the golden eagles, which nested farther to the westward, invade his hunting ground. In general he enjoyed a virtual monopoly—so far as other preying birds were concerned—of the ruffed grouse, the choicest game which the mountain country afforded, while quail and doves were abundant enough to supply his own needs as well as those of the lesser hawks which also hunted them. Except when the imperial eagles came, Cloud King was lord of all the airy spaces above the peaks and valleys, a monarch as valiant as he was ruthless, swift as the wind, thewed and muscled more powerfully in proportion to his size than any other bird of prey—a perfect specimen of the "Noble Peregrine" which the knights of ancient time, who delighted in falconry, considered the premier bird of the chase.

From his aerie fifty feet above the entrance of Red Rogue's den, Cloud King saw the old fox pass around the shoulder of the cliff and vanish amid the kalmias. Then, as though the sight of his neighbor going forth to the hunt had whetted his own appetite, he spread his dark barred wings, much longer than those of most other hawks, and swept out from the face of the precipice. After a few strong wing thrusts he closed his pinions and dropped for perhaps thirty feet. Spreading his wings again, he planed down a long incline, gaining speed every second, rushing down toward the billowy tops of the tall chestnuts at the bottom of the deep valley. When it seemed that in another instant he must crash into the uppermost branches of the trees, he checked his descent by an almost imperceptible movement of his wings and sped onward past the tree tops and across a little wheat field a hundred yards behind Dan Alexander's cabin.

A score of startled eyes saw him as he cleared the chestnut tops. Almost in the center of the wheat field stood a small wild cherry tree loaded with shining crimson fruit—crowded, too, with birds from the surrounding woods and thickets. Brown thrashers, catbirds, wood thrushes, towhees and one brilliant black-winged scarlet tanager were feasting in the cherry tree when the feathered cannon ball shot into view from behind the chestnut grove; and of them all, the tanager, partial as always to the higher branches, was the most exposed, seeking his breakfast amid the topmost twigs. With a frightened cry the blood-red bird darted from his perch; but Cloud King, his eye caught instantly by that vivid color, gripped him with long black talons before he had flown five feet.

When he had plucked and eaten his prey in a tall white oak which was one of his favorite feeding stations, the big duck hawk set about the real business of the day. The tanager was merely an appetizer. Often in cherry time Cloud King began his morning with a raid on the small birds which breakfasted at the small but prolific tree in the wheat field a thousand feet below his aerie; but he was never content with such trivial game, and these morning raids were little more than diversions.

Leaving the white oak, he spiraled upward, mounting higher and higher above the deep narrow valley, until he looked down upon the peak of Devilhead itself. Still higher he rose, so high that the flutelike tones of wood thrushes singing on the wooded mountain slopes no longer came to him; so high that he could view from end to end the whole summit of the long irregular ridge of which Devilhead peak was the loftiest eminence. Here and there, on saddles of this high ridge, the hardwood forest which clothed the slopes and most of the summit fell away, giving place to small natural meadows embosomed like lakes of vivid green in the darker green of the surrounding woods. Suddenly a small dark object in one of these meadows almost directly beneath him arrested Cloud King's attention.

A man looking down from that vast height would have distinguished nothing worthy of special note. The tiny object upon which the hawk's eyes were fixed would have appeared no different from a hundred other dark spots on the green grass carpet—spots which were merely rocks and bowlders, from the abundance of which Rocky Meadow got its name. Nor would a human eye have perceived that this particular dark spot was moving—moving gradually and intermittently, inch by inch and foot by foot, out toward the center of the grassy space. Yet to the marvelous eyes of Cloud King not only was the slow movement of this dark object perceptible but so also was almost every detail of the object itself.

To the eyes of the circling peregrine this dark spot among many other dark spots was a man—a man crawling on hands and knees and carrying a rifle in his right hand. More than that, Cloud King's eyes disclosed to him exactly what man this was; for they could distinguish the brown canvas cap and the gray woolen shirt which belonged to the tall young woodsman who lived in the valley under Cloud King's aerie on Devilhead. So much the peregrine's wonderful vision told him. Had his brain been as perfectly developed as his eyes, he might presently have seen more than this, for he would then have deduced a purpose in the slow, sinister advance of the hunter across the rock-strewn meadow, and he would have scanned the ground to discover what game it was that the hunter was stalking so cautiously.

But Cloud King's powers of reasoning did not extend so far. He saw the man and watched him curiously; but nothing told him that this man was engaged upon a very definite quest now nearing a climax. His attention centered upon the hunter, the falcon saw the smaller dark spot which was Red Rogue, the fox, without distinguishing its nature. Had this smaller spot moved while Cloud King was circling above the meadow, his eyes would have focused upon it instantly and he would have recognized his neighbor.

But Red Rogue, after catching a mouse or two, had discovered a cottontail feeding on certain juicy stems which grew along the tiny stream meandering across the meadow, and he had now completed his preparations for a cottontail breakfast. Making a wide detour, he had posted himself behind a rock toward which the rabbit was moving slowly, following the course of the brook. Close to this rock the old fox sat on his haunches as motionless as a stump, unaware of the hunter, down the wind from him and at his back, crawling nearer and nearer and skillfully utilizing the scattered rocks and bowlders of the meadow to screen his approach.

For perhaps five minutes the peregrine swung in wide circles high above Rocky Meadow, watching the hunter idly yet intently, never suspecting that in the green amphitheater far beneath him the stage was being set for a tragedy. Then, the edge of his curiosity dulled, he resumed his spiral ascent. Up and up he climbed, passing through and above a thin mistlike layer of cloud which, for all its gauzy tenuousness, presently shut the earth from his view. Two hundred feet above this cloud blanket the big hawk careened suddenly in the air, like a schooner struck by a sudden squall. Righting himself with a few swift thrusts of his pinions, he turned his head eastward and, with wings widely extended, shot at terrific speed in that direction, his long barred tail twisting spasmodically to right and left.

Unknowingly and without warning the falcon had climbed up into a current of warm air rushing through space like a vast invisible river to fill some hole or hollow in the upper atmosphere produced by the storm of the previous night. Cloud King disliked being jostled and hustled in this fashion; but the aërial river was bearing him in the direction which he had intended to follow as soon as he had gained the desired altitude. Hence, for a while, he was content to ride on the wings of this ghostly soundless gale racing on its mysterious way above the clouds which hid the world.

Mile after mile the peregrine rode the wind, balancing himself with slight movements of his wings and tail, borne eastward at a rate which nearly equaled the swiftest pace at which his own pinions could have driven him. Then, apprised by some faculty beyond human ken that he was approaching the high ridge where

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His Wings Half Closed, His Barred Tail Open Like a Fan, He Shot Down Upon His Victim

The Highboy and His Hannah

By Roy L. McCardell

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

EIGHTH AVENUE, New York, much what the Bowery used to be, is a strange place of strange customs for the most part. Here dwell Greeks, gypsies, midgets, vaudeville actors, the curious street-fair peoples, sidewalk fakers, all loyal to one another, sentimental and emotional and speaking a strange language all their own; but which, fortunately for the outsider, is mainly made up of American English, so that it is understandable to strangers from the context.

On a sunny late afternoon Slim the Highboy—Slim the Stilt Walker, as you might have called him—came whistling down Eighth Avenue past the roaring Forties, as the teeming side streets here are fitly called.

Slim the Highboy, comely, young, fair haired, blue eyed, carried across his back the grotesque empty husk of a giant with stiff legs, the titanic brogans of which occasionally dragged the pavement. The giant husk was arrayed in a long, very long, brass-buttoned blue coat, and trousers of such length that they were fearful to contemplate.

This giant husk had no head.

But Eighth Avenue paid no undue attention to this marvel or him whose burden it was. Nothing is out of the ordinary on Eighth Avenue, and things are taken complacently, as they look and as they sound. So it was that a blind man tapped his sheaf of lead pencils on his tin cup as the perambulating monstrosity passed and cried cheerfully, "Hello, Slim, you're looking fine!" Then a corpulent man with a wooden leg, followed by a bulldog with a brier pipe in his mouth and eke clad in a plaid blanket inscribed in yellow letters, "Bowwow Tobacco! It Never Bites!" also saluted.

"Been ballyhooing for the police parade?" he said. "Well, the only coin you get from the cops you can put in your eye."

"It's protection, Peg, which is better 'n a reader in this burg," replied Jack the giant carrier. "Is the cap'n back?"

"Yep, his outfit's parked down in front of the snare. He volunteered, too, I suppose. The flatties keep me moving. My store is no grind for them," growled Pegleg, and stumped away, followed by the blasé dog with the pipe in his mouth.

Diamond Jack the Rattlesnake Oil Man, holding forth on a flivver truck with his den of death-dealing ophidians, paused in his sales spiel to wave at the stilt walker over the heads of his audience on a corner below, and then Slim crossed the street with his burden to where a brilliant blue automobile with red and white stripes and gay with flags was waiting. Attached to it was a similarly striped and decorated trailer and calliope, a great sign on each side of it reading:

HONOR OUR BRAVE POLICE

COMPLIMENTS OF CAPTAIN DAN DARROW, DEEP-SEA DIVER

Small but prosperous-appearing stores with vegetables and fruit on outside stands were the background of Captain Darrow's deserted outfit. Between such a grocery and a butcher shop was a doorway with two low brownstone steps leading into the hallway, which had tarnished brass letter boxes on either side.

The outer door stood wide and the inner door was unlocked, and the stilt walker entered and climbed up two flights of stairs, bearing his burden skillfully around the corner landings in the smelly semi-darkness.

A parrot whistled and called "Chee-e the cop!" from somewhere higher up in the back, and as the home-comer passed a scarred and battered door to the second-floor-front apartment a pig inside sniffed and grunted inquiringly; and as Slim went by and up, the pig gave forth a squeal of hungry complaint.

On the third floor the highboy entered an unlocked door to the rear apartment, and, with a puff of relief, deposited the headless giant on two trestles against the wall, evidently the usual parking place.

The reek of frying Hamburger and onions floated out from the kitchen. The disorder of the place and the dingy furniture were testimony that it was a furnished flat that was bachelor's hall.

"Set the table, Slim, scoffin's ready," said a husky voice amid the reek. "I dropped out the parade at the park and lammed back, knowing you'd be hungry."

Then the captain, a stalwart, pleasant-faced, middle-aged man with a brown mustache, entered in his shirt sleeves. He was bearing a platter of Hamburger steak and a coffeepot.

"What's the matter? You're not saying nothing. Get a fall, or are you just sore that the cops gave you your annual tumble and no jack? We're lucky we ain't assessed," added the captain, putting the meat and coffee on the dining-room table, guiltless of napery.

"Excuse my manners, cap'n, I was thinking," explained the younger man hesitatingly. "Looky here at this in the Poster!"

And he brought forth and held open that weekly journal devoted to outdoor amusements and those who purvey them. The captain followed the other's finger and read aloud:

WANTED AT ONCE: To join on at Bradleyburg, Pennsylvania, week of tenth. Concessions that do not conflict. Humpty-Dumpty House. Ten in one. Midgets for pit. State all in first. Fares if we know you. Boozers and chasers save your stamps. Captain Darrow and Highboy Slim wire at once!
SIG BLOOM'S GRAND ALLIED STREET-FAIR SHOWS.

"Well," said the captain, "we can eat and talk, and I'll say that call don't mean nothing to me, while it means a dollar a line for Sig Bloom. I've got a bally every day booked ahead—Church Funds, Safety Week, Girl Scouts. The grift is good enough for me right here on the Big Apple, and your cakes are all baking for you too. You got Paradise Park, the big picture, Idiot Husbands, and everything."

"I want to join on Sig's show," murmured the young man, "and I want you to join on with me."

"That's gill stuff. Why the sticks, and eat Greek chow and sleep on the lot, when we have a snare and home scoffin on the Big Apple?" asked the captain indignantly. "The trouble with you, Slim, is that your system is too full of statistics, and statistics for a grifter is all apple sauce!"

"Statistics don't bother me none, cap'n," said Slim, blowing his coffee. "You mean numberology. By the number of letters in my name, Cleo says it ought to be changed; they ain't the right vibrations now."

"Cleo is a fine frail all right and aces as a mitt reader," the captain admitted; "but she's a daff on her own patter. What I mean by statistics is other kinds of figures besides vibrating your monniker from Henry Clay Sowers to Reginald Bertram Sowers. But ever since you fell for that Amish jane when we played the Climax United Pit Shows, at York County Fair in Pennsy a year ago, your head is full of her figure. Is her old man a good Arab? No, he's a crab. I seen him hop out of his flivver and beat her up and drive away with her. Didn't I have to hold you from getting in a clem on her account?"

"She'd never seen a carnival before, and her mother's dead and she's been stuck on the farm and has to wear gray clothes with hooks and eyes without a button 'n' everything," said the stilt walker moodily.

"Well, her old man had no buttons either on his shad-belly outfit. Them Amish is Pennsylvania Dutch Quakers, Mennonites, Dunkers—whatever you call 'em—and they don't go in for having a good time. That's why they all fall

"Ach, it May be Wickedness That I Help You Mit This Gottlosen Feller!"

for flivvers. They've got all the jack in the world, but if we showmen waited for their patronage we'd do without our scoffin. Besides," the captain went on, "could that nice quiet little Dutch Quaker thrush stand joining on a show, or even sharing a snare on the Big Apple? Why, New York would drive her cuckoo, let alone Eighth Avenue? And look at all the birds that perch around here who are our friends—store workers, shills and ginks like us that rube the streets! They'd get her gilly in no time."

"Just the same," said Slim, "Samanthy, who rubed at Luna Park and has been on Barnum's for years, makes Charley, the candy butcher and juice man, a good wife. She's happy and she was a backwoods jane. And what's wrong with the Big Apple? I notice that anybody who's leaving the sticks for New York never misses their trains, and Eighth Avenue is the best street in the world. If Hannah Hosselrode is used to a farm, where'll she find more farmers and more animals than on Eighth Avenue? I know a galloping fish and a pig and a Jew duck right in this snare!"

"Where do you get the idear that they have a seal on a farm, or a pig like Lilly Ladew's high-school hog, Ima; or Nick the Greek's fortune-planet-picking parrot, Jerry? They ain't animals; they are educated — trained acts. Well," concluded the captain philosophically as he looked at his watch, on which the hours were marked by skulls and crossbones—a tribute, suitably inscribed, for his feat of removing bodies from a wreck off San Francisco—"I think you're a bozo. But then I was a chaser myself when I was young."

"I'm the best highboy in the business," grumbled Slim. "I get my twenty dollars a day on my sticks, ballyhooing Paradise Park, or moving-picture blow-offs right here on the Big Apple, and on Broadway too. I'm the only highboy that can work on the seven-foot sticks. I can play giant in them on a show because my outfit, with big brogans and cop kicks and benny, and my drum-major uniform and everything, looks a plumb natural. They ain't a highboy got a store like mine anywhere, and you know it!"

"You ain't grinding about yourself as the only attraction, are you?" asked the captain. "Where's a better concession than my deep-sea diving outfit? And you don't get as much rubing as I do with my Blue Bird automobile and calliope, right here in the big burg. But I'm telling you not to be mushy about that little Amish frail; forget her!"

"She's a sweet kid, all right, all right," said the stilt walker raptly. "I sure did fall for that wren and I fell hard, and I just saw her once; but I've been writing to her. A neighbor woman lets little Hannah, honey, get my letters from her R. F. D. box, and then my sweetie writes me here. Wanta see her letters—not read 'em, though?"

"Naw, I don't," replied the captain gruffly. "But you'd better lay off her. She may be jake, but hicks can't stand the show gaff, get me?"

"Say, I'm a hick, too," said Slim. "I was raised on a farm in Pennsylvania, wasn't I? I practiced my sticks there. You were a small towny too. All grifters is. Where do most of them winter? Why, in Little Rock or Baraboo. When they advertise for people to join on for a Tom troupe or a medicine show or a carnival, double in brass, an' everything, where do they date from? Why, from the tanks!"

"Eighth Avenue, New York, doesn't say so," retorted the captain. "It's full of pitchmen, kinkers, plate-board workers, freaks, glass spinners, grinders, spielers, muscle dancers, punchboard men—pit people, midgets, hula girls show people of all sorts; right here is the biggest tribe of Arabs in the world. Your Amish sweetie wouldn't fit in the picture. No, get a jane that's a good trouper and used to the life, like Bozo Bernstein did when he advertised in the Poster: Wanted: Straight Woman to Feed Comedian. It caught him a broad from Bessie Belle's Boisterous Blondes who was tired of burleycue, and Bozo has been a happy guy ever since, because they team fine."

"My little Hannah would like Eighth Avenue; she'd like the road too. She wants to go on a show," persisted Slim.

"Aw, she means the movies," declared the captain. "She wants to be a Mary Pickford or a Marion Davies, huh?"

"She ain't never give a fillum the once-over yet. What do you know about that?" retorted Slim. "She's an innocent little simp. She saw the billing of the Climax Pit Shows and made a get-away to the lot while her father was down at the York freight yards to see if a Holstein bull he'd bought had come in."

"Well, what it is you want me to do?" asked the captain testily. "I'm always Patsy."

"You see Sig Bloom's call for us," replied the younger man; "come join on with me. I know Sig's opening is for the firemen's meet at Bradleyburg on the tenth. I seen it in the Poster. Come on, you with your deep-sea diving concession and your calliope for parade and ballyhoo, and me to rube the streets, grind the lot and play a pit show."

"So that's it!" growled the captain. "And you want to write that Amish chickadee you'll be on Sig's big show because her old man's farm is between Bradleyburg and York. Can't you do a single turn on this? Why ring me in? I know what'll happen; that Dutch Quaker father will take his old blunderbuss and blow us down."

"Them Amish mooks don't shoot no guns; they're plumb peaceful," argued Slim.

"Then he'll get the law on us for that Mann Act or enticing minors, and then what'll happen? Why, the main squeeze, the Bradleyburg hick dick, with a banner on his benny marked Marshal, will do a pinch, and we'll be hurried to the hoosegow in the hoodlum wagon, with the nippers on, and we'll stay in stir till the bluebirds whistle. Not for me!

"If you hone to pay alimony," the captain went on after a pause, "Cleo the mitt reader has blown Gimpy George the kinker and got her divorce reader. She's looking for another jobbie to beat up legally, as she used to trim poor Gimpy. If she suspected you was wanting to team up she'd be here with bells on."

Slim sighed and was silent.

"Guess who I seen piping you from the sidewalk today," he said finally, after he

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"She's a Sweet Kid, All Right, All Right," Said the Stilt Walker Raptly

Captain Darrow Had Risen to His Feet and Bolted Down to the Gate

THE BUM'S RUSH

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE telephone was in the small entry off the kitchen; and as Gladys hung up the receiver her mother, who was putting the big bowl of onion soup on the table, spoke to her beautiful daughter in a voice of real sorrow.

"Aw, now, Gulladus," she mourned, "what'd you talk to Jimmy that way for? You ain't gotta be so rough with a nice boy like him. Honest, Gulladus, you ain't going to have a male friend left if you talk to them like that."

"Aw, for cat's sake, mother, cheese it!" exclaimed Gladys, swinging into her chair at the table. "What do I wanna waste time with roughnecks like him for?"

"I think he's a real nice boy, Gulladus. He ain't such a roughneck. But if he is or ain't he, it ain't ladylike to yell at him to go chase hisself. First you know you won't have no male friends at all, Gulladus."

"Well, who wants any?" Gladys demanded, and added as she tasted the soup in her plate, "Gee, ma, you putta 'nough salt in this soup to gag a cat! And, say, that Jimmy boy, he gives me a pain anyway. Him having the nerve to ask me to go dance with him! The big green hoof hopper! Say, honest, my anks are black and blue where he tramped on them las' Sat'dy night. I see myself dancin' with him again!"

"Jussa same, Gulladus," said Millicent, the married daughter, who was holding her infant on her lap and sitting sideways at the table, "you ain't going to do so worse if you freeze onto that Jimmy. He's got the real stuff in him, Gulladus, like my Mike has. You gotta remember you gotta get a husband sometime, Gulladus."

"Yeh? Have I? Like cats I have!" scoffed the beauty. "Say, listen, Milsint, what's it got you, your husband, huh? That squallin' kid, huh? And you can come home to stay while he's off to somewhere lookin' up a job. And purt' soon you'll have as many kids as ma has, and gotta shape on you like a laundry bag. No husbands for me! Not in my young life!"

"But, Gulladus ——" her mother interrupted.

"Oh, shut up, ma!" Gladys urged. "I said it once and I say it a thousand times—I ain't got time for no husband. I gotta think of my career. If I gotta have a husband it ain't going to be for ten years yet, when I gotta lot of cash and can support him proper. That's that!"

"You Gotta Get Away From Here! You Gotta Beat It!" She Cried

Mr. Vench, at this, leaned his right elbow on the table and put his chin on his fist and pointed his soup spoon at his beautiful daughter, using his left hand for that purpose.

"Say, listen, you!" he shouted.

Gladys turned to him and raised her delicate eyebrows.

"Is it me you are yelling your head off at?" she asked.

"You bet your eye it is!" shouted Mr. Vench.

That he shouted disturbed no one, for Mr. Vench often shouted. He usually shouted. To shout was his way of making himself heard when he said things, because there was always much noise in the kitchen, which was where the Venches commonly lived. From Millicent down to the youngest Vench, there were so many Venches that no one ever counted them except when Mr. Vench had to deduct them from his income-tax paper. They numbered something just over or just under a dozen, boys and girls, and usually they were all making all the noise they could, each in his own way. This was a necessity. No one Vench, perhaps, especially cared to shout and yell; but when they all shouted and yelled, each had to do the same in order to be heard at all.

Mrs. Vench usually shrieked, her voice tending toward the upper registers. All day she was shrieking, "Ed'ard! Ed'ard! Come away from that stove! Oh, my stars, that child!" Or, "Dor'thy, Dor'thy, don't you cut that dress! Oh, that child!" Or going to the door to shriek, "Martin! Martin! C'mere this instant! Oh, that child, that child!"

Usually the family seemed all messed up in the kitchen by dozens, five or six disputing at the tops of their voices and making a noise worse than a Democratic ward convention; and out of this would come, suddenly, loud shrieks of laughter, blaring crashes of dish pans, slamming of doors, cries of infants in dire distress—and the odors of food.

Smells! There were always odors of cooking, stale or fresh. Onion soup, fried onions, cabbage! Lurking odors of dinners of yesteryear. Sometimes the odor of three long-haired dogs, damp, just in from the rain, drying by the fire. Or Mr. Vench would come in in his shirt sleeves, bringing a fresh rich odor of sheep manure, blood meal or commercial fertilizer; or of stale pipe or lighted Sudden Death tobacco burning in a stale pipe. Now and then the open cellar door would let up an odor of damp and decay and mold.

Things! There were always things to step over or on, to avoid or sit on or trip over. Children, diapers hung to dry, a nightgown over the back of a chair, a dish pan full of potato parings on the floor, a toy wagon, the dogs' beds, the place where the oilcloth on the floor had split and keeled up. It was lucky the kitchen was not small.

In such a family and such a room there was not much opportunity for gentle melancholy or tender happiness. One of the family might have a grouch for a week on end and no one would notice it; to be noticed, a sorrow had to be expressed in loud yells and screams, and joy had to be let forth in screams of laughter. Now and then the natural warring instincts of male and female would find vent and two of the youngsters would fight it out under the table, pulling hair, biting and whacking fists into faces, and Mrs. Vench would say "Now! Now! Don't be rough!" meaning, "This is all right, but don't be rougher."

It was a richly warm and human family, like a crowded cage in the zoo, and into the kitchen and out of it again came and went Mr. Vench in his baggy-kneed trousers and shirt with rolled-up sleeves and no collar, shouting. Sometimes someone paid attention to what he shouted and sometimes not.

Mr. Vench, until he went into the greenhouse business for himself and married a wife, had been rather vague as to his name. He could pronounce it, but he could not spell it, not having learned to spell. It was, in his opinion, something like Vince or Vens or Ventch; but it might be Finch or Fence. One employer had called him Wrentz and he had not objected. It was not until he had his letterheads and billheads printed that a name seemed important; and the printer, after considering the possibilities, had decided on Vench. Anyhow, the main thing was to make a living, and a man can do that under one name as well as under another. Now, at this later date, Mr. Vench no longer worried about making a living; he was trying to save money and be worth something. He shouted more than ever, especially at potato peelings that were peeled too thick, and other things that threatened to interfere with his being worth something.

In a general way it may be said that Mr. Vench appeared to think that putting water on his person too frequently might dilute him and make it more difficult for him to be worth something. He probably saved quite a few cents a year by not wasting the edge of his razor, and often his neck and the skin under his beard were dark with the black sandy loam of his greenhouses. His hands and nails! And for that matter, while we are distributing the exclamation points, his automobiles!

Mr. Vench had two. One was the runabout he used and the other was the truck in which he took his flowers to market. None of his family, except the youngest children and the dogs, would get into the runabout, and its condition can be imagined.

The delivery truck, on the other hand, seemed always just out of the paint shop. It glittered and shone. Every bit of metal glared.

The Vench greenhouses were one block beyond the end of the car line, and the cars ran every twenty minutes or so, so it was no hardship for Gladys to get to the village and thence to the city. To see her stepping daintily, in high-heeled low shoes, with most of the leather bitten out in catchy designs, and silk stockings that were as delicate as the bloom on a peach, and garb that was like flower petals, you would never imagine what her room at home looked like, shared with three other Venches, none of the four ever putting anything away and no one making the bed until it was time to get into it, and sometimes not then. She was an exquisite thing.

"Yeh," her brothers would have said, "she's the beautiful dumb-bell!" But that was hardly true. But—back to the kitchen.

"Is it me you are yelling your head off at?" Gladys asked.

"You bet your eye it is!" her father shouted. "I'm gonna tell you where you get off, right now. You got the

swelled head since I let you get a job in town. Say, this dance business is all bunk!"

"Oh, is it?" laughed Gladys. "A lot you know!"

"I know what I know!" declared Vench. "I raised you, like I raised the lot of you. What's a matter with you is this man's pumped you full of hot air, see? He strings you because he gets your money. Say, I can tell him I knew you when you was like the rest of the kids, freckle-faced and bow-legged ——"

"I am not!" cried Gladys. "That's a lie and I can prove it! My pins are as swell as any you ever saw."

"All right! All right!" shouted Mr. Vench. "Have it your own way! You doll 'em all up in silk stockings and you get the swell head over them, and some gink tells you you're a swell dancer and you go off your nut. Say, listen! Lemme tell you something! I was talking to a feller that knows more about the dancing game in a minute than you know in a thousand years, and he says these fancy dancers ——"

"Oh, piff! I know all that," said Gladys. "What you're talking about are these amachoors that never get anywhere anyhow. You ask him what he's gotta say about a gurrl that's got real talent, like Mr. Socowsky seen I had the first time he seen me dance, and he comes up to me and says ——"

"Yeh! Talent!" shouted Mr. Vench. "Where you get that stuff? Where's any talent coming from in this family? Now listen ——"

"Well, for cat's sake! If I thought I was like this family ——"

"Nemma you mind that! What your mother was yellin' at you about this Jim was all straight—he's all there. He's got the goods. An' Milsint knows what she's talking about. Girls goin' around learning the high kick and all that business! Bull! What a girl wants is to get her hooks in the right feller and treat him right and marry him and ——"

"I see myself! I see myself! Say, you listen, pa ——"

"Yeh! And I'll have an old maid on my hands. Not on your life! Say, I'm telling you now ——"

"Yeh? Go tell it to ——"

Mr. Vench banged his fist on the table and made the onion soup leap like a storm at sea.

"Shut up, you!" he shouted. "I gotta right to say something! You have it your own way, if you wanna! Go on and learn to kick your legs up in the air if you wanna—it's your money. But you hear me! If you ain't gonna hook onto one of these young fellers that come hanging around, I ain't a-gonna have them hanging around. This is my house and I gotta pay the gas bills and all, and I ain't a-gonna have them young spurts loafin' in the front room. You get that? Now, listen! The next one that comes around here is goin' to get the bum's rush. All of 'em is—the bum's rush! If you don't want 'em, I don't want 'em!"

Gladys shrugged her shoulders and lifted her eyebrows. She indicated that nothing interested her less than what her father might do. He shook his spoon at her a moment and then ate his onion soup, which was now cool and had a film of grease on top. He did not mind that.

To Mrs. Vench the whole matter was one that seemed beyond her control entirely, so she did not worry about it. It was her experience that when children reached a certain age they began to go out after dinner and presently young men began coming to the house; and at a still later time, presently the child remarked that she was going to marry someone—usually someone hardly mentioned or seen until then. In the meanwhile meals had to be cooked. The only thing to do was to hope for the best and raise Cain now and then when it seemed desirable, and trust that her girls were good girls and not like some other girls who were not good girls.

Of Gladys, she was proud openly, and still more proud secretly. Once she had hunted up an old photograph of herself when young, hoping to discover that she had been as beautiful as Gladys was and that she had since forgotten it, but she could not have that satisfaction. Gladys was ten times as lovely as her mother had ever been. All Mrs. Vench could see in her old photograph was a sort of placid common sense, and that she could not see in Gladys at all.

She could vaguely understand the ambition that sent Gladys night after night, after a day of hard work, to do still harder work under Professor Socowsky. She had seen enough plays with dancers in them to know that it must be a grand thing to be up there on the stage with a thousand or more down below admiring one—especially admiring one's physical beauty of face and—she thought it quite frankly—legs. And what a life one had in a kitchen!

As Gladys Rode to the Station She Did Not Think Much of Ambition

Mrs. Vench's feeling in regard to life in the kitchen was not that of some. She did not mind the work—the dishwashing, the cooking. She did not mind having a lot of children or a lot of chores. But the confusion and rush! She felt that she was like a cork in a whirlpool; her feet never got quite firmly on the ground; she was never quite sure whether she was head end up or head end down. She felt that life in the kitchen was just one long series of shrieks at people with nothing resulting, except that once in a long while Vench would remark that things were going pretty well and that it looked as if they would be worth something one of these days. In her imagination she thought it would be rather blessed to be a dancer and be able to pause, standing on one toe, with absolutely nothing to do for several entire seconds but breathe and let admiring hundreds think, "How beautiful her legs are!" What a chance to gather one's wits together and get a full breath! And nobody shouting! And then, when it was time to get busy again, get busy rhythmically in time to music and not in mad haste and chopped-up bits.

Gladys left the kitchen with a curt "'By, mom" and was on her way to the city and Professor Socowsky's studio; and Vench pushed back his chair and lighted his pipe and put his feet on the oilcloth of the table and closed his eyes. One by one and two by two, Mrs. Vench chased or dragged the children to bed. Millicent took her child to her room over the kitchen and they could hear the loose leg of her rocker clump as she rocked the child to sleep. Mrs. Vench finished the last of the dishwashing and looked for the nail to hang the dishrag on, found a cap on it, and spread the dishrag over the bottom of the dish pan instead.

"I guess I'll go up," she said. "I hadda long day."

She said this every evening.

"All right, I'll be up," said Vench.

He said this every evening too.

"Leave the door for Gulladus," Mrs. Vench said, and went up to her bed.

For half an hour Mr. Vench sat thinking of the day's work and the work to be done tomorrow and of the progress he was making toward being worth something. Presently he yawned and turned out the dogs. They ran forth barking. Mr. Vench put out the light and went to bed himself. In a few minutes he was snoring. Everyone snored. From the many rooms many snores of various qualities came and mingled. Any single snore alone might have been maddening, but thus mingled they suggested comfort and repose and honest rest.

When Gladys came down in the elevator from Professor Socowsky's Art Dancing Academy with his other students of the dance she was so tired she could hardly stand, and as the elevator shot downward her thought was that her knees would surely give way if the elevator stopped with a jerk, and it did and they did. She sank to the floor, laughing, and scrambled up again gracefully. The professor had certainly given them the whole works that evening, and as Gladys rode to the station and on the train homeward she did not think much of ambition; her greatest wish was to get to her own room, where she could rub some spots that seemed to ache with especial vigor. When she stepped from the station in her own suburb she was surprised to find a

(Continued on Page 186)

"Yeh! Talent!" Shouted Mr. Vench. "Where You Get That Stuff? Where's Any Talent Coming From in This Family? Now Listen ——"

With Pencil, Brush and Chisel

By EMIL FUCHS

EARLY in the summer of 1897 I arrived in London with my marble bust of Mrs. Carl Meyer. It was the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee—the sixtieth anniversary of her reign. Numbers of foreign visitors, royal and otherwise, filled the town. My prospects suddenly appeared none too bright. First of all, the picture of the rejoicing city was perhaps too dazzling for one emerging from years of retirement in a Roman studio. I was alone, and at a loss to find my bearings.

It became clear to me, too, that it would be long before Mrs. Carl Meyer would resume her sittings. The round of festivities all crowded into the small space of three months, when everyone in London is in a continuous revel of dinners, dances, concerts, operas and theaters, was enough to tax anyone's endurance. One day Mrs. Meyer came to the studio, and she had not been there many minutes before she fell asleep in her chair. I was not surprised.

But here again Sargent was the first in that turmoil to remember the stranger to whom in Rome he had offered his hospitality. He repeated his invitation to work in his studio. I declined, as it would have taken a long time to finish the bust and I understood also the inconvenience which my work in marble would be likely to cause him. The noise from hammering and scraping is disturbing to anyone except the sculptor. The marble dust which flies about in clouds covers everything with a coating of white. It would do the utmost harm to a wet painting.

Paderewski's Autograph and a Bar of Music From the Third Act of His Opera "Manru."
Above — Paderewski, From a Sketch by Mr. Fuchs Made During a Visit to Morges in 1899

The London Season

WHEN I knew that my stay in London would be prolonged, I rented a small studio in Kensington, some distance out of town, but this did not prevent him from calling on me. Busy as he was, he invited me to his studio, sometimes for lunch, sometimes to have a little music in the evening or for a quiet chat. Here is one of his notes, which are among my cherished possessions:

"*Vendredi*

"*Cher Monsieur Fuchs: Je serai heureux de vous voir ainsi que Mr. Hughes, demain à 1 heure, disons 1 heure 10, pour que mon modèle ait le temps de disparaître.*

"*Bien à vous,* JOHN S. SARGENT."

Friday

Dear Mr. Fuchs: I shall be glad if you and Mr. Hughes will come tomorrow at one o'clock; let's say ten minutes past one, so that my sitter may have time to disappear.

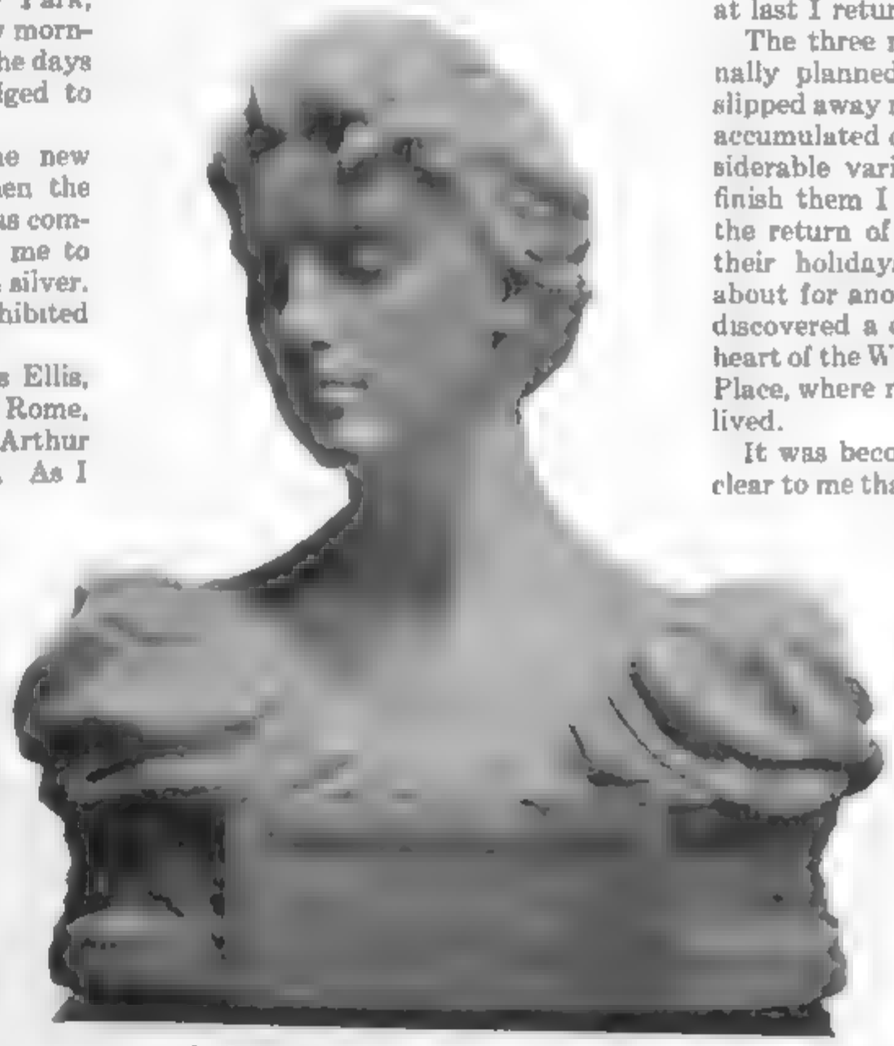
Yours sincerely,
JOHN S. SARGENT.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, in Bronze

Through the kindness of my neighbor, a portrait painter, Miss Ethel Matthews, I there met Colonel Griffith, who was the inspector of prisons. His regiment, it appeared, was planning to present Lord Wolseley, then commander in chief of the British Army, with a portrait statuette in silver. A gentle conspiracy was at once entered into by my new acquaintances After Lord Wolseley's consent to sit had been obtained, I was commissioned to do the work. Lord and Lady Wolseley were living at Grosvenor Gardens near Hyde Park, where he could take his early morning rides before breakfast. The days when he posed he was obliged to forgo his rides.

Nevertheless, he bore the new yoke bravely, and later when the wax model of his statuette was completed I took it back with me to Rome, where I had it cast in silver. The following year it was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Meanwhile, however, Miss Ellis, whose portrait I had done in Rome, brought her father, General Arthur Ellis, to my studio one day. As I have said, he was one of the equerries to the Prince of Wales. The three others were Sir Stanley Clarke, Seymour Fortescue and Captain Holford. General Ellis was not only a collector and a connoisseur in art but also the Prince's lifelong friend. He accompanied the Prince upon his long journeys, and because of his taste in art matters the Prince consulted him frequently. The Ellis house at 29 Portland Place was like a museum, filled with many pictures, bronzes, ivories, shooting trophies, collected from all over the world—an amazing assemblage of gifts from royalty accumulated during forty years of association with the most exalted in all lands. He looked me up at my out-of-the-way studio, invited me to his house, and there I met his youngest daughter, a handsome girl of whom he wished to have me make a bust in marble.



Lady Alice Montagu. A Bust in Marble Executed for the Late Queen Victoria

Upon his many visits to the studio he would bring friends, in his desire to help the young artist. Whenever I heard the hoof-beat of horses and looked out of my window I would generally discover the scarlet liveries of the royal carriage, and Arthur Ellis descending. And it was his interest in my work and in me that subsequently drew the attention of the Prince of Wales in my direction. And that opened a new life for me. Now, when the entire episode is crystallized in my memory, I cannot but look back with heartfelt gratitude at the chance that sent that young girl, Miss Ellis, when I was still a struggling student in Rome.

The summer had worn well away before Mrs. Meyer was able to give me the final sittings for her marble. The country home of the Meyers in Surrey was a beautiful place called Balcombe. There was an excellent chef, and a cellar with brands and vintages which spoke volumes to the connoisseur. Their home was exceedingly popular, and it was there that she gave me her sittings.

An American Duchess

I STILL remember what an agreeable voice she had and how ready she was to oblige her guests with her art. She was always taking singing lessons from whatever teacher was most sought after. Rinaldo Hahn, a second edition of Tosti, was a relative of hers, and often came over from Paris. After a splendid meal, Hahn would sit down at the piano surrounded by picturesquely grouped "souls," and with the room dimmed to the shade of romance he would bring forth in a whispering voice those saccharine tunes which caused his audiences to sigh and buy his songs.

This kind of life in an English country house was new to me. To awake in the morning without having a thought or worry for the necessities of life was so novel and comforting that I kept on finding imperfections in the bust. But I had to finish my work, and at last I returned to London.

The three months which I originally planned to stay in London slipped away rapidly enough. I had accumulated commissions for a considerable variety of work, and to finish them I was obliged to await the return of people to town from their holidays. I began to look about for another studio, and soon discovered a charming place in the heart of the West End near Portland Place, where my friend Arthur Ellis lived.

It was becoming more and more clear to me that destiny was minded to fix London as my future home. I signed a lease for a couple of years.

Among the many friends of his whom Sir Arthur—he had just been knighted—in his warm kindliness was always bringing to my studio, was Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester. She was a dashing lady in those days, very ambitious and much in the fashionable life of London. By birth a Miss Yznaga, of Cuban-American origin, she, together with her sister, Lady Lister-Kaye, and one maiden sister, had early settled in England. Having married the then Duke of Manchester, she had three children, a boy and twin girls, both famous for their beauty. She was popular, amusing, knew how to tell a good story,

Eugene Ysaye, From a Charcoal Drawing

and the Prince of Wales was often a guest at her house in Portman Square

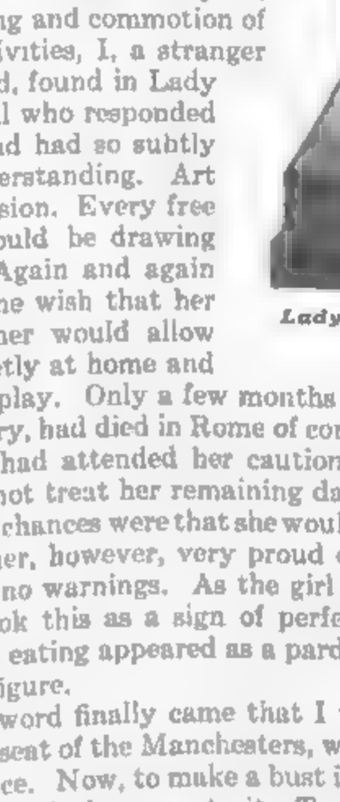
It was her surviving daughter, however who attracted me. From the moment I saw the girl, Lady Alice Montagu, I felt an irresistible desire to fix her delicate features in marble. That was no easy wish to gratify. Art was not one of the things that concerned the Duchess. It took the combined efforts of Sir Arthur Ellis and of the Austrian Embassy, all of whose members were her intimate friends, to obtain her consent for the sittings. Even so, she changed her mind half a dozen times before the final decision.

The sittings were not to begin until the London season was over—that is, after the Cowes regatta, which takes place at the beginning of August. She also stipulated that the bust in marble was to be exhibited at the Royal Academy the following season, and that after the exhibition it was to be presented to her. To all these conditions I consented readily.

Lady Alice

THE girl was so beautiful, so delicate, frail and sympathetic, that I was willing to agree to any conditions at all. After my first few months in that modern Babylon, with all the clang and commotion of the jubilee festivities, I, a stranger in a strange land, found in Lady Alice a kind soul who responded to my mood and had so subtly the gift of understanding. Art was her one passion. Every free moment she would be drawing or sketching. Again and again she expressed the wish that her ambitious mother would allow her to stay quietly at home and read, sketch or play. Only a few months before, her twin sister, Lady Mary, had died in Rome of consumption. The physician who had attended her cautioned the Duchess that if she did not treat her remaining daughter with the utmost care the chances were that she would meet a similar fate. The mother, however, very proud of her daughter, would listen to no warnings. As the girl had red cheeks, the Duchess took this as a sign of perfect health. Her abstention from eating appeared as a pardonable desire to keep a slender figure.

In any case, word finally came that I was expected at Kimbolton, the seat of the Manchesters, where the sittings were to take place. Now, to make a bust is a vastly different matter from painting a portrait. To paint a portrait all one need have is a canvas, a paint box and an easel, and one is ready to work. For a bust, on the other hand, one has first of all to carry the clay; and clay is pretty heavy. In order to support the modeling clay against sagging, one is obliged to make an armature or framework of lead pipes, which also are not without weight and substance. In addition I was obliged to bring a turning table, part of the studio equipment, which can never be found in a private house.



The Autographs Which the Prince of Wales Gave Mr. Fuchs for the Reverse of the Medal Shown Above

Lady Randolph Churchill, as Empress Theodora, From a Statuette in Bronze

When I arrived with all these properties, and even succeeded in persuading a van man in the village to haul me, together with my equipment, to the castle—it had evidently never occurred to the Duchess that I might find any difficulty in reaching my destination—the Duchess greeted me with the announcement that she had accepted an invitation for her daughter to spend the week-end somewhere else.

The daughter, with her usual understanding, came to me and endeavored to relieve my dejection. So charming was she, so sympathetic and so anxious to see how a bust is done, so desirous of helping me in my predicament, that I very soon forgot all about the Duchess. I brought forth the clay and all the other necessary apparatus and, despite the fact that in three days I would have to pack it all up again, I began my work

Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, was a somewhat gloomy house and in a desolate condition. Though the title of the Dukes of Manchester goes back to the days of King James I, when Henry Montagu, then Lord High Treasurer, was elevated to a barony, Kimbolton was lacking in any collections or art treasures of whatever sort. The very shelves in the library yawned gloomily empty. The house had been denuded, principally, I imagine, by the late Duke, who cared nothing for such possessions. And for the matter of that, neither did I at that particular time. I was making frantic haste to do the most with my bust in the three days allotted me—before Lady Alice departed for her week-end visit, and I, with my complicated impedimenta, to London.

In the fall of that year, however, when the family returned to town, my fair sitter saw to it that my time and efforts should not have been spent in vain. Whenever she could manage she wrote a little note asking me to come up to the schoolroom of their house in Portman Square, where she could pose for an hour now and then. Often she would upon those occasions complain of having to go out to a dinner, a ball or a theater party, when she would have been so much happier messing about with clay and molding little figures, precisely like a child.

One night at a ball in Holland House, after numerous dances Lady Alice went out into the grounds to cool off and caught a chill. She began to ail from that time forward, and she had to spend the winters at St. Moritz and the springs and autumns in southern climates. After a long illness and notwithstanding all possible care, she died in ineffable suffering, which she bore with that same smile which was one of her charms all her young life.

To show the attachment which that girl was capable of inspiring in those close to her, I may mention that her governess and constant companion from childhood, a German lady named Miss Kaiser, grieved so deeply over her loss that she went hopelessly insane.

Paderewski, From an Original by Mr. Fuchs

For some time the Duchess herself seemed inconsolable Carried away by irremediable loss, she desired to perpetuate the memory of her daughter in some artistic form. She asked me to make sketches for a suitable memorial to be placed in the church at Kimbolton. I designed what I thought to be an appropriate monument representing the twin sisters slumbering arm in arm upon a sarcophagus.

By the time the sketch was finished, the Duchess had changed her mind. Two years later her brother, Yznaga, died and left her his fortune, which again brought her large social possibilities. But I never heard that any memorial was ever put up to commemorate her daughter. My own neglected design I sent to the Royal Academy, after having it cut, in small size, in marble. I am glad to reflect that now it is in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, where it has found a permanent home.

During these same early months in London I also came to know Forbes-Robertson—Sir Johnston, as he is now. He was then just coming into his own upon the stage. First, as is well known, he had begun as a painter, with some success as a pupil at the Royal Academy as well as an exhibitor. Presently, however, he discovered that his histrionic talent was greater than his talent for painting. He was making a great success in Hamlet and was considered a worthy successor to Sir Henry Irving. His fine and exquisitely cut features, with the square broad forehead crowned by curly hair, like those of some splendid Roman from classical times, were a great lure to artists. They were eager to have him sit for them, and I was no exception. I was so fortunate as to gain his consent, and before my departure from London I had just time enough to finish the model in clay so that I could take it with me to Rome and have it cast in bronze.

Unwelcome Visitors

BY NOW I had accumulated a considerable number of models which were to be finished variously in marble, bronze or silver. I left London for Rome in the late autumn and there remained three or four months, just long enough to finish the different pieces. Knowing definitely now that London was to be my future home I packed up these as well as my other belongings—or, to be precise, half of them. During my absence in London, thieves, tempted doubtless by the lonely situation of my Roman

(Continued on Page 140)

A Life-Size Statue of the Marquis of Blandford, Mention of Which is Made in This Article

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 6, 1924

Danger in Victory

FORCES of radicalism have been signally defeated by the great English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic. Conservatism, for the moment, is apparently triumphant and radicalism is rebuked. It is down, but it is not out. It has not taken the count. Radicalism has lost ground and conservatism has gained it; but no political victory, no political defeat is so complete and so sweeping as it at first appears. The party in the ascendant almost inevitably contains within itself seeds of ill health that may eventually bring about its downfall. All experience teaches that the ins are never endowed with the entire existing stock of political virtue, and that the outs are rarely without some germ of truth or righteousness which will keep their party alive and potentially formidable.

Victory has its dangers; and the more decisive it is the greater is the temptation to misuse it. Leaders with unwieldy majorities rarely walk a straight chalk line. Their very strength tends to make them careless or arrogant or oppressive. The overconfidence of the strong betrays them into the hands of the weak. The exuberance of the victors must be controlled by counsels of caution, of prudence, of moderation.

There is no surer way to consolidate political gains than to deserve them by strict adherence to preëlection pledges, by discreet and decent self-restraint and by honest housecleaning that is no less thorough because it is voluntary. No political party firmly intrenched in power is so pure and holy that it will not be the better for a little chastening, whether it comes from within or from without.

The Republicans have advocated economy in government. They will presently be called upon to display it in our national balance sheets no less eloquently than they promised it upon the stump. Those who voted for Mr. Davis have just as much right to demand it as those who voted for Mr. Coolidge.

In the matter of taxation the Republican Party has only one safe course, only one honest course. Taxes must come down. The revolt against oppressive and unnecessary tax levies is world-wide. They have been somewhat reduced both in the United States and in Great Britain; but they are still excessive, and in many instances they are of such an unscientific character that they afford the smallest yield to the state and at the same time work the greatest hardship to the individual. We have a right to demand and expect that the conservatives in Congress, regardless of which party they have to thank for their seats, give the country the relief to which it is entitled. Practical experience has sufficiently shown up the structural defects of our modified revenue act to enable Congress to reshape it and readjust it to the pressing requirements of economic realities.

The Republican Party stands committed to the maintenance of a rather high protective tariff. It remains to be seen whether it will administer it as an economic device, honestly applied for the common good despite the fact that many of its willy-nilly beneficiaries disbelieve in it in principle and resent it in practice—or whether it will be employed, as it sometimes has been in the past, to enrich the few at the expense of the many. The tariff does not bulk so large on our horizon as it once did. There has never been a time when moderate and skillfully drawn schedules could be enforced with less resulting outcry than today. It is equally true that if Congress rejects counsels of moderation and revises the tariff upward rather than downward, and, refusing to grant concessions that the equities indicate, takes the pose of a conqueror dictating a Roman peace, it will make one of the stupidest and costliest blunders of the reconstruction era.

The major tactics suggested affect matters of administration rather than general principles. There are plenty of issues on which the winners cannot be asked to budge an inch. First and foremost, we look to them to realize that the permanency of our present form of government has been threatened. We expect them to form a hollow square around the Constitution and the Supreme Court and to be ready to repel all attackers, whether they are scattered snipers or whether they attempt an onslaught in force. We hope that they will stand firmly behind the Federal Reserve system and not allow it to be undermined or weakened upon the Pecksniffian plea that because it is functioning just as it was intended to function it ought to go. We hope the conservatives of both parties will firmly resist the nation-wide pressure to emasculate the Johnson Immigration Act, and will endeavor to strengthen and further fortify it, at the same time recasting and tightening our naturalization laws. We should be glad to see the majority oppose a cold marble front toward freak legislation, toward paternalism, class legislation and the futile passion for making men virtuous and prosperous by act of Congress.

Radicalism has been weighed in the balance and has been found wanting. Conservatism is now on trial. We shall presently see whether it can bear success. The intoxication of victory threatens it. Strong drink may lead it into the paths of foolishness. Elation may bring overconfidence, and overconfidence always marks the beginning of the end. The rejoicing of the conservatives may well be tempered by a dash of wholesome pessimism. Many a fair and radiant day proves on the morrow to have been what the old seafarers call a weather breeder.

Taxing Natural Resources

DISCRIMINATORY taxes against natural resources are usually levied by the local tax collector—the county or township assessor. Even without radical beliefs or intentions—he is more likely to be a conservative local politician in fact—he nevertheless soaks the rich, and often soaks them hard, in the belief that he is putting the tax burden where it ought to be and is helping his neighbors and the community.

Let us picture a township in one of Wisconsin's northern counties and the tax assessor or board making up the property valuations upon which people must pay. John Stubblefield has a 160-acre farm and the Standard Paper Pulp Corporation a large tract of standing timber from which it is cutting for the mill.

The assessor knows John Stubblefield. He is a hard-working man, fairly prosperous, yet taking the ups and downs of farming. Maybe this happens to be one of the years when farming is down. There is every chance that the assessor may himself be a farmer. And John Stubblefield may be active in local politics.

As for the Standard Paper Pulp Corporation, the assessor knows the resident manager, but has never met any of the officers, much less the stockholders. The company is supposed to be rich. It belongs to people outside the township—perhaps outside the state. From time to time workers may be laid off or the force increased at the pulp mill; but that is not interpreted by the neighbors as a sign of ups or downs in the paper business. Anyway, if it is, the company is rich and can stand it.

This disposition to favor a little the neighbor we know, and shift a fraction of his burden to the foreign corporation we do not know, will be familiar to thousands of readers who have seen it in their own neighborhoods. So the assessor puts a higher value on the corporation's land than upon the farmer's; and he may do it quite honestly, without any intention to soak the rich foreigner. For when he values the farmer's land he takes no account of the crops, because they are transitory, sowed in the spring for the most part, and harvested in the fall.

When he comes to the paper company's tract, however, both the land and the trees are valued in the assessment, because trees are worth money and becoming more valuable each year as they grow. It seldom strikes the local assessor that trees are just a crop, like wheat or clover. The latter are harvested yearly, where trees may need fifty or sixty years to be worth harvesting. Yet the latter are an agricultural crop; and because the assessors generally do not regard them as a crop, the paper company's trees are not only assessed where the farmer's crops go free but are taxed as a separate crop each year!

If you are going to raise a long-growing crop like trees for lumber, paper pulp or match splints there are at least four important factors to be considered: In the first place, you will need a good deal of money to buy land, plant and carry the crop—it is a job for the corporation rather than the individual. Next, in fifty or sixty years many things may happen—individuals die, corporations go into bankruptcy, and the like. Third, your crop of trees is endangered by fire practically every year, and may be burned up any summer during the half century it is growing. And finally, if you have the capital, and there is good management for half a century, and you succeed in protecting your trees against fire, the tax assessor may wipe you out, because he doesn't understand trees as a crop, or because a hostile local government gets into power.

A Limited Obligation

TO WHAT lengths should a lawyer go to secure a verdict for his client? It has become the rule for counsel to contest every inch of the way in court and to call upon every form of legal strategy. Colonel Starbottle and Ephraim Tutt are not exaggerated types. Their exploits may be difficult to match in real life, but lesser Starbottles and minor Tutts are to be found in every court, anaesthetizing juries and finding circuitous paths to favorable verdicts. Litigation as a result is becoming a long drawn out and costly process, a battle of sharp and expensive wits. The weaknesses in our administration of justice can be traced in part to the same cause.

In a recent sensational murder case, where a few days only might reasonably have sufficed for the whole hearing, the summing up of counsel alone consumed a full week. The cloud-burst of oratory which brought this case to an end might have been more easily understandable if there had been a jury to sway. The truth of the matter was, however, that the impassioned appeals of counsel on both sides were directed not only at the judge but at the avid millions following the case through the newspapers.

Law is becoming a game in which every nerve is strained and every device is resorted to in order to win. In an excess of zeal, too many of our lawyers forget that back of the duty they owe their client is a broader and more sacred duty still. They owe it to the people at large to see that the law is upheld and justice done. The obligation of defense counsel stops short of obtaining acquittal for a prisoner whose guilt is well established. On the other hand, vindictiveness should play no part in the conduct of the state case. Overplaying by state attorneys, anxious for political advantage, is, unfortunately, not uncommon.

BOBBED-HAIRED THINKING

By Lothrop Stoddard

COMMON SENSE is an American tradition. Bequeathed to us by our forefathers, who possessed it in robust measure, it is in great part responsible for the success and stability of American life. But in these latter days the common-sense tradition has been increasingly challenged. Especially since the war America has been deluged by a flood of what may best be described as bunk. Numerous cliques and coteries have arisen, urging a whole pharmacopœia of prescriptions for what they consider to be America's ills. These insurgent groups differ widely among themselves, but they are alike in a number of ways. In the first place, they lack that sense of humor and proportion necessary for a level-headed outlook on life and its problems. In the second place, they hold a pessimistic, destructive attitude toward things as they are. Lastly, they are convinced that they are peculiarly fitted to set things right. The upshot has been the formation of an Affiliated Knockers Club whose hammering reverberates tirelessly—and tiresomely—across the land.

The Affiliated Knockers Club has a variety of membership seldom realized by the uninitiated. Most of us are apt to think of it as composed exclusively of those political knockers known as radicals, who dispense a line of political hooch ranging in potency all the way from 120-proof revolutionary red-eye to mild little pink pills for parlor people. The political knockers have got so much publicity that they occupy an undue share of the limelight. In reality they are only a part of a larger whole. The truth of the matter is that political radicalism is merely one phase of a widespread trend of thought—or, rather, of feeling—which manifests itself in many different ways. Alongside the political knocker stand the economic knocker, the social knocker, the cultural knocker, the artistic knocker and many more besides. Their common aim is to knock—and to knock down, if possible, though usually with no very coherent idea of what is to be built up afterward.

What, then, we should seriously consider is the mental attitude and temperamental bias underlying this whole movement. For, despite its humorous aspects, the movement has its serious side. Perhaps never before have the discontented elements in our society been so closely associated. Of course, cranks and visionaries have always existed, but hitherto these have been for the most part at hopeless odds with one another. Today, on the contrary, we witness an unprecedented degree of association—at least for negative ends. And it is rather shortsighted to argue hopefully that if these elements ever had half a chance of putting their theories into practice they would start fighting among themselves like the traditional Kilkenny cats. Of course they would—but not before they had made a mess of things that would need a long and painful clearing up.

The Affiliated Knockers have headquarters in New York City. Although no part of America is deprived of their stimulating presence, it is in New York that they are most numerous and most articulate. Thither they congregate and there they commune together and perfect their mutual understandings. From the vantage point of Manhattan Island shell-spectacled young men and bobbed-haired ladies—often not so young—survey the land, and in books, magazines and futuristic verse tell the world what a lot of corn-fed hicks inhabit the outlying provinces of America.

To peruse these outpourings of our radical intellectuals, as they call themselves, is to uncover a mine of unconscious humor as well as to understand their peculiar make-up. The keynote of this whole extensive literature is a systematic disparagement of everything characteristically American. Our laws, our institutions, our ideals and, last but not least, ourselves come in for the severest condemnation. The native American is portrayed as having built up a materialistic, reactionary noncivilization which can be set to rights only by the said intellectuals.

To a greater or less extent our radical intellectuals despair of the republic and accordingly tend to seek salvation more through the destruction than through the upbuilding of the present order.

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THE TENDERFOOT

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Ballade of Queries

WHERE'S he who fell for the serpent's snare
And lost to Eden his title clear?
Where's he whom Pharaoh's daughter fair
Found cradled under the bulrush spear?
Where's golden Solomon, singing seer,
And where's J. Cæsar, once boss of Rome?
Gone like the snows of yesteryear!
And what's become of the Teapot Dome?

O where is Lydia Pinkham? Where
Is the lovely dame called Guinevere?
Where are the tresses of Helen's hair
That caused tall Troy to disappear?
Where is Dido, that dusky dear?
And where is Sa-lo-me some dub Sa-lome?
Gone like the snows of yesteryear!
And what's become of the Teapot Dome?

Where is the tower that soared in air
When Babel burdened the atmosphere?
The pomp of Babylon, and the rare
Riches of Crœsus without peer?
Where is the foam that crowned the beer,
And where the mountains that Doc Cook clomb?
Gone like the snows of yesteryear!
And what's become of the Teapot Dome?

ENVOY

Much we miss of the things once here—
Glamour and glory into the gloam
Gone like the snows of yesteryear!
And what's become of the Teapot Dome?

—*Clinton Scollard.*

"Edith, Who Wrote the Ten Commandments?"
"I'm Not Sure, But I Think It Was De Mille"

Mail Your Applause

SCENE: *The Hardboyle family is gathered around the family loud speaker. No, this last isn't father, but the audiphone attached for the radio.*

FATHER: There now, we've got W I F F ! Listen!

RADIO: And now, little children, I will tell you about Harry Happiness, the Good-Deeds Brownie, who was always kind and helpful

BUSTER HARDBOYLE *(aged ten):* Aw, rats! More of that sissy stuff, bedtime bosh!

REST OF FAMILY: Shut up! Keep still! We want to hear it!

RADIO: And now the dear Fairies are coming through the dark, green, sweet-smelling woods. The Fairy Queen rings a silvery bell: Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle! Only good children can hear the silver bell, remember ——

MOTHER HARDBOYLE: Listen, Buster! Did you hear the fairy bell?

BUSTER: Geewhiz! Them bedtime stories is cheesy. I wanna hear a prize fight!

ALL: Shame! You bad boy!

RADIO: Of course Harry Happiness, the Good-Deeds Brownie, brought sweet dreams from the Queen of the Fairies to all good little boys and girls who always mind what their parents and teachers say——

BUSTER: If there's nothing but bedtime stories—good night! *(Sullenly starts to exit.)*

PA HARDBOYLE: It is slush. The kid's got the right idear. *(Turns dial.)*

MA HARDBOYLE: No wonder he ain't refined—when his pa encourages him ——

RADIO: W O O F, Chicago, broadcasting Percy Marmoset, the Tenor King of the Air, who will now render Mother Machree ——

ALL: Oh, we hear that every night! *(PA turns dial hurriedly.)*

RADIO: DK, Boston, on the air. Professor Erasmus K. Dinglebender, of the National Institute of Science, will address you on Facts and Statistics of the Boneless Herring Industry —— *(PA hurriedly turns dial.)*

LULU HARDBOYLE: My gosh, pa! Is Vincent Lopez and Paul Whiteman and their bands dead and cremated? Ain't there any jazz on the air? Bish Thompson and me is just dying to sprain a few tendons.

MR. BISH THOMPSON *(Lulu's beau):* Yes, and where's the Potter's Field Saxophone Six? I didn't sit in on this to get no education.

RADIO: S Q G G broadcasting Mr. Lionel Dewlap, Violinist King of the Air, who will render the Meditation from Thais. Stand by, please.

ALL: Choke it off, pop; it's a washout!

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North Pole and Canada — United States — In the Tropics

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED SANTA CLAUS WILL WEAR

GOOD BEANS!

To millions of people
that's just another
way of saying

Campbells' Beans!

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Cana·a

Slow-cooked Digestible ·· Taste them!

STILL FACE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

XXI

ORSON MAXWELL was pleased with himself, as well he might be. There was nothing malicious in his pleasure, nor had he informed Keats Dodd of his bit of sharp practice to crow over the vanquished. He felt no enmity toward Keats, but rather liked the young man and hoped to have him in the employ of the Westminster Lumber Company. Nor was he aware of anything unethical in his transaction. He had tried honestly and frankly to buy the mill, which he felt must be abolished to insure his success. Having failed in this, he had only done what must be done, rather neatly, and, on reflection, fancied his stone had killed not less than two birds. He was on his way to Newton's White Elephant to find out if this was fact when he encountered Keats. He was going courting, carrying a strange nosegay to the object of his affections.

As he carried his weight up the hill he peered above him at the twinkling lights of Newton's White Elephant and considered how sightly a spot it occupied, and how pleasant it would be to become its proprietor, to regard it as his country estate and to show it off to visitors from the city, together with its chatelaine. It required a mistress to complete it and to lift it to the requirements of his ideal, but he had little doubt of acquiring chatelaine and residence in one operation, as it were. Business and love, so often joined before in the history of the world, would march side by side in this with commendable harmony.

The door opened to his ring and he peered within, feeling very much the proprietor. Not many more times would his finger have to press that bell in request for admission No, indeed. His own latchkey would snuggle contentedly among companions on his key ring to admit him as owner and master, by right and not on sufferance as a guest. It was a pleasant reflection.

"I Was Not Distracting Your Attention," He Said. And Raising His Hand He Spoke Again With His Fingers. A Sharp Point Touched Keats' Throat Just at the Angle of the Jaw

Huldy showed him to the library, where he seated himself to await Faith, who entered after a proper interval, reluctantly, apprehensively, for she was not ready to face eventualities with Maxwell. Too much had occurred of a disturbing nature to permit her to clear her mind and to see ahead to a conclusion.

"You are charming tonight," he said, arising and stepping forward to take her hand. "A house like this, a room like this, sets you off. You should never be separated from luxuries."

She smiled at the irony of it.

"It's been years," she said, "since I touched a luxury with a ten-foot pole."

"But this beautiful home ——"

"—— is the whitest elephant extant," she said sharply. "We can't afford to live in it, and we can't live anywhere else. . . . Do sit down, Mr. Maxwell."

"An ideal place for part of the year," he said, "if one might regard it as a summer home."

"Did you ever go down into the cell under the post office that miserable little jail?"

"No"

"It's six of one and half a dozen of the other."

"You wouldn't think so," he expostulated, "if you had a home in Boston, out Beacon Hill way. Now I've always hankered to live on Commonwealth Avenue; to come out here for three or four months, with proper servants and a continual house party. It would be hard to beat."

"So would being elected Queen of China," she said.

"But you can have it for a nod of the head. But wait before you nod or shake. I've some news for you. Possibly in the beginning it will seem like ill news, but that remains for you to decide. It may help your decision whether to become my wife."

"What news?"

"As a business rival," he said with playful intent, "I am rather well up on your general financial condition, and I have kept a sharp eye on all the business operations in which you are involved."

"I'm not involved in any."

"None the less, you are affected. Possibly you know you and your grandmother and Mr. Dodd have been borrowing money at the bank."

"I know nothing about it. They've asked me to sign things."

"Which," said Maxwell, "is a practice standing at the head of the list of things that get folks into trouble."

"What about borrowing money?" she asked, apprehension dawning.

"First, Dodd borrowed ten thousand dollars—to operate. Then he thought up a scheme to make a lot of money out of me. It was a pretty good scheme too. He got the idea he could buy a couple of pieces of timber that would shut off the halves of my holdings in this valley from each other; make me come across to get out of the hole, see? It was a nobby idea, and maybe it would have worked except for one thing. And he borrowed another twenty-five thousand. You and your grandmother are held for these loans, because Dodd has nothing."

"Yes," she said, her mouth feeling dry and uncomfortable.

"The deal would have been a whang if I hadn't found out about it and if I weren't so well acquainted with your resources. As it is, all I do is sit tight. Ninety days go by—and there you are."

"There we are. What do you mean?"

"I mean that in three months those notes come due. There's nothing, so far as I can see, to pay them. I refuse to buy the land at any price, and the bank must be paid. It means a bust."

"They'll take the mill? I don't care."

"The mill won't be enough," he said. "They'll take everything. At forced sale the mill won't bring ten thousand. Your cash is about gone—and twenty-five thousand yet to pay."

"This house!" she cried. "They'll take this? Oh, no! Why—but that's impossible! They can't take this."

"I'm afraid," he said, "they'll take everything."

"Everything! Everything?" He nodded. "But how shall we live?" she gasped. "We—there'll be nothing—nothing!"

"Not a blessed cent"

Stark fear seized upon her, a nightmare fear, a horrible, vague sensation of fighting against some horrible, inevitable thing. At least they had been secure. They had eaten and a roof had spread itself over their heads. But now —— He saw how white her face became, how gray her lips; but he could not sense the surge of desperation that engulfed her; could not comprehend the malignance of the helplessness that communicated itself to her. Nothing stood between her and the world. She was impoverished. In ninety days she would not have a dollar with which to buy food, not a bed to sleep in, nothing—nothing! Involuntarily she got to her feet and walked slowly across the room. Every muscle was tense, her arms stretched rigid at her sides. She felt as men must feel who listen to the death sentence, without hope of reprieve; the awful inescapableness of it hung over her.

From her birth she had never known a responsibility, had faced no emergency alone. Life, for a time, had been indulgent to her, tossing its gifts into an unappreciative lap. She had taken all as a matter of course. Then had come the Newton debacle, but she was overyoung to realize its full significance. It had left the great house for her to live in, and as for money matters, she neither understood them nor desired to understand. It had meant no gowns, no expensive school; but no comfort had been lacking, food was plenty, and that she might some day stand with no bed to lie upon was a thought that had never occurred to her. She had not felt security because she never envisaged insecurity. Now, in an instant, with brutal abruptness, solid ground was hurled from beneath her and she fell through space.

It seemed unreal, of nightmare tissue, but none the less dreadful to contemplate. That it might spell freedom for her, release from Westminster, she did not consider; and had she considered it, the escape would not have presented the smiling face of a release, but the awful aspect of expulsion into the unknown and the terrifying. Her impulse, well-nigh irresistible, was to cry out and to run. That was it, she wanted to run, to hide in the night, to run, panting and sobbing, through the darkness as if flying from some unspeakable pursuer. It was strange.

But she neither cried out nor ran. Though hysteria hovered over her shoulder, she gripped herself with the harsh fingers of her will—not from courage, for there was no fortitude in her at the moment, but for a more ignoble reason. She feared making herself ridiculous in the eyes of a beholder. She was like the soldier who could rush out to his death rather than face the derision of his comrades. How many medals have been won by men who feared public opinion more than death!

But she could not speak; the most she could accomplish was rigid silence. Her back was toward Maxwell, so that he could not see how white and dreadful was her face, nor estimate how shrewd a blow he had smitten her.

"It's tough," he said with lip sympathy; "but, after all, it makes no difference"

"No difference!" she said harshly.

"I am here," he explained, "ready to look after you, ready to give you everything your heart desires. I want

(Continued on Page 42)

There can be no halt!

A new day creeps across the continent. Dawn breaks successively upon New York, upon Pittsburgh, upon Chicago, Denver, San Francisco.

A hundred million people awake. Great cities, villages, and tiny hamlets bestir themselves. A nation turns to lathe, to plow, to pen—to its multitudinous tasks.

A hundred million workers must be fed. Whatever the new day brings, this fact remains unalterable. Food must be forthcoming. Life must be sustained.

In the early half-light a great American industry is already bent upon this colossal task. In twenty or more large packing centers the wheels of the meat supply are turning.

The shriek of locomotives, the trampling of hoofs, and the clatter of horses! From nearby farms and distant ranches thousands of cattle are coming to market.

Today thousands of animals will be turned into meat—clean, wholesome, appetizing. Thousands of refrigerator cars will carry this meat hundreds of miles to every city and village in the nation. All will be served—unfailingly.

Day after day, month after month, year after year, the work goes on. There can be no halt. There can be no "if" in the language of the meat supply.

The needs of the nation must be supplied. From the humblest of beginnings America has evolved slowly and logically a means to this end. We have glimpsed it at work. It is the American meat packing industry.

* * *

It has been the privilege of Swift & Company to bear an important part in this tremendous work, and to share in the responsibilities which attend it.

This company alone has twenty-three packing plants adjacent to live-stock producing centers, from which meats are distributed through a system of branch houses, refrigerator cars, and car routes to every part of the nation.

Swift & Company has ever sought improvement in the service which it renders. Its contributions to finer quality foods and more economical operation have been many. Yet the latest is never counted as the utmost. The search for even better quality and even greater economies, and hence for even better service, goes forward unceasingly from day to day.

Note: This is the final advertisement of a series which has traced the development of the American meat packing industry from earliest times. Upon application, Swift & Company will supply to interested readers without charge a complete set of the sixteen advertisements which have constituted this series.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

Swift & Company's profit from all sources averages only a fraction of a cent a pound

©S. & Co

Continued from Page 40

you, Faith, and if this thing will turn you to me I'm all fixed to regard it as a blessing. You'll never have another worry in the world."

She was not thinking of his words or of him. If she heard them at all, they were meaningless sounds, gibberish, conveying no thought. Without looking at him, she walked to the door and called, and having given leave to her voice could not control it, calling again and again, her tones rising higher and higher, sharper and sharper:

"Grandma! Grandma! Grandma!"

Grandma Newton, in the kitchen, putting the finishing touches to a batch of bread dough before setting it to rise, heard and responded to the alarming note. She appeared, wiping flour from her hands upon her apron.

"What ails ye, screamin' like that?" she demanded.

"Grandma! Grandma! Come and hear! We haven't anything! They're going to take away the house and the mill and turn us out! They're going"

"Hesh!" said grandma. "Don't squeal so in a body's ears. Who's a-goin' to what!"

"The bank—it's going to——"

Grandma caught sight of Orson Maxwell.

"Oh," she said, "it's you, heh? What's this you been tellin' her? Seems like you was in big business."

Maxwell lost none of his assurance.

"I was just telling Faith," he said, "about Mr. Dodd's ill fortune."

"Sich as?"

Maxwell repeated his story while grandma stood in the door, whitened apron in hands that were quiet now. Her bright wise old eyes never left his face, nor, as the facts became visible to her, did her expression change. When he was done she did not speak, but continued to regard him more with an air of detached speculation than one of anger or of alarm. Faith shook the old woman's arm with temperamental impatience.

"Why don't you say something? Why don't you do something?" she demanded.

"Sayin' won't sop up no spilled milk, and the doin' 's been done," said grandma.

"And he did it! You found him and took him into this house—against my will. You would start that old mill! You would! You know I was against it from the start—and now, between you, you've made us beggars. You let him twist you around his finger, and see what he's done! I hate him!"

"I dunno," said grandma. "Now, if I was spilin' to do any hatin' I don't calc'late I'd pick out the one you mean."

"It's his fault—all of it—that Keats Dodd—coming from nowhere to rob us!"

"Seems like he lost consid'able himself," said grandma, "so let's not have talk of him robbin' us. No, if robbin' been done, 'tain't Keats."

"It is Keats! Who else could it be?"

"It could be the man that set Banker Tyler on to talk Keats into doin' what he done. It could be him that planned the hull thing deliberate. . . . Mr. Maxwell been askin' you to marry him, child?"

"I have had that honor," Maxwell answered for Faith.

"Uh-huh, and kind of usin' a lever," grandma said. She turned to Faith. "The' hain't but one man got any int'rest in seein' us go to rack and ruin, and that's him sittin' yonder. He can't look you in the eye and tell you he didn't plan out the hull swindlin' deal."

"Why should I?" Maxwell said. "You wouldn't sell your mill and I had to have it. All in the way of business. But you'll not suffer. When I've married Faith, this will be your home as it has been before."

"Have you agreed to marry this man?" grandma demanded.

"N-no."

"Calc'late to?"

"I don't know. I've got to do something."

"Wa-al, do as seems best to ye. As for me, the day this house becomes hisn, I leave it for good. It won't never be said of me that I slep' in his bed nor et his vittles. Mebby he's honest accordin' to his lights, but they're a'mighty dim and smoky. No, if you got to hate somebody, child, and call hard names, don't pick on the boy that's done his best for us and got caught by a sharper. 'Tain't neither justice nor judgment."

"Faith," said Maxwell, beginning to be disturbed by her wildness, "don't worry; don't be alarmed. Everything is all right. I—why, I'd give you anything in the world!"

"Will you give her back the old mill and tear up them notes? No, I wouldn't ask it of ye. I wouldn't be that beholden to you."

"It wouldn't be business," said Maxwell; "but I'll more than make up for it."

Faith turned upon him, eyes blazing now, cheeks colored with the fury that leaped and tossed within her.

"Is it true—what grandma says? Don't lie to me! Did you do this? Did you trick Keats into this thing and deliberately rob us of all we have? Tell me the truth!"

"You put it in hard words, Faith. But I had to have the old mill. I've explained that——"

"Then you did it!"

"In effect, yes. But——"

"Oh!" she moaned. "Oh! A splendid lot of men come courting me!" She laughed harshly, unnaturally. "One's a thief and the other's a fool—a thief and a fool!" She laughed again. "A fine selection for a girl! But a thief is better than a half-wit. They get what they want. Take your hat—there it is! Go away! Go now! Oh, I despise you, I despise you! If I were a man——"

"Faith!" His voice was startled, his eyes wide with surprise and consternation. "I had no idea you'd take it like this."

"Go now," she cried, "and never dare to speak to me again! If I had a horsewhip——"

"Now, Faith," said Grandma Newton, "gettin' wrought up don't poultice no boils. . . . But I guess you better go, Mr. Maxwell. This hain't just the house for you to find welcome in. We got three months yet in this home before it's taken away from us. Durin' that time, so far's you're concerned, we'd ought to ourselves."

"But, Faith——" expostulated Maxwell.

Faith walked to the front door and threw it open; it was her only answer.

When the door closed behind him grandma stood looking at it for a moment before she spoke. Then she walked to Faith, who had thrown herself down upon a davenport to bury her face in the pillow, and touched the young head with old, gentle, understanding fingers.

"Baby," she said softly, "if I was you I'd go to bed. I've lived through a sight of troubles, and here I be. Nothin's as bad when it's happened as it was when it was jest a-goin' to happen, and mebby by next year 'twon't be bad at all. . . . 'Tain't you 'n' me I'm sorry for over this here. No, sir, it's that poor boy that, mebby, hain't the heart to come home. It's him that'll suffer. Sich a kind of a nice, amiable, ignorant kind of a boy too. Wisht I knew where he is."

"I never want to see him again! I never want to hear his name!"

"Hush!" said grandma. "He done it all fer you 'n' me. It'll nigh break his heart. You got to be gentle with him, Faith, because his kind takes things hard. . . . Wa-al, I'd do it all over agin. Poor boy!"

"He'll not dare to come here again!"

"Yes, he will," said grandma. "Keats Dodd hain't the runnin' kind. He'll stay and he'll fight. You—you talk about poverty. You don't know how rich you be."

"Rich?"

"Havin' a boy like that break his heart with love fer you! You'd be richer with him and a crust of bread than you'd be with most men and millions."

"How can you talk so, after what he's done, after this awful trouble he's got us into?"

"Jest you go to bed," said grandma tolerantly. "Git you a night's rest. If I was your age I wouldn't even notice it, you with all of life in front of you. Nothin' kin hurt you but your own foolishness. The' hain't a thing to be afraid of. Come along, baby, and le' gra'ma tuck you in."

XXII

FAITH was alone, tucked in bed by grandma's hands, gentle as the girl remembered them in the days when she was a baby to be tucked in nightly and sung to until she fell asleep. She had wanted that again, but was ashamed to ask; wanted not to be left alone, but to feel grandma sitting by her side in the darkness, singing the old song about the sweetheart who was a hussar and who wore on his breast a star that was described as having the "p'ints of war." There were hymns, too, which grandma turned into lullabies, and a rollicking song about three black crows that sat on a tree. But she had allowed grandma to go and there was no sound, nothing but darkness.

Faith closed her eyes and willed not to think, but her mind declined to disencumber itself. It was preternaturally alert, painfully active. It felt like a racing engine, out of control, and its every thought was sharp-edged and distinct and white. Incandescent thoughts that flicked and flicked and flicked, one upon the heels of another, so that her whole body felt taut and strained

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Keats Saw Only a Black Face, the Flick of a Knife Through the Air, a Dreadful Sound That Was Half Grunt and Half Gurgle

HUPMOBILE announcements this past year have literally taken the car apart in print.

Part by part, Hupmobile high quality has been established. The whole public has been told, in print and by dealers' parts-displays, why this car is admittedly superior in performance, economy and long life.

Another chapter to come will tell how far we go, after you have bought a Hupmobile, to insure beyond peradventure that you receive in full the satisfaction we build into it.

(Continued from Page 42)

and breathless with the hurrying of them. She turned, lay upon her back, twisted to one side, in acute mental discomfort, feeling as if she should never sleep again; while all the time she peered into the cold, white, sharp-edged future with a gaze that was more physical than mental. She quivered, felt unable to breathe unless she sat up; and so, propping her pillows behind her, she drew up her knees to clasp them with her hands and stared into the solidity of blackness that ingulfed the room.

Now she became conscious that she was listening, listening, waiting, straining her ears. Keats had not come home. She was listening for his key in the door, his step on the stair! Then a strange thing happened; she felt the upwash of a great wave of sympathy for the young man. Since the catastrophe it was the first thought she had known for anyone but herself. Now her heart cried out for Keats and the agony he would be enduring at this destruction of all his castles in the clouds, at the disaster that had overtaken him, at the thought of his grief and shame to have dragged down to ruin the old woman who had relied upon him and the girl he loved. Breathlessly she waited minute after minute for some reassuring sound, but there was only silence, the dreadful night silence of a sleeping house.

"He's gone away! He's run away from it!" she said, and felt no shame for his cowardice, only a great loneliness and grief. "I loved him—I did love him," she whispered. "If he had stayed—oh, I'd have gone to him! I'd have endured anything with him!"

Then she paused, for in her heart she knew this was not so. She would not have gone to him in his poverty, would not have possessed the fortitude to dare, to suffer, to endure for the sake of love. It was better he had gone, for his going made it unnecessary for her to deny and to affront her love. Now, more than ever before, it was essential that she should carry out that plan she had hugged to her breast in her resentment against the victories of ill fortune. Now, indeed, there was no escaping the thing. In the world she had no possession but herself, and upon that possession she must realize. It seemed a worthier thing to do now that necessity seemed to dictate it.

But it should not be Maxwell. She despised Maxwell. Of a sudden he had become hateful in her eyes, worse than hateful—physically repulsive. Life with him would be impossible; he was abolished. He no longer existed in her life. For a moment she compared him with Keats, and then she hated him the more for having tricked and ruined that straightforward, honest, inexperienced, lovable boy. No, Orson Maxwell was through. Whatever she might do in her desperation, she could never surrender herself to him. What then?

Suppose Keats was not gone. This she refused to consider. It was a point upon which she dared not reflect, for she strove to conceal from herself the knowledge that she was not for him. If he returned she would deny him and her love through cowardice. She knew it, but salved her conscience by hiding the knowledge in some remote cranny of her brain.

Still Face! At last she arrived at Still Face. What of him? She did not know. That he wanted her was certain; that life with him would be *outré*, bizarre, exotic, she was certain. So might remembrance and grief be quieted, anæsthetized. Strange scenes and distant countries he had promised her, and mysteries of love he had hinted at. It must be he possessed wealth, for to travel required money. And he fascinated her. . . . Still Face! His beautiful, serene, lofty countenance arose before her, arguing the case for him. With such a face he must be good; there must reside in him qualities of sublimity. Such a face could belong to none but a man set apart, greater, wiser, better than his fellows. With him to fascinate, to master her with his wisdom and the massiveness of his personality, she could forget, could endure, might even come to love.

And so, tormented by fears, by emotions in bitter conflict, by indecisions and corroding apprehensions, she wearied herself to exhaustion and slept, not dreamlessly, but with troubled visions in which she cried out in terror.

Grandma came into the room at dawn to find her sleeping, and withdrew quietly, but presently she awakened to dress and to gaze with disfavor upon her wan face and ringed eyes. She dressed and descended to find breakfast awaiting her.

"He never come home," said grandma.

"Keats?"

"Yes. I'm that worried! Whatever could have come over the boy?"

"He's gone," said Faith dully.

"Um—wonder if he slep' to the hotel?"

"He's gone."

Grandma stepped to the telephone, one of the antiquated sort where one must turn a little handle to attract the attention of central, and asked for the tavern.

"Hello!" she said. "Hello! Is Mr. Dodd there?"

"No," came the answer.

"Stay there las' night?"

"Hain't seen him since yestiddy."

Grandma hung up the receiver with new lines of worry on her fine old face.

"He wan't to the hotel. I'll try the mill." She called the office and, after a long wait, was answered. "I want Mr. Dodd," she said.

"Not here," was the answer.

"Where is he?"

"Haven't seen him today."

"See if you kin locate him, and have him call me up," said grandma.

"I told you he had gone," Faith said dully.

"I won't b'lieve it. He hain't the runnin' kind. But where in tunket kin he be?" She stopped, bit her lip and turned slow, frightened eyes upon Faith. "Mebby," she said in a whisper, "mebby they got him."

"What's that?"

"Mebby them men has done it at last—what they been tryin' to do."

Cold tentacles constricted about Faith's heart, but she refused to believe.

"No, he's run away. He was afraid to face us."

"If he run," said grandma, "it was jest a panic like a leetle boy gits into, and he'll be back."

"Never!" said Faith, and she arose from a scarcely tasted breakfast. "I'm going to walk," she said. "I can't breathe in the house. I've got to—got to move and keep on moving."

"Go out, baby," said grandma. "The mornin' air'll do you good."

But grandma was not satisfied yet. Keats might have slept in some place other than the hotel. He might, indeed, have spent the night in troubled walking of the hills. The old lady neglected her housework for the first time within the memory of man to prosecute her search for him, but vainly. No human being in Westminster had seen him since yesterday. He had vanished, utterly, decisively, and none had seen his going.

Faith walked rapidly down the hill, striving by the expenditure of physical energy to deaden thought. Her eyes were fixed before her, intent, concentrated, so that she did not see a distant figure detach itself from a rock on the hillside when she had passed, and, stooping, skulking, flitting from cover to cover, make its progress across to the Stony Hill Road, where it disappeared behind the barrier of sumac and witch hopple.

In the square she hesitated; then, moved by something stronger than will, turned off toward the mill. Reaching it, she crossed and stood in the open doorway.

"Is Mr. Dodd here?" she asked of Ole.

"He bane gone some'eres. Ay yust bane look for heem."

She turned away disconsolate and walked with bent head along the river's bank, nor was the soft, uninterrupted purring of the water music in her ears. She neither saw nor heard. The day with its beauties meant nothing to her blinded eyes. She trudged alone with her misery.

Because of this she did not see the figure of Still Face emerge from his gate, his appearance timed well to encounter her at the edge of the village. One scrutinizing the matter might have believed him to be warned of her coming; one who had seen that flitting, skulking figure might have leaped to the conclusion that here was the messenger. He walked toward her, slowly, stately as always.

"Signorina!" he said.

She looked up, startled. Then, for an instant, she questioned herself. Had she walked this way in the hope of encountering him? Had she come in desperation, walking wide-eyed to a decision? She did not answer.

"I am glad we have met," he said with his splendidly modulated voice. "I would have sought you otherwise."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he said, "the time has come to decide. Walk with me, signorina, and listen. You have arrived at that moment when you must choose between life and mere existence; when you must look before you and determine if you will walk in the paths I shall point out to you or remain to sink in the deadening quicksands. . . . I go tonight."

"Go! Where?"

"Who knows?" he said. "There are those who await my coming at the other side of the world. There are many places to choose from, places whose very names are unknown to you, where I shall be welcomed."

"Tonight?"

"I go tonight, for my work here will be done." His face did not, could not alter, but his eyes shone with a dull glowing fire. "The thing I came to do will be done—and then I go forever."

"But if you go forever, how —— You mean you will not come back?"

"Never! And that is why you must decide."

"You mean?"

"That you must go with me this night, or remain forever." He did not pause to give her time to answer, but poured upon her his eloquence, persuasive, magnetic, inundating her with the waters of Lethe. He well knew how to blind her with glamour, to bind her with the bonds of his personality and the mystery that surrounded him. Not directly did he speak of wealth; but every word, every syllable hinted of great possessions, of acquaintance with the great, of princes of alien blood in gorgeous, remote palaces, of flashing jewels and of pomp and circumstance and mystery and power.

"You shall see," he said, "what no woman's eyes have ever seen; shall learn what no woman's mind has ever conceived. There are roads to happiness which I shall show you—a vastness, a joyousness of love which the common world may not share. For it is permitted that I love you, signorina, until the time of love is gone, to be replaced by that which is finer, more splendid, loftier, to which the love you can as yet understand is but a stepping stone."

And so he talked, marvelous words, skillful words of mystic promise that beat upon her with irresistible demand, deadening inhibitions, dulling reason, smothering fear under a blanket of words.

"Come," he said; "come at the hour I shall name, bringing only yourself—and enough for a few short days. Tomorrow we shall sail. I am ready. In a week we shall be in Paris, and there you shall equip yourself as is fitting the woman I have chosen. You will come."

It was not a question, not a petition, not a statement, but rather a command. Faith could not think—consider. She was bemused, like a bird charmed by a snake, bound, incapable of thought or reason, all but mastered by the tremendous personality of the man, by the magic of his voice and the power of his will.

All but mastered—yet not mastered, for her will, her soul, her subconscious mind revolted. It was instinctive—a reaction from those mysterious forces that reside at the very roots of one's being.

"No—no," she said.

"I may not come for you, for my work will not be done. At ten o'clock you will be at my house. Wait for me there. In the morning we shall be in New York, by noon aboard the vessel, and night will see us upon the ocean. Life will have begun for you—a wonderful life, a life to make you the envy of all created women. The hour is ten."

"No—no."

"And you will be silent."

"No."

"It were best to return to your home. See no one. Think of me and only of me until the hour."

"No—no—no!" she cried.

He did not commit the error of touching her even with the tip of his finger, but withdrew, bowing in his stately way. And then, as one who walks in a dream, she passed through the streets of Westminster, moved with slow steps up the hill, and at length closed behind her the door of her room.

XXIII

KEATS B. S. DODD acted frequently on impulse, to his consequent acute embarrassment. He had the quality of deciding instantly what to do, but sometimes found himself without the supplementary of knowing what to do about it when he had done it. Some prominent citizen has laid down the rule that it is better to make decisions and make them wrong than it is to sit wavering all one's life on a fence. The top of a fence was *terra incognita* to Keats; his life was spent on one side or the other of such obstructions to which he had just vaulted. Which is by way of saying that when he found himself inside Still Face's residence he wondered what in the world he came for, bore himself with boyish awkwardness and suffered painful discomfort as he looked up at the grave, majestic face of his host. There seemed nothing to say, no explanation to make of his presence, so he cleared his throat and shuffled his feet and contrived at last to give birth to an observation calculated to enlighten his hearer upon the state of the weather.

"It's a fine evening," said he, but was not altogether satisfied as to the aptness or the novelty of his information.

"It is," said Still Face. "Evening is a most interesting topic. Won't you step into my dining room—which I find quite the most comfortable in the house—where we may discuss it at length?"

Never until then did Keats realize how invaluable as an aid to conversation is the facial play of one's vis-à-vis; the eyes read intelligently the eloquent shifting of the features opposite and prompt the mind. They find encouragement, amusement, interest to carry one onward with enthusiasm. The face of the man who took his seat across the table from Keats expressed no applause, no curiosity, gave no hint of what passed within. It was immobile, lifeless except for the eyes, which were curiously intent and seemed to the young man to smolder with some dull-glowing fire suppressed.

"Or perhaps," Still Face said at the end of a silence that had grown vexatious for Keats, "you have exhausted your thoughts upon the night and would prefer common ground of interest."

Was the man ironical? The voice was grave, courteous. Keats scrutinized that still face, that countenance of one expression, and could not tell.

"I—er—read somewhere," he said, "that people—strangers—always discuss the weather and such things—when they first meet as—well, as boxers spar a little before they commence to fight. To try each other out, as you

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What Is Engineering?

THE public is buying Buick performance in constantly increasing volume. In creating this performance, Buick engineering has set itself apart.

Therefore the story of Buick engineering is well worth telling.

Buick maintains the largest staff of engineers now engaged in the service of any one automobile manufacturer. Buick believes that engineering worthy of its name must be the product of many minds of long experience.

Buick engineering holds an open mind for new ideas. Nothing is condemned untried. But Buick engineering has consistently refused to depart from known, sound principles of design for untried but spectacular features which might momentarily capture public fancy.

Proof and plenty of it is required by Buick. Buick's engineers study materials and parts, often through years; always through hundreds of thousands of miles, before accepting or rejecting.

There are eleven divisions of Buick's engineering staff, each concentrating on a different major unit of Buick design. One group centers its skill on axles, another on engines, still another on metals, and so on.

In Buick's metallurgical division alone, around a hundred men are constantly experimenting to be sure that Buick parts are built of the best materials to be found in the world.

The hands of Buick engineers are never tied by price limitations. They are free to select that which is best for Buick regardless of cost. And because of Buick's vast purchasing volume, that which is best for Buick almost invariably costs less than inferior products purchased in smaller quantities.

So, Buick engineering builds for the permanence of Buick; giving infinite care to infinite detail; guarding against mistakes.

And because Buick engineering does these things, there is world-wide confidence in the Buick name. The Buick Motor Car has become a standard of comparison. Upwards of 900,000 Buicks are in daily use. And Buick, for the seventh consecutive year, has won first place at the National Automobile Shows for its leadership in volume of sales.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them

Where the Road to Mandy Lay

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HAVE you a little mother-in-law in your home? Or any other brand of old folks? If so, are they still living, and why?

It is a peculiar thing, but I have noticed where a good many families have one or more old people in them, and that is what brought the above questions to what I am pleased to call my mind; also the problems they seem generally to give rise to, meaning they sure get a rise. Talk about young babies, believe me, the old babies is the ones can give you the most trouble, on account they had rather keep their private affairs to themself then to advertise the way a kid does. They also often prefer to manage their own money, when you could do it so much better, and they will usually complain about living with you instead of believing you are the perfect authority on everything, the way, up to a certain point, your child will.

Of course, I am ma's daughter, and incidentally her child and all that; but it's different when you are over twenty-one and they are over being responsible for you. In other words, the sock is on the other foot whenever there is any socking going on. And upon more then one occasion ma, since she left the circus and come to live with us, has give me trouble; but up to now I have not mentioned it on account a well-known artist like myself don't generally care to count their own dirty linen when a fickle public stands all too ready to do it for them. And only for ma sending that notice to the home papers, I wouldn't speak of it now. I guess I don't scarcely need to recall it; but for the sake of those intelligent citizens whose short subway ride to work only gives them time for a hasty look at the advertisements and the comic strips, I will repeat. It come out in all the papers and run something this way:

She Was Telling Him Something About a Woman Was Never Too Old to be Lonesome

MOTHER OF FAMOUS STAR TO WED PRINCE

Now for a thing like that to get into the home papers and we way off in Burma, on our now famous Marie La Tour Company's cometlike flash around the world, and unable to explain, is a serious business; and, in spite of all that really happened, ma is still my mother and I got to get her clear before the public.

Like any trouble we'd had so far, this commenced in advance as we was approaching the place. We had left Java, the island named after the jr. member of the well-known firm of Mocha & Java, behind us; and our boat, the Cantdetania, was slowly drifting over a looking-glassy sea towards the India Ocean, and I was hastily writing up my dairy about Burma on account when we got there I and Jim, that's my husband, had a date to go upcountry and appear before royalty; and I knew if I didn't get the dairy up to at least a week ahead I'd never do it. I had the old almanac, geography, maps and volume of vital statistics on my knee so's to make no mistakes, and I managed to whip out a real neat entry.

Well, when I had got that done, I closed and locked my dairy with a snap, and sat in my steamer chair gazing at the low flat country that was beginning to show on either side of us as we slid into the mouth of the Irawadi River, wondering what Burma was going to be like. Also I wondered what a big golden bubble in the distance was. It seemed to be setting on the ground miles away, but gleaming vividly where the sun hit it. And then suddenly the view was shut off by ma, who come and parked herself across it.

"Say, daughter," says she, "d'yer know, it seems to me like I have heard of this place before? I mean Rangoon, and the Shure Dog-gone Pagoda. Wasn't there a song writ about it, or somethin'?"

"Why, I dunno," I says. "Why, yes, come to think of it, there was a poem called The Road to Mandalay by William Shakspere, a well-known playwright, and it's been set to music—you know, you have heard it often. Jim generally insists upon singing it after he's had a few. Tr-la-la-la, la, la—la! That's the way it goes!"

"Sure!" says ma. "Why, that's the piece the band used to play for your pa when he made them flying leaps of his on the two trapezes when we was with Amazon Brothers' Circus and before he made that leap too many, the poor man—God rest his soul! But you're wrong about the words, Mary; they wasn't wrote by Shakspere; they was wrote by Ella Wheeler Wilcox."

"Nonsense, ma," I says. "I'm sure Shake wrote the piece."

"Is he a living author?" says ma.

"Well," I says, "he's one of them people that are so famous you are never real sure whether they are dead or not; I'm certain of that much."

"We'll leave it to Jim which one of them wrote it," says ma, with all the impartiality of one who feels they are betting on a sure thing. "Jim'll know, having sung it so often."

"Do you mean to insinuate my husband is often drunk?" I says indignant. "That's a peach of a note!"

"Yours received and alcoholic contents noted," says ma dryly.

"Well, ma," I says, "if you want a fight, let it wait until we get home, can't you? Then we'll take it up with the Secretary of War."

"The present one?" says ma. "Why, he's had no experience! All he's had to do is scrap a lot of ships, instead of shipping a lot of scrappers! Ta-ta, daughter, see you later. I got a date to visit with the captain on the bridge."

And with that she give a swish to her skirt like a frisky young hippo and went on her way, leaving me, as the poet says, to wonder and to myself. Something or another had certainly got into ma and made her different lately, and after thinking it over careful, I decided that what ailed her was the tropics. Everybody knows, although they don't go into details, what the tropics does to women, and ma was evidently hit by it. So she was going out with the captain, she was, you know. I see plain enough that she would bear watching, and as a dutiful daughter it was up to me to make sure she didn't get any fun out of disgracing the family. As she gallumphed gayly away down the promenade deck I could hear her singing, "On the Road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play, oh, the dawn come up like thunder, on the road to Mandalay," it being Gawd's truth that as many people know the tune to that song, and as few all the words, as in the case of the Star-Spangled Banner, and after a certain point they got to say ah-bla-bla-da-de-dum, or something.

Well, anyways, for the next few hours of our approach to the Road, turning to left to 1007 and turning right at railroad under bridge, keeping pagoda on the mind, or whatever the nautchical equivalent for making a safe jump up the Irawadi River was—well, while we was doing so, I heard quite a few equally ignorant snatches of Shakspere's great song, all the way from a couple of ladies from San Francisco the Golden singing, "I seen her first a-kissing of an 'eathen idol's foot," down to Mr. Clegg McKinney, a very rich millionaire from Kansas City, who was leaning over the rail gazing at the big gold bubble which I have spoke of it before; and a person could by now see that it was the Shew Dagon Pagoda itself, and Mr. Mac was telling the world that there was a Burma gel awaiting and he knew she waited for him. He was so earnest about it I couldn't help but think, well, he may of been here before, oh, his poor wife, and so forth, on account you never can tell about these wealthy men even when they come from Kansas.

The river was full of funny-looking taxi boats, and some that looked like the old kind the gallus slaves used to work in, during the Bible, see, with long oars and so forth, meanwhile wearing bright-pink pants and lemon-yellow hats. And other by now to me familiar signs of Oriental civilization was becoming violently visible alongshore. Pretty soon it would be time for us to land, and I put away my stuff and commenced looking around for the half of our

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GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Always Look for this Gold Seal

Remember there is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on the face of every pattern. The name "Congoleum" is a registered trade name and the exclusive property of Congoleum Company, Incorporated. If you want "Congoleum" be sure to ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.

Artistic in Design— Harmonious in Color

Color, individuality, and a rare artistry of decorative detail are features that contribute largely to the popularity of Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs. And they are so economical, so durable and so easy to clean.

Congoleum Art-Rugs are made in a wealth of designs and colorings. It's easy to find an appropriate pattern for every room. There are rich, warm shades and dainty floral effects for living-room, dining-room and bedroom; neat geometrical reproductions for kitchen, pantry and bathroom—every rug bright and cheerful.

Made without a seam of a durable, waterproof material, practically nothing can stain or discolor their sanitary surface. A damp mop removes every speck of grease, dirt or spilled things and leaves the rug fresh and bright as new. Another feature: Congoleum Rugs need no fastening—they lie perfectly flat on the floor with never a curled-up edge or corner.

The pattern shown on the floor above is Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 552

Pattern No. 323

Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 552

Pattern No. 548

Pattern No. 550

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 380 is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	x 3	ft. $ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25		3	x 3	ft. 1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50		3	x 4½	ft. 1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75		3	x 6	ft. 2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

How do YOU *feel at seven o'clock in the evening? A hard day's work should not mean that you cannot enjoy social diversions after hours*

Men who have learned to keep fit by right eating *have vigor left at the end of the day*

OVER-TIREDNESS, lack of energy, nervousness, the actual breaking down of our bodily forces occurring more and more frequently in the best years of life—these are the conditions we ordinarily blame on "overwork."

Yet authorities now agree that in most cases this cause is a purely incidental one.

Behind the mask of overwork hides—malnutrition.

All unknowingly, in most cases, at least one out of three persons is suffering from this insidious ill—the chief cause of which is the failure of the body to get from its food what it needs to repair waste and to provide it with working power.

When food fails as nourishment

One-third of all we eat should be made up of carbohydrates. Yet—and this is the significant fact that doctors and health experts point out with more and more urgency—before the carbohydrates can yield up to us their stores of energy, they must be broken down and turned into a form that the body can use—without strain and without delay.

Otherwise these very foods may become the chief source of lack of power, of "break-downs"—of even *acute* or *chronic* disease.

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(Continued from Page 46)

marriage which is supposed to look the lady up and take care of her and generally does so after she has reminded him to. So I set out to remind Jim and pretty soon I seen him coming towards me down the deck singing, "Comb yer back, ye Briddish shojer, comb yer back to Mandylay!" with a toothpick in the front of his face. I had meant to ask him about the author of that piece, but the toothpick took it right out of my mind.

"James Smith, remove the splinter!" I says, pointing to it furiously. "Don't you know I have told you it ain't refined to use one of them things in public?"

"Refined!" says he. "Do you think it is refined to educate me up on deck where everyone can hear? You may be more refined then I am, sweetness, but how many times have I told you not to air your clean linen before the dirty public, eh?"

"Check!" says I. "But honest, gorgeous, here I been trying to improve your form for the last week on account of we are going to dance up to the maharahrah's house, and you can't seem to keep good manners on your mind two minutes!"

"If I had to keep 'em on my mind they wouldn't be so good!" says Jim. "Beside, hon, it ain't been a week you been trying to prune off my crudities; it's been—let's see, how long have we been married anyways?"

"Oh, fudge!" I says, stamping my strap pump. "Any married woman knows a husband is constantly in need of refining; that he's always doing little things that ain't in the book of etiquette."

"That's one reason why he marries," says Jim cheerfully, "so's he'll be able to. No girl friend would stand for his naughty little tricks, and a feller likes to be comfortable. But just to show you there is nothing mean about me, I will throw the toothpick away."

Then he tucked my arm through his undoubtedly well-dressed one like he always does when he wants to get around me, and led me cheerfully off to where the tenders was waiting to take us ashore. On the way we passed ma, leaning on the arm of one of the cruise directors, and she was telling him something about a woman was never too old to be lonesome—she was, you know!

Of course, it was my duty to stop and interfere; but Jim didn't give me no chance to. He shoved me down the gangway, which is the part of the board where the gang get most in each other's way, and from there off onto the tender with the help of a German sailor, and I'll be pickled if the lad wasn't singing, "On der rood to Mandterlay ver der vlyn vishes blay." Just think of that! Old Wm. S. certainly was, or is, a popular writer!

Well, the question I was going to ask still kept out of my head, on account there is always something exciting about landing in a new country for the first time; and I was kind of took up by the buildings, which was trimmed all over with wooden crochet work like shore cottages back home used to be, only more so—you know—Battenberg on this one and shell edge on the other. The crowd was dressed mostly in batiks that would set Greenwich Village crazy with envy, the ladies having skirts of it, called sarongs, but with wash waists like dressing sacks, model by Maison Missionary, Inc. Also a native band was playing as we landed, a real jazzy affair made up of a full set of stew pots, two baking dishes, a frying pan, two sizes of flour and sugar boxes, a butter tub and a lot of sheer physical strength. I guess it had come down to take our minds off of what we was about to pay for our souvenirs at the local gift shops, which are no more literally gift shops out in these parts than are those at home.

Well, anyways, the hotel had its lobby crammed full of jewel shops, Tamils, which is a brand of very black men with gold nose rings like a jeweled collar button in one side of the nose and long black hair which they frequently wear down their back, wearing often a long black beard down their front at the same time. Well, they helped to make up the crowd, with also a bunch of snake charmers and other tasty natives. And hardly had we got inside this hotel than we was grabbed by a guy in a turban, white pants and a splendid smile who hired himself out to us as our guide, and the first place he guided us to as soon as he found out our name was a big suite upstairs where a long lean guy was sleeping in loops on the parlor sofa.

"Wake up, honored Issac!" says our new addition to the pay roll. "Awake! The people you are waiting for on the dock are arriven!"

Very slowly the loops come uncoiled, and the linen suit on them kinda straightened down in jerks, but not quite all the way, and Issac sat up. He was certainly the leanest, dryest person I ever seen in my life, and you could tell it on him right away that the Issac was not Jewish, but New England, in spite of the big nose. He give a couple of expert, thoroughly-enjoyed-by-him yawns, blinked and stood up to a enormous height. That guy was so tall he must of needed a stepladder to put his collar on. Then he give a good look at us and smiled.

"What?" says he with a drawl. "You don't look much like troupers—you look like human beings!"

"Ah, but you don't know us!" says Jim. "We may be holding a few animal traits out on you—whoever you are."

"Sorry, I forgot," says the bird. "Introduce myself—Issac Hawk. I'm Goldringer's local man. I meant to be on the dock when you arrived, but sleep overcome me. Now sit down, do, and let's have all the news from home."

"Well, mother and the girls sent love," says Jim, while he took off his coat and our new hired man took off our bags—heaven help them—into the next room.

"Bosh!" says this Hawk bird. "Tell me something real. I been out here so long a New York cab would look like a chariot of fire to me. Say, have they really got prohibition back home?"

"So they say," says Jim, grinning.

"Oh, I heard they was making pay with the moonshine," says he. "Pretty profitable, I guess."

"Great economic boom to the country," says Jim. "They have certainly learned a lot of new ways to make licker. I hear where they are now using all the Pittsburgh smoke they can get to put into our native Scotch whisky. That's progress, eh?"

The Yankee nodded solemnly.

"Great country, America," says he, proud as if Columbus had been two laps behind him. "My own, and my favorite, and I've seen 'em all."

"How come you stay out here then?" says Jim.

"A romance," says the feller. "No, I couldn't go back home, not after she married that other feller."

"But America's kind of roomy, you know," I put in. "You wouldn't need to be bumping into them all the time."

"I ain't so sure of that," says Mr. Hawk. "You see, she was all over the place, and the feller she married with her. They was circus people."

"You don't say!" says I.

"Yep," says he. "She was before your time, young lady; you wouldn't remember her. A bareback rider, she was; trapeze artist, too; and as sweet a little dish as you could wish to see. I was with the elephants, and I guess she felt the class distinction; but, anyways, it broke me all up and I come over here—been out east of Suez nearly forty years, but I can picture her yet, tall and slim, with yellow hair. I never forget her, and keep kind of hoping to meet up with her some day."

Well, while our local manager was telling this sad slice of his private life, I was listening with one ear, but standing by the window, looking down on the square below at the same time. It was, of course, filled with strange, dark-complected people, most of which seemed to be selling SATURDAY EVENING POSTS, for they all carried bags like that, only made of bright woven stuff with gold threads in. There was also the familiar but still horrible sight of tourists of the female sect wearing sun helmets with chiffon veils dribbling from part of them. And among other queer things, what would I see but ma, talking to a boy all dressed up like Vanderbilt's plush pony!

Ma looked queer enough, what with her sun helmet and green chiffon veil both shoved back to show her bleached hair, her congress gaiters, white duck skirt and middy blouse, all of which did not become her two hundred and fifty lbs. except to make it become worse. But the boy with which she was talking was the cat's toothpick. He had on red pants, a green coat, or at least it was green where it wasn't covered with gold braid and window cords. He wore a posy of medals that looked like he'd robbed a Christmas tree, and on his head was a white turban trimmed with enough aigrets to get a dozen smuggling women in dutch at the customs. He was very light in color and kind of good looking, and him and ma was chewing the fat like a coupla old porch rockers. Who or what he was, I

"Come Here, Eiffel, and Speak to the Folks"

Watch This Column

HOUSE PETERS

Do you recall what a heroic figure HOUSE PETERS was in Universal's fine picture, ***"The Storm"?*** Would you like to see him in a similar rôle, and in another great play? Then ask your favorite theatre to book ***"The Tornado,"*** adapted from Lincoln J. Carter's famous melodrama of the same name. It was acted and photographed in the big timber country of West Idaho. It is full of excitement and thrills, and includes a great tornado which destroys an entire town, a terrific log jam and a railroad wreck. All the ingenuity of moviedom is employed in this picture.

LON CHANEY plays the master rôle in ***"The Phantom of the Opera"*** which I regard as a worthy picture to follow our greatest success, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*** It is mysterious, spectacular and magnificent, and is from the celebrated story by Gaston Leroux. The picture will take many months to produce, and among the powerful scenic effects is a perfect reproduction of the beautiful Paris Opera House which, you will remember, took ten years to build.

We will release a new Chapter Play, ***"The Riddle Rider,"*** along the latter part of November, and wish all the boys in America would put it down in their notebooks and mention it to their favorite theatres. It has midwest atmosphere and excitement enough to satisfy anyone. It stars WILLIAM DESMOND and EILEEN SEDGWICK.

Again permit me to recommend to you these Universal successes: ***"The Signal Tower,"*** with VIRGINIA VALLI—***"The Reckless Age,"*** starring REGINALD DENNY —***"Butterfly,"*** starring LAURA LA PLANTE and NORMAN KERRY —Mary Roberts Rinehart's fine story ***"K—the Unknown,"*** starring VIRGINIA VALLI and PERCY MARMONT. And write me what you think of them.

Beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

didn't know; but in view of the sudden dose of youth which was eating ma lately, this sight didn't sooth my tired nerves any. But it did put me in mind of this maharahrah we was scheduled to dance for, and I at once slipped old Hawkeye a few questions.

"Say, buddie," I says, "how about this Royal Swain of Damphur we are to go visit? Is he a right man, or what?"

"Oh, he's right enough, I guess—good as any of these galoots," says Mr. Hawk. "But you better take him a present. It's customary with the rajahs. They get kind of nasty if you don't; and besides, it's an investment. If you take 'em something that tickles their fancy, they are very apt to slip you something handsome in return—a hatful of rubies or a coupla ropes of pearls. Yep, it's good dope to take 'em a present."

"What do you think would be a good idea to pack up for him?" I says, already in my mind appearing at the Annual Motion Picture Ball clad mostly in rubies. "I vote we send him a wire and ask him what is his favorite fruit."

"That would never do!" says Hawk, almost getting excited. "Besides, there ain't no wire to there. We go most of the ways on elephants when we leave the railroad and strike south. Damphur is a long ways off and a bother to get to; but Goldringer feels it is going to be well worth all the expense, because of the publicity we will get out of it—it'll be a big story."

"But Goldringer don't have any of the bother," says Jim.

"Yeh, and he don't have to ride them elephants either," I says.

"Don't worry over the elephants," says Hawk. "You forget I was with the elephants in the circus, the time I got my heart broke. Well, as I was saying, the elephants will mind me, and of course I am going along."

"But how about the present?" I says, my mind still, as it were, reconstructing rubies and pearls. "These cheroots, or whatever they call the native kings—they are kind of savages, ain't they? How about a nice alarm clock and some rubber bands and a few kegs of rum? Manhattan was bought for less."

"Oh, you got the wrong idea entirely," says Hawkie. "They are rich as the devil, and a lot of them is college boys as well. I'm a thoughtful guy, I am, and I realized you would have to take old Peekaboo a mere trifle, so I have it all picked out and ready for you. You show here tonight and tomorrow and then we start for Damphur, present and all, and get back just before the boat sails. Maybe I'll sail with you. Whenever I think of that girl at home—but ah, no more of that!"

"Sure!" says Jim. "Where is the present for his niblick? Can we see it?"

"Why not go around now, before tiffin?" says Hawk. "I'll show you the rest of the sights at the same time."

Well, we set out then, in a vintage American automobile of about 1905, over the rattle of which I could hear Mr. Hawk humming something to the effect that he had kissed her where she stood on the road to Etcetera; and you would of thought he would of outgrown it in nearly forty years, but it seemed he hadn't. Anyways, he showed us the Pagodas, for it seems there is two of them, both looking like big enormous gold dinner bells of the ranch or boarding house design, with black priests in yellow bath robes taking anything they can get at both places, and the courtyards more like circuses or markets than is customary with our own religious institutions back home. It was a wow of a town, anyways, and the ladies actually do smoke whackin' white cheroots, only they come in brown as well, two for one cent and of a size to make a American politician green with envy. Believe me, if some of our party bosses could only get a-hold of a few whacking white cheroots, average measurements ten inches by two, why their political strength, which is admittedly recognizable by the size of the cigars they chew on, would be more than doubled.

Well, at length Mr. Hawk says *Jalan perlahan perlahan kiri* to the driver, and this was not the insult it sounded, but merely please drive us slowly to the left. And the black-faced number on the driver's seat did it, and pretty soon we stopped in a lovely park, all coco palms, insects, dust and big cages. Hawk made us get out.

"The present is in here," he explained. "I got a deposit paid on it, so I hope you'll think it's jake." He led us along quite a ways then, and all of a sudden we turned a corner and stopped. "There it is!" says Hawk. "Come on, cutie!"

At first I thought he was speaking to me, but he wasn't. He was speaking to a giraffe—a live one, spots and all.

"Is that what the deposit is paid on?" says Jim.

"It is!" says Hawk. "And she's a fine specimen too. Come here, Eiffel, and speak to the folks. I called her Eiffel Tower," he goes on, "after the one in Paris. Ain't she the living picture of it though? The way her legs straddle, and all! Of course, she's only a baby, but soon's I heard the rajah wanted one for his menagerie, I come right out here an' put up a hundred bucks on her. The price is five hundred; but I guess as it is all for publicity we can charge it to overhead, if you like."

"If you can charge up as high a head of cattle as that one, you're going some!" says Jim. "Say, Hawk, you being out here so far ain't kept you from working into the true spirit of the motion-picture business any, I see."

"Ah, well, a broken heart must have something to occupy itself with," he says. "How about it, Eiffel?"

Eiffel looked at Jim with eyes as expressionless as a pair of shoe buttons. If her heart was broken, her neck certainly was not. As for her legs, a person looking at her knees couldn't say for sure. They was certainly not of a shape to get by in the Follies, young as she was, and if the rajah wanted her he could have her, it was all the same to me.

"If the Duke of Damphur likes wild animals," I suggested, "why not take him a tourist off our boat? We got a couple we could spare."

"What with the perfume some of them have to sell," says Jim. "I guess the kink prefers the regular zoo variety."

"Jim!" I says indignant. "What a vulgar thing to say! You know it's not refined to make such remarks, and I wish you'd also remember it. A fine line that would be to spring before the maharahrah! Cut that rough stuff, dear, and remember your refinement!"

"Well, buy a pink ribbon and an atomizer for Eiffel, Hawk," says Jim. "And we'll lead her to old Mister Jewel Case himself. And now I'd like to see the stage of the local opera house if me and Marie are to grace it in the evening."

Then Hawk says all right and paid for Eiffel, but left her temporarily laying where she stood, and we went off to rehearsal, around the two Pagodas which, no matter which way you turn in Rangoon, they are always there; and I kept humming over in my mind by the Shew Dagon Pagoda looking westward at the sea, or no, maybe it was by the old Soulay Pagoda looking eastward by the sea, but not liking to ask which was correct.

When I got back to the hotel I commenced looking around for ma, and after a mild struggle with hotel numbers written in Malay or Hensfoot or some strange language, I located her; and believe me I located her several minutes before she done the same by me. She was looking out the window, still as a statue, and when I come up behind her she give a start like a cop with a pint on his hip.

"My, you pretty near give me heart failure!" she says.

"Ma Gilligan!" I says. "I hope I do! Heart failure of the right kind. The idea, at your age, making a fool out of yourself!"

"Why fool?" says she. "I can't help it if a person notices me, can I? I'm no mummy, and I got a pretty good savings account and a little real estate and considerable experience. All I lack is social position, and out here it's something a man could bring a person, easy. There's plenty of boys out here which are only rajahs in Rangoon, but translated into American, it means something like a prince."

"Ma!" I yelled, real scared. "You wouldn't think of marrying one of them?"

"Well, well, daughter, thinking won't hurt me," says she real mild.

But she didn't fool me none. Ma would never of pulled a line like that unless she had something in the back of her head, and there is no telling what silly notions old folks will get. I decided right then that when we went to Damphur ma was going to be left at the hotel. If she had her mind on being a rajaharess I was not going to lead her toward any harems.

But I needn't of worried about her kicking on being left behind. Two days later I sprung the news that, as the poet says, on the morrow and on a coupla elephants hired from the teakwood lumber company, I an' Jim and Eiffel was to be on our way, and she was to stay at the hotel with Junior.

"Huh?" says she. "Stay here? Huh! That's all right, dearie. Say, I have something real important to tell you. I believe there is a prince in love with me!"

"Ma, that's foolishness," I says. "What makes you think so?"

"Well," says ma, "he comes around every day and stands in front of the hotel for hours at a time, and has ever since I got here."

"No!" says I.

"Yes!" says ma. "He's there this very minute. Come take a look!"

I went to the window, and there sure enough was that same trick hombre I had noticed her speaking to the day we landed the one in the red pants and aigrets. He was looking up at the hotel, too, and the minute he seen ma he grinned and bowed. Ma pulled me back into the room, fussed as a sixteen-year-old girl of the days when sixteen-yearlings was capable of embarrassment.

"You see!" she says. "He's right on the job. Of course he's a lot younger than me —"

"And brown!" I says, wild.

"That don't make no differ with these kind of Indians," says ma firmly. "I'm thinking it over serious."

"Has he said anything to you?" I wanted to know.

"Certainly!" says she. "He says good morning and good evening real cute."

A big relief come over me at that, but just the same my fear wasn't altogether lifted. If ma had it on her mind to get married again she was likely to go to lengths to do so, and here I had to beat it for the tall coconuts leaving her with an animated circus wagon standing dangerously under her window. But there was no help for it, I had to go. On the way I would get plenty of time to think, and there was some comfort in the idea maybe I would be able to get up a plan to save her

Well, morning come in the way it has of refusing to be put off, and it was a weird-looking bunch that gathered at the railroad station, not the least noticeable member of which was Eiffel. That pyramid of yellow fur didn't have any pink bow on her swan-like neck, but she had a good substantial rope instead, at the other end of which was Mr. Issac Hawk. There was no elephants in sight, but only a regular railroad train; yet Eiffel wasn't by no means alone in the animal sense, for not only was Jim present but eight sad-eyed lady goats in charge of a small native boy, and all of them yelling "Bla-a!" as they watched Eiffel; and no wonder—because, try as Mr. Hawk would, he couldn't get her into the box car which was reserved for her. Eiffel would make a stab for the door, being earnestly urged from behind; but after the first coupla tries it was plain that if she did succeed in getting in it wouldn't do any good on account the ceiling was so low she couldn't stand up, and nobody in the crowd knew whether or not a giraffe could sit down even if sufficiently tired out.

"I guess we ain't going to take the prince no present," says Hawk, wiping his face and exchanging reproachful looks with Eiffel. "Not this one anyways."

At his words a picture of the hatful of rubies of which he had spoke arose painfully in my mind, and I could just see them melting away out of my hands like a conjurer's, and the thought was a cold shower to my brains.

"Oh, but, Mr. Hawk," I hollered, wringing my hands, "we can't give her up! Dear little Eiffel! There must be some way of taking her. Couldn't you put her on a flat car?"

Life and ammunition come back into Hawk's face directly, and he recommenced chewing on his temporarily concealed cud of tobacco.

"That's the lady!" he says. "A flat car is the dope. We can anchor her fore and aft, and she can stand up all she pleases."

"Check!" says Jim, also relieved because of sapphire cuff links in the back of his slightly suppressed desires. "Get a gangplank and walk her up it. But how about all them goats? I ain't unreasonably particular about what company I travel in, but eight goats in a warm climate is going pretty strong."

"The goats is for Eiffel," says Hawk. "Milk. She's young yet, and she just simply must have her little shot of milk.

(Continued on Page 52)

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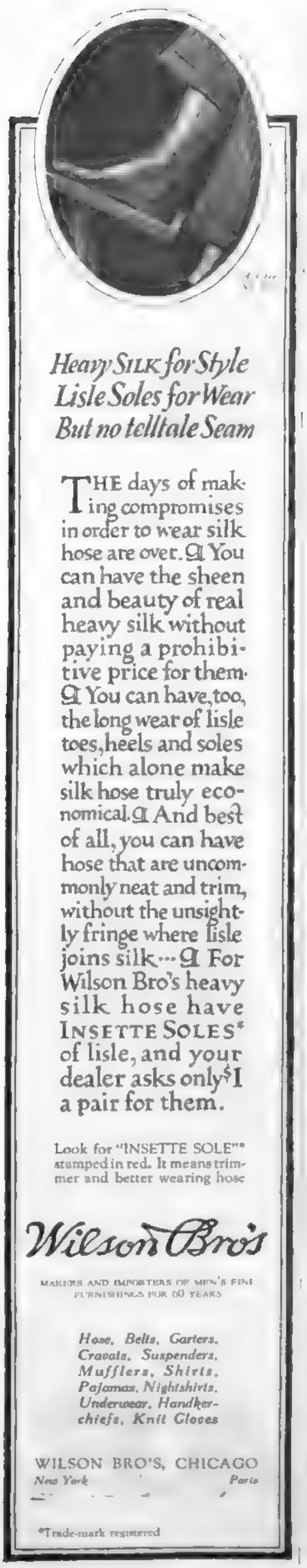

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(Continued from Page 50

Part way we are going through the wilderness, and we got to pack our own dairy along."

"Well, where are the elephants?" says Jim. "Seems to me we are shy them and a few snakes."

"Oh, we'll get the elephants up country a ways," says Hawk. "And as for snakes I got a little sompin on the hip any time you want it!"

Well, the cameras of our own staff was clicking on us merrily as we waved the goats into their Pullman, saw Eiffel go up her gangway four directions at once, and then piled into our own comfortable broad-gauge compartment and settled down to the first leg of the long hot trip.

At first everything went fine, the train, which was a special, floating along smooth and drowsy enough, gradually approaching a line of low hills. Jim was asleep in his corner with a two-month-old sporting sheet of a New York paper over his face, and I was just about keeping awake by polishing my nails over and over and thinking about ma and how could I solve her problem for her; and I had just come to the point when I had decided that if the giddy young thing wanted to marry, why the best way was for me to introduce her to some suitable party, when the train come to a sudden stop.

Now this is a frequent habit with trains of all nations, special trains in particular; and so far, of course, we at first paid no attention. But it continued stopped for so long this time that I felt a instinct to shove back the shutter and look out, and I at once noticed that we was not at a railroad station, or even, that I could see, at a water tank. Instead, there was a low tunnel just ahead of us, and a bunch of natives in bright colors, and also bright voices, was gathering up towards there. I pulled my head in and give the reposeful coils of Mr. Hawk, who was sleeping across the isle, a dig. Very slowly and crumpled he unwound himself and blinked.

"Say," I says, "we seem to of struck a snag up ahead. I think maybe somebody had ought to go see what's wrong."

"That so?" says he, upright now. "Why, I'm supposed to be looking after them critters, but I guess sleep must of overtook me." He picked up his big pith helmet and stuck it on. "Be back in a minute."

"Hey wait!" I says. "I'm coming too. I hate to see an accident, but it's even worse to miss it."

I got a parasol, on account in these parts white folks must never be in the sun without one, and leaving Jim lay, I and Mr. Hawk hurried for the Orient up to the head of the train and there in a minute we seen what the trouble was. The engine had got into the tunnel all jake, and the coal car and a couple of freight cars, as well. But right there the train had stopped. She had been crawling along, and a lucky thing, too, for the tunnel was too low for Eiffel and she had refused to lower her head. Luckily the natives in charge of her seen the trouble in time to keep it from being chopped off by getting the engineer to halt. Out there, those boys are always willing to. And now a bunch of keepers and bearers was standing around Eiffel having an argument about it with her, and so far Eiffel had won.

"Have reason, oh, majestic and graceful beauty," says one of these boys as we come up. "This bowing of your head ain't going to shame you none," or words to that effect if one was to judge from his tone. Of course, it was said in Heiroglyphics, or some equally foreign language, but even I got the drift; and so you would imagine Eiffel could do the same after hearing it spoken all her life. But no; Eiffel only give a sort of snicker like she enjoyed having her own way.

"See here," shouted Hawk, "we got to get her down! We better try feeding her. Get me some bananas."

The feller that had been talking to Eiffel turned away from her and made one of these low sausage bows—*salamis*, they call them out there—to Hawk.

"Yes, but we have no bananas," he says humbly.

Hawk looked at the bird for a minute like he was going to kill him, but changed his mind.

"Very well, then, we got to rope her," he says. "Don't anybody tell me yes we got no lasso!"

Well, they got him a rope, and Hawk made him a running noose and started a Lew Cody. It wasn't any fairer then lassoing a clothes pole on account Eiffel was anchored. But finally he got her by the horns and down come her head; not far, but low enough for the train to move, anyways. Hawk handed the rope to the guy with the hot original line and grabbed me by the arm.

"Hold her fast!" he hollered as he dragged me back toward the compartment and helped me in, just as in the midst of much fancy yelling the train commenced to move.

Well, Eiffel didn't give us no more trouble that day until well towards evening. We had by this time left the train at a place called Malairia—something that sounded like it. Anyways, the place certainly looked it; and here we changed to the elephant express and started through a forest primeval which distinctly lacked the murmuring pine and the hammock, or whatever them trees was that Shakspere had in the w. k. poem. This forest may have been prime all right; but it certainly was evil, not to mention the way a person felt riding through it on a elephant. You sit in a little house on the elephant's back called a howdah, because as soon as you are in it and the elephant starts to get up you think howdahell am I going to stand it, and your friends say howdah you feel, and etc. And all the ways to camp I kept thinking about that other famous poem about:

The elephant sneezed
And fell on his knees
And what became of the monkey, monkey, monk?

Only, of course, I put myself in the monkey's place.

Well, finally we come out on a big plain where we was to spend the night, and Hawk grew a heart and called a halt, and the bearers commenced setting up tents and so forth, and it was time to feed Eiffel and put her to bed.

One of the bearers picked out a nice, obliging-looking goat and led her up to Eiffel with the air of offering the giraffe a meal on a silver platter. The idea, see, was Eiffel should go to it and help herself. But there was nothing doing. Eiffel was too high or the goat was too low, either one or the other, and they couldn't seem to connect. The goat was one of them sporty, underslung models with a strong chassis but very little clearance; and Eiffel, no matter how she straddled, couldn't make it, and give much the appearance of a young steam shovel that hadn't been placed quite right for the job. For a while it looked like Eiffel wasn't going to eat; until Jim, his cuff links still at heart, volunteered to milk the goat, which he did, afterwards sitting in the low crotch of a tree and holding the pail so's our present could drink comfortable.

Well, camping in a tropic wilderness ain't so bad, especially where there is a lot of servants and a moon. Jim only seemed to crave the first part, however, and went to sleep, probably to dream about giraffes, directly we had eat. But I and Mr. Hawk, being of two romantic dispositions, set quite a while in the moonlight, digesting our curry and talking.

"Romance is a queer thing," I says with a comfortable sigh. "And there don't seem to be any age limit on love, does there?"

I was thinking of ma of course; but Hawk took it to himself.

"I suppose you think I am an old fool," says he, "for still being in love with that girl back home after all these years."

"No, I don't," I says softly. "I think it's just wonderful. But she can't be a girl any more, you know."

"True!" says he. "But that don't make any differ. To me she is always the same and would be if I was to meet her. Why I can see her now, in her pretty white dress and one of them pink crape-paper roses in her yellow hair! That's been my guiding spirit for forty years—that image has. I don't claim to of been no saint, not by any means. But the thought of her has kept me from a lot of harm, just the same. A feller needs that kind of thing, especially in the East. Sort of fall to pieces if you ain't got someone to worship besides God. And, thank Him, I have had Amanda."

"Amanda!" I says, startled at the mention of ma's name. "Why, I—I—what did you say the name of the feller she turned you down for was?"

"A red Irishman by the name of Gilligan!"

For a moment I couldn't speak, but I thought rapid. He was talking of ma beyond a doubt! Why, if it come to that, if ma hadn't changed her mind, I might of been sitting by my pa that very minute! What should I do about it? At first I was going to tell him, and then some instinct held me back. I had ought to play the game real careful if I was to bring them two together after all these years, and every instant that idea looked better to me. I sure did like Mr. Hawk in spite of him sleeping so much and so loud; and since he was all jake, it certainly would be a relief to get ma off my hands.

"How would you like to see her again?" I asked him after a little. "Wouldn't the shock be too great?"

Suddenly he come to life and grabbed me by the arm.

"You know her?" he says. "Tell me, where is she?"

"Back in Rangoon," I says. He jumped right up. "But hey there, you!" I says. "You can't go back tonight!"

"I got half a mind to," says he, sitting back, however. "Go on, tell me what you know."

"There is a lady on our ship by that name," I says, cautious. "But she don't look as you describe her—not quite. She's blond, though."

"Of course!" says he. "Tell me, is she still married?"

"No, she's a widow."

"Thank heaven!" says he. "I'll be after her the minute I get back!"

"Better go easy," I says. "Let me fix it up for you to see her first, Mr. Hawk. Leave the arrangements to me."

"All right," he says, shaking my hand pretty near off. "And heaven bless you for it, my child!"

We traveled pretty next day, all of us happy, me in especial on account I had ma practically settled and off my mind; and even Eiffel give us no trouble to speak of outside of getting stuck in the mud and we being obliged to see she was properly manicured before reaching Damphur and coming in sight of the palace, which was in a big immense fort with walls outdoing any statistics I had ever seen.

It was late afternoon when we got there, and I was a lot relieved to find out the rajah boy wasn't going to grant us any ambulance until after the show. In the meanwhile a lot of boys and girls dressed like they was on their way to the Vanderbilt's costume ball, but it was their regular working clothes, showed us to a bunch of open-faced Oriental rooms and they give me a personal maid called an ayah. I soon found out that was all she could say, a-yeh being, as everyone knows, New York for yes. But she helped me fine, just the same; and scared as I was, it didn't seem no time at all before our show was over and a big success in the maharahrah's private theater, and we was getting ready for the private ambulance.

This was held in the main ballroom of the building, and as I and Jim stood just outside, in our best nifties, I give Jim one final word of warning.

"Now don't forget your refinement!" I says. "Remember, this is the real class, and watch your step and grammar!"

"Aw, shut up!" Jim whispers back. "I can be refined as anybody!" And then the doors of the scantum was thrown open for us to go in.

Well, I have often heard that the odor of sanctity can smell to high heaven, and this one certainly did. The Eastern girls, especially the members of the famous harem family, are strong for scent, to put it mildly, and they was about sixty of them in the room. And it was a room, not a kind of wholesale divan establishment like I had expected, but with chairs of light oak and red plush such as these Eastern putantakes generally prefer; and on the biggest, which would of been a throne only it was first a morris chair, sat a young feller with a turban, and pearls all over his coat, and them fancy wrap-around pants they wear, and red shoes. He was so like all the former young rajahs I had ever seen that I expected any minute he would get up and commence to sing in a tenor voice. But no. As me and Jim in our best soup and fish trailed up towards him with only Hawkie to guide us, and he refusing to do that, but tagging along behind like an old coward, H. R. H. Peekaboo, or whatever his name was, turned his jeweled head to an old gazabo with a beard who stood beside him looking like the local Santa Claus, and taking a long cigarette holder out of his ruby, I hoped, lips, says, "Skillibouch," or something to the old boy, who says "Check," in his own way, and then the

(Continued on Page 55)

In winter, more than ever, your engine needs the "film of protection"

A MOTOR oil has a tough job in cold weather. If the oil is too heavy, the cold makes it stiff and sluggish. That means slow starting, a drain on your battery and, until the oil warms up, but little protection from destructive friction.

On the other hand, if the oil is too light and your engine suffocates behind too much radiator protection, the oil soon thins out and breaks down when the motor gets hot. And that again means poor protection from heat and friction.

Why the difference in motor oils is so apparent in cold weather

In action, a motor oil forms a thin film over the vital parts of a motor. This film works its way between all the whirling, flying surfaces and prevents destructive metal to metal contact.

But the oil film itself must withstand terrific punishment—the constant menace of tearing, grinding friction, the lash of searing, scorching heat. It is under that punishment that ordinary oil fails. The film breaks, curls up and burns. Unprotected metal chafes against metal. Insidious friction sets up. This results in lost power, undue carbon deposits and, ultimately, in scored cylinders and burned out bearings. It first cripples, then shortens the life of a motor.

And in winter, with the extreme cold outside the motor and the extreme heat inside, the film of ordinary oil breaks down more quickly.

Let the "film of protection" safeguard your motor

Experienced car owners know one trustworthy oil—an oil that forms a "film of protection," thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel. An oil that offers maximum resistance to deadly heat and friction. An oil that is uniformly good—for more than 3,000 laboratory tests each month insure its quality. That oil is Veedol.

When you drive your car during cold weather, don't gamble $500.00 worth of engine against the failure of 20c worth of ordinary motor oil. Buy the proper Veedol oil specified for winter use in your car. Then you will not only have an oil that aids quick starting, but the "film of protection" will be everlastingly on the job safeguarding your motor from heat and friction.

Wherever a dealer displays the black and orange Veedol sign you'll find the Motor Protection Guide, a chart telling which Veedol oil your car requires for winter driving. Now is the time—if you have not done it—to have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil.

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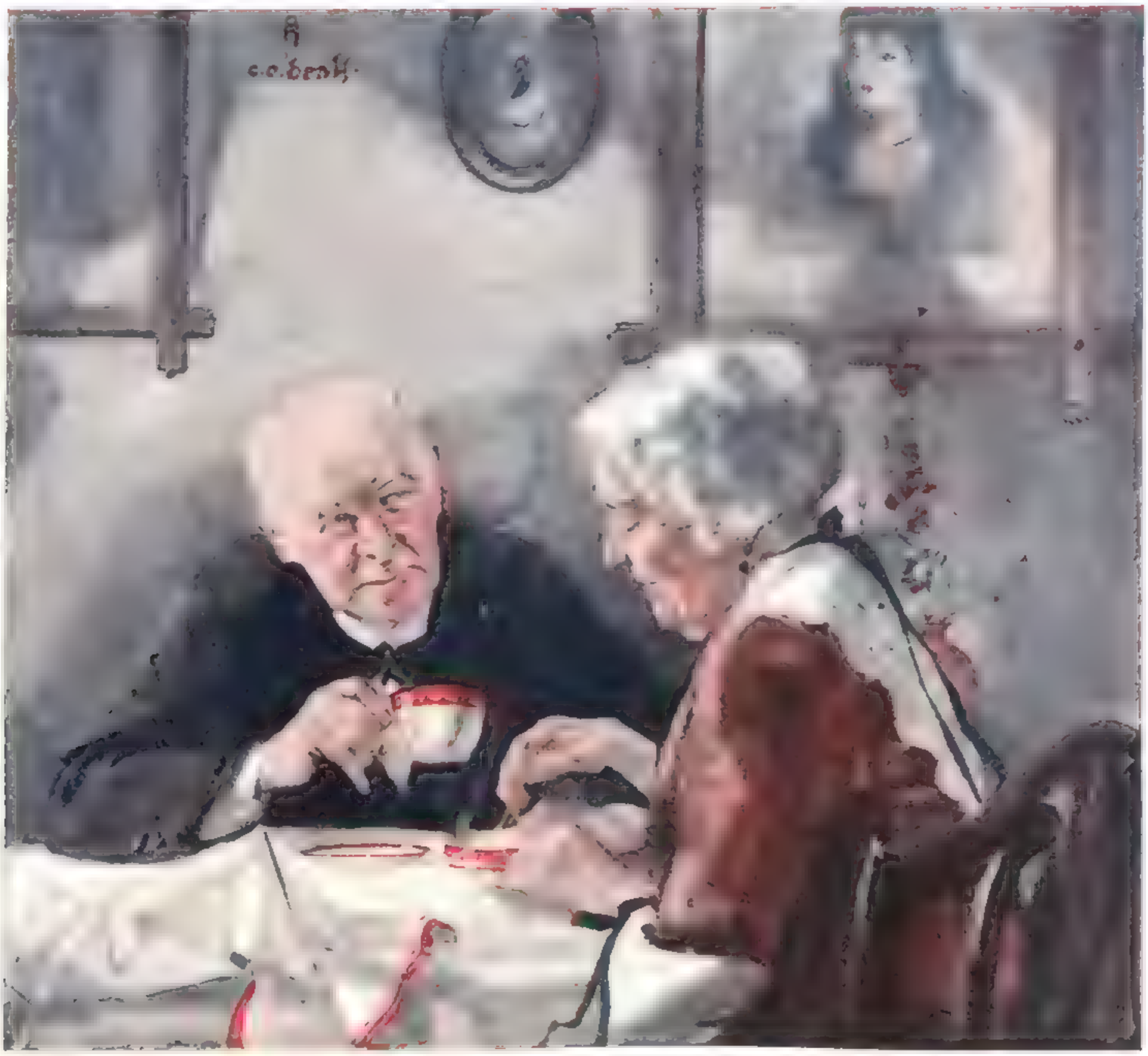
GOOD TO THE LAST DROP



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proves the unchanging flavor

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

(Continued from Page 52)

prince stood up and give us his leisurely attention.

"Ah, madame," he says to me. "*Il me fait grand plaisir de vo is voir. Parlez-vous français?*"

"Non," says I, meaning none. "*Habla si espanol?*"

"Non," says he.

"Neither do I, kid," I says. "How'll we say it then?"

"I'll translate, see," says Mr. Hawk. "I guess I can understand his French. The chances are it won't be any better'n mine."

Then he turned to the raj.

"Shoot, old dear," he says, or the French equivalent, and the rajah let out a hot line, polite in tone, but swift as a hailstorm. Hawk scratched his head, first to one side and then on the other.

"Well," he says, "the old boy says thank you very much for the giraffe; it's just what he wanted. He says it's a giraffe tray chick, a giraffe of exquisite design, and I guess he's asking us to sit down, near's I can make out."

Well, we could make out that much our own selves, on account we could read sign language as good as Hawk, and the raj was going through the motions.

"Did he say anything about a fair exchange being the usual thing with him?" says Jim in a loud whisper as we took our places. "Anything about any rubies, eh?"

"Shush!" I says. "Be careful, kid, this ain't any Christmas toy department where you can go up and ask the local Santa Claus for what you want in your stocking."

Well, whether maybe the prince understood more English then he let on, or not, he started up another string of language, every word a pearl, it seemed; for after Hawk had listened as fast as he could, but was obviously about three sentences behind the whole time, he give us the benefit of as much as he had understood himself.

"It seems his highness is so tickled with your gift he has give orders to have the treasurer hunt up the rarest, most unusual thing he can find, and send it down to the boat for you," says he. "I can't quite get what he calls it, but I bet it will be good."

"Tell him ten thousand fancy thanks," I says, smiling at the raj and making polite motions with my hands. "He's very kind, and we certainly do appreciate it."

"And tell him check on that from me," says Jim, and Hawk told his highness something like it in French that I could come pretty near to understanding myself.

"Madame et m'sieu," says Hark, "thanky you tres much. Eels sont plus grateful de à la mode."

The raj smiled and nodded, as though to say he got us perfectly. Then he clapped his hands and give some orders to a bird which I took to be the palace head waiter.

"I guess I got that over all right," says Mr. Hawk with pride. "But it's a funny thing, I can understand French a whole lot better than I can speak it; and, as for reading, why I can certainly do that, especially when alone by myself."

And after he had got that conventional American remark off his chest, why the trick butler, or whatever he was, led in a procession of swell food and we fell two, as the saying is, beginning with curried fish and ending, I expect, with curried ice cream—or so I imagine it to of been, not eating desserts myself; but everything else was—and topping off with toothpicks. The rajah and Jim had a regular match at it, the raj, who had ate most of his food with his two hands, using a standard-size gold one with a diamond in the butt, and winning out over Jim and a quill by an easy tooth and a half. The boy's coat might be a regular costume one, but his table manners was distinctly native; and I couldn't help but think ain't it strange, what is polite in one country would queer you for life in another. The milk of human kindness is the only international beverage and the only universal gauge of good behavior. Manners are only a way of being uncomfortable gracefully, anyways.

Early next morning we heaved aboard the elephants and was on our way.

Well, it's exciting to go some place; but it's generally dull coming back, which was our case exactly, and none of us didn't have much to say only I hope we get back in time for the boat all right, or what do you suppose the rajah will send us, rubies or diamonds, and once in a while Mr. Hawk would get me alone a minute and remind me I was to fix up that date for him. It was easier traveling without Eiffel and we made better time, and while I won't say before we knew it, still, before we knew it too well, we was back in Rangoon and I was hunting up ma, wondering busily what I was going to do about her and Mr. Hawk.

Of all things in the world, what should I find but ma not alone in her room but also in tears amounting to hysterics. The blinds was down, she was down—face down on the bed, and beside it, just outside the mosquito netting, was a tray of food, actually untouched! By that sight I knew something was pretty bad, but I had no idea what. At first she wouldn't tell me nothing only Oh! Oh! The brute! and so I naturally supposed the Prince of Whosis had gone back on her; but no, when I went to the window and looked out, there he stood, red pants, cat's whiskers and all, as per usual, looking up at the hotel. This was pretty near too much for me, and going out I set down on the edge of the bed.

"Ma," I says, "leave off that yelling and tell me what's wrong."

"Oh, I should never of done it!" says she. "I ain't got the sense of a rabbit!"

"I know that," I says. "What'd you do?"

"I sent the notice to the New York papers!" says she. "And now it turns out he ain't a prince at all, he's the traffic cop!"

"What?" says I, intelligence beginning to reach me. "Do you mean to say the boy in the red pants outside ——"

"Just that!" says ma. "I thought he was there every day on account he was stuck on me, when all the while he was merely on duty. And I sent a notice to the papers, thinking I would be a princess against your will if necessary, and if it was already in the papers you couldn't stop me, and ——"

"Ma, be still and let me think," I says. "That's a nice mess you got us into! But there is a way to get us out—or at least to make things less worse. You get up and get dressed and talc up your very prettiest and come downstairs. Then I want you should walk slowly up and down the front of the hotel until I come for you. Now mind you do exactly as I say, and I think I can bring you a big surprise that will make you feel a lot better."

"All right, dearie," says ma. "But thank heaven that cop will be off duty in twenty minutes or I couldn't do it on a bet!"

Well, while ma was dolling up, I hopped along downstairs and found Ike Hawk waiting for me all excitement. I dragged him to a window in the café and we sat down there to watch the crowd.

"Now," I says, "you keep an eye out and see if you recognize this lady I was speaking of when she comes. I made sure she'd show during the next few minutes—watch out now!"

"Oh, I'm a-watchin'!" says he, his face all lit up. "I'll know her in a minute!"

Then we quit talking and I just looked at his face. And somehow as I done so I felt kind of sick over what I had started. There was something in his expression had me worried, it was so saintlike and fine. The ideal that had been eating him all these years was no joke, that was plain, and meant really everything in his life. And here I was, ready to deliver him over to two hundred and forty-eight pounds of ma—fussy, greedy, irresponsible ma, if she was my own mother and a darling, really. Was I doing right? I wasn't sure, and the more I thought about it, watching his shining eyes, the more I didn't think so; and when ma finally launched herself into the crowd and begun promenading I was frantic to save him and his dream from the old girl. But I need not of troubled. At ma's appearance he never turned a hair, and after about ten minutes he turned to me.

"Ain't she coming?" he says.

"Mr. Hawk," I says, "she is out there!"

"Oh, no, she ain't!" says he. "I'd know her in a minute!"

"But she is!" I says. "The lady I mean is the one in the big pink hat."

He took a long look without saying a word. Then he got up, shaking his head sadly. There was not a shadow of doubt in his eyes.

"No," he says sadly, "it's not the same. I knew it was too good to be true. That ain't the Amanda Gilligan I used to know with the Amazon Brothers' Circus. She was a slim girl, you know, with a pink paper rose in her hair. This is someone quite different."

"I guess you're right," I says with a choke in my voice. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hawk."

"Don't be sorry for me," he says, holding out his hand with a little smile. "There ain't many of us get the chance to keep our ideals."

Then he went off and I just sat there a spell, wondering, while ma kept on parading until Jim come rushing in to say that if we didn't hustle we would miss the boat.

Well, it wasn't until we was on board and the gangplank was pretty near ready to be pulled that we heard anything from the raj; and then, at the very last minute, up come Santa Claus, all out of breath with a bundle under one arm and an interpreter on the other. This lad give us the bundle and the dope, all of it in a fearful hurry.

"The honorable grand visor and treasurer ask me to discover to you," panted the boy, "that he have followed you immediately to Rangoon and have personally searched the bazaars to carry out his royal highness' order that you are to have something most rare. He have finally secured it and now humbly presents it. We must hurry, and beg you to excuse us!"

Well, we excused them all right, grabbed the package and started to open it.

"No!" says Jim. "Not up here. Come down in the cabin."

That seemed like a wise crack, so we did it, locking the door behind us and sitting down cautiously before undoing the handsome piece of silk in which the old boy had it wrapped. Cover by cover Jim took it off, my heart beating so fast I could hardly stand it, and then the treasure lay exposed. Santa Claus had followed orders all right, and got us the rarest articles in Burma—a nice nickel alarm clock and a quart of Jamaica rum!

Well, for a long time the neither of us said a word, and there was the most imperfect silence imaginable. Then all at once it was broke by the band, up on deck, commencing to play On the Road to Mandalay. Jim made the first move. He first felt in his vest pocket and brought out a toothpick.

"Jim!" I says automatically. "Don't pick your teeth! It ain't refined!"

"Refined, hell!" says Jim. "The rajah done it right along!"

That stopped me for a moment, while the tune played merrily on, bringing vague memories to my mind. Suddenly I thought of something.

"Jim," I says, "did Shakspere write that song, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox?"

"Don't show your ignorance!" he says, shoving the raj's present out the porthole. "That song was writ by Irving Berlin, of course!"

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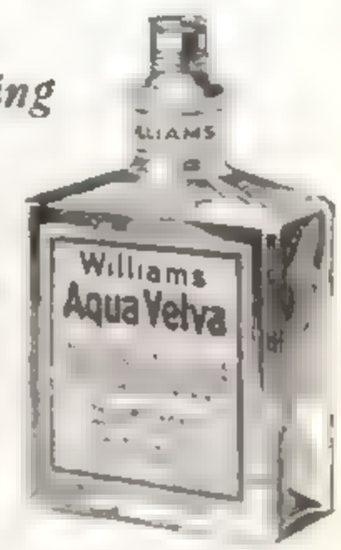

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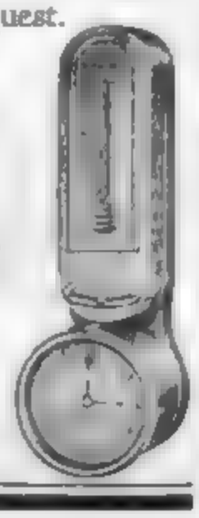

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TWO GIRLS TO ONCET

(Continued from Page 13)

It consisted simply of a short question and a shorter answer. She had never looked at anyone else; it was unthinkable that she ever would. He had never looked at anyone else; it was unthinkable that he ever would. But if it was necessary to say the words, as his father had hinted in no uncertain terms, why, he would say them. He would say them that very afternoon. He would take her off behind the barn or, better, down to the apple orchard—the early Jonathans ought to be getting ripe now —— He stirred uneasily and reflected hollowly that it had been an hour since he had tasted food.

A flutter of blue suddenly materialized from a vine-draped porch some yards distant and ran purposefully toward a gate. Between the flutter and a black marcelled bob snapped roguish eyes as the matrimonial equipage slowly approached. Black hoop earrings clattered against pink cheeks only less vivid in hue than the lips which called in greeting: "Why, hel-lo, Oscar! I ain't seen youse fur a year back a'ready. Ain't you swell, though?"

Even then Oscar's eyes made a hurried detour to the Poffenbarger house before he fully identified his erstwhile sleek-haired, sallow schoolmate. He made a belated dive toward his straw sailor with the butt of his whip and knocked it from its precarious perch upon his knobby forehead. It bounced from the rim of the wheel and rolled in expiring circlet toward a trim near-silk ankle.

"Here's your hat, but I hope you ain't in no hurry, was you?" she exclaimed facetiously. "My, I have glad to see you! I thought a many times about youse, Oscar, this months back a'ready."

Oscar vented an indeterminate sound and gazed even more incredulously at the elegant creature.

"Yes, it goes awful fash'nable up to Yingstown, but some way I couldn't never forget them spitballs you throwed at. And don't you mind of how you used to eat that cheesecake where I let it in the lunch pail?"

For the first time Oscar's eyes gleamed with a normal expression. "I mind to that cheesecake," he admitted. "Your mom now, she was awful smart ower makin' that there."

"She's a-bakin' one now," murmured Miss Lettie. "She makes it fur me to wear on the table if somebody comes a-wisitin' on a Sunday."

Baking on the Sabbath? Was he in the very purlieus of the Evil One, then? Oscar strove to expel from his nostrils the tainted air. He reached for his hat.

"I got a date," he said stiffly. "I got a date fur every Sunday yet."

Miss Lettie looked down upon the hat, smoothing it round and round with the pink tips of her fingers. "Ain't Minnie the lucky piece?" she sighed. "Of course the tony fellers at Yingstown ain't runnin' with just only one girl, even where they've passed their promise to her. But them new styles ain't got to Heitwille yet."

"Styles is here plenty enough," grunted Oscar loyally, "but morals is here too. I'll be sayin' youse good-by now."

"Oh, I'll bet it's the smell of that cheesecake that's kreistlin' you," cried Miss Lettie regretfully. "Ain't it awful how it's all over the air that way? She must have just drug it from the oven out. Or is it, mebbe, them fresh rusks with the cinnamon at?"

Behold how great a ship is turned about by a very small rudder! Oscar's nostrils turned—Oscar himself turned—in the direction of the odor. Drooling, he gazed upon Miss Lettie with a glazing eye.

"The smell of cheesecake ain't never kreistled me none," he heard himself remarking in a smothered voice

Miss Lettie slithered through the gate and hoisted a surprisingly pointed toe toward the buggy step. "Leave me see how your new buggy sets My, ain't it a grandness, though?"

Her graceful entrance into the vehicle was considerably expedited at the moment. A clattering red roadster whirled past; the Wackernagel steed hoisted his scantily clad tail and lunged into a desperate gallop. Oscar found himself with a black hoop earring between his teeth and some hundred pounds of femininity clamped to his bosom. Nor could he at once segregate his own anatomy, owing to the primal necessity of restraining the frantic animal. Miss Lettie, however, proved equal to the emergency. Some moments later Oscar discovered that he was gazing deeply into the watering trough in the Poffenbarger barnyard and that Miss Lettie was seated closely, closely by his side, her hands upon the reins Her very black bob ruffled out from her very pink cheeks; her very black eyes twinkled up at him; her very red lips quirked slantwise as she whispered, "I was a-settin' onto your lap, Oscar. Wasn't that now just too awful?"

"Yes!" shouted Oscar, spewing forth bits of black celluloid.

But he found it difficult to remove his eyes from her. He leaned damply back and continued to gaze at her. She continued to gaze at him. She said nothing. He said nothing. He even forgot—most astonishing!—the cheesecake.

But, after all, not so astonishing. The explanation is simple. Nature, having completed the blocking out of Oscar, was now about to polish off the job. That is to say, whereas for two years she had led him on to devote himself with singleness of purpose to the building of his body, she was now about to furnish that body with emotions and sensibilities of which he had been only dimly aware. She was, for instance, to instill within him the subversive notion that a tone, a glance, may approximate in importance an apple, say, or a dish of sauerkraut.

The immediate result was dire confusion. Oscar hazily followed Miss Poffenbarger to the front porch and hazily sank into a chair.

"I bet I know who that there was where upset the horse," she was giggling. "I bet it was now that new feller I got a interduction with this morning onto the Luth'ran steps. Won't you spare your hat?"

Oscar surrendered the sailor. "Everybody knows who that smarty Strunk feller is. He don't cut no ice fur me."

"Nor me neither," Miss Lettie agreed hastily. "It's easy seen he ain't such a good-looker nor neither so good-principled like what you are, Oscar."

"But what was youse doin' onto the Luth'ran steps?" Oscar inquired severely. "Don't youse hang to the Ewangelicals no more?"

"All the tony folks at Yingstown is Luth'rans," explained Lettie a trifle condescendingly. "They're more refined still toward what the other churches is. They don't jump that way nor holler at rewiwals oncet."

Oscar gasped. Considering the fact that he himself at the time of his conversion had eclipsed the ecclesiastical record for the standing high jump, Lettie's remark was ill-advised.

"I don't uphold to them fancy notions where the Luth'rans has got it," he announced, his eyes searching for his hat. "If they wouldn't holler none, they wouldn't git conwerted none, and if they wouldn't git conwerted none, what fur good is the church yet?"

"I guess nobody could come ower that there," agreed Lettie. "It wonders me now, Oscar, how smart you was a'ready. If I had the chancet to set and listen on you a while, I bet I would mebbe git conwerted too."

Oscar's eyes left off exploring and rested upon his companion instead. Her long eyelashes clung beseechingly to him. Oscar, breathing deeply, decided that it was his Sabbath duty to give this distracting heathen the means of grace.

However, their conversation soon wandered from Evangelical doctrine. Oscar afterward could not recall all the subjects upon which they touched as they sat in the warm haze upon the honeysuckled porch. From the open door of the house behind him gusts of demoralizing fragrance continually attacked the pit of his stomach and thence ramified through him in intoxicating shudders. Miss Lettie had definitely indicated a midafternoon collation; at any moment now—at any moment —— It seemed improvident to leave when at any moment ——

And during one of those moments passed a spring wagon. Oscar brought the legs of his tilted chair down with a bang. His eyes swept from one shocked visage to another. One of them in the rear seat, rising above some smaller ones, stared at him with the smitten horror of one confronted with the supernatural. But even as he looked its square chin tilted upward and outward in disturbing profile.

"That's the Swengels, ain't?" murmured Lettie. "Ain't it funny how these country folks ain't got no style? Now, Minnie, what ails her anyways, to wear such a sash at? Them wide sashes ain't makin' style fur years back a'ready."

Oscar clapped a palm over a sinking sensation in his midriff. "Sashes don't make nothin'," he growled. "It's what they're slung around where makes. I'd thank you fur that there straw of mine."

Lettie rocked softly, gazing upon him with enraptured eyes. "Och, my! But you're that smart, Oscar! You look now so onto the underneath of things that way, ain't? It wonders me ——"

What she wondered was lost in the trumpeting of a heavy voice from the doorway at the moment: "Hello, Wackernagel! I s'pose you ain't hungry or whatever?"

Mr. Poffenbarger had one fixed policy in life. He never imposed upon his backbone when unnecessary. He now surrendered that portion of his anatomy to the door jamb and winked genially at Oscar.

"I am just now a-goin'," faltered Oscar. "It's gittin' late on me."

"There's one thing now where a wise feller never does it," Mr. Poffenbarger philosophized largely. "That there is to run away from wittles. It ain't nothing in life where comes as clost to you as wittles. You can't swalier money nur neither clothes, now, no, nur not even your own relations. Wittles is the only thing what you kin git right in under your own ribs still."

"I always heard youse was fond of your stummick," observed Oscar politely as he cast a hunted glance toward the road.

"Mom is some clever at the cheesecake," contributed Lettie. The divine odor of this delicacy, now supplemented by the fragrance of boiling coffee, confirmed her statement.

"Well, now, I ——" Oscar's thumb cruised weakly toward a rear suspender strap. "Well, I guess I could as sooner git hanged fur sheeps as a lamb still," he murmured dazedly as he followed the others into the house.

Alas for Minnie's six-layer memorial! The very memory of it was lost as Oscar's enchanted eyes roved from dish to dish upon the table. Wieners were there, and scalded cheese, rusks and pickled beets, two kinds of pie and pepper slaw, sliced pork and lemon rice. To say nothing of the cheesecake, raised high on a glass stand in the midst.

In fact, Oscar was fain to loosen surreptitiously a restraining button as he followed Lettie a half hour later to the porch. A trifle dizzy with social success and strong coffee he swaggered to her side. Those tony fellers at Yingstown had hit upon something tremendously worth while. Oh, of course, Lettie did not compare with Minnie; there was nobody who could compare with Minnie; but Minnie was his; she would always be waiting. And in the meantime ——

"Say, I'd as sooner youse'd wear out the seat of that buggy as any other girl."

Lettie hoisted a coquettish shoulder to meet a coquettish cheek. "Oh, ain't you fresh, though? Your new buggy's awful swell!"

"It ain't no flies on it as I know of." Oscar thrust his fists deep into his pockets and jingled a key against some pennies. "I might mebbe trade it ower at a auto, but I wouldn't ever consider into a little red bug like Strunk has it."

"I should say not!" murmured Lettie. "Them things don't make with me neither."

And then as though summoned by their thought of it, a moment later as Lettie reappeared with a head covering known locally as a fascinator, heralded by a wild fanfare of scattering poultry, appeared the red roadster. It stopped with a jerk and its driver strode up the Poffenbarger walk.

Oscar, scowling, turned toward his hostess. She had left his side and was teetering upon her heels at the edge of the porch.

"Well, ain't this anyhow a supprise! You dare come right on in."

"I wasn't comin' fur to set." Young Strunk swept his checked knees with his imitation Panama. "I conceited youse might mebbe like a ride onto somepun up to date. Me, now, I'd think I was goin'

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

on a fun'ral if I had got fur to plug along behind these here old-fashion' horses."

"Oh, ain't you a comic, though?" Lettie tittered, clasping her hands. "To be sure, I'd just admire to ride onto your grand auto. But"—here she threw a pleading glance toward Oscar—"this here's Oscar Wackernagel. He's just stopped by—just for a minute."

Oscar advanced from the shelter of the honeysuckle, acknowledged the other's start of surprise with a short nod and plumped down squarely upon a chair. His sporting blood was up. Indeed, its rushing tide completely inundated his conspicuous ears as he remarked stubbornly, "Yes, I am settin' up keepin' comp'ny with her this after."

"Oh, Oscar!" giggled Lettie. "You're just playin' off a joke, ain't not? You was promised a'ready to Minnie Swengel. And you said still where it wasn't moral fur to set up with two girls to oncet."

Oscar's amazed ears seemed to crawl higher up his head. He flattened redly back as she abstracted his hat from behind an iron-kettle jardinière and extended it toward him with the shrill reminder: "I guess Minnie is waitin' fur youse now. And I wouldn't want to keep youse."

Oscar took the hat and placed it firmly upon the floor by his side. "Youse ain't keepin' me. When I set with a girl I set till midnight or whenever. That's my usual ordinary custom."

The lightsome Strunk was not one to darken youth's rosy hours at gloomy impasse. Other young ladies doubtless were seated upon other honeysuckled porches. Oscar shortly had the satisfaction of beholding his rearward checks as they bore swiftly toward the gate.

His heady glow of triumph was considerably chilled, however, by Miss Lettie's subsequent behavior. She sat in icy remoteness, her eyes frozen to the spot whence the auto had vanished from sight. Oscar, too, lapsed perforce into silence. For the first time since he had blindly detoured from cake to cheesecake he began to center his attention upon the former. The Swengels always ate about sundown. And—what was the other thing he had purposed doing? Oh, yes, he was going to ask her to marry him. He guessed he'd be going.

His fingers groped toward his hat, his eyes upon his companion. Just how did one accomplish a graceful leave from a hostess whom one has mortally offended?

He paused, apprehensive. For at that moment she had suddenly tensed upright and clenched her fists. But her eyes were upon the road. A fiery chariot was flying past. A chariot upon which throned Mr. Jacob Strunk, who swept off his hat with malicious triumph. And beside him—beside him!—a young woman with upthrust chin and eyes resolutely forward.

Oscar leaped from his chair. He hung for one demoralized instant upon the edge of the porch. Then, venting indeterminate sounds, he plunged down the steps. To horse! To horse!

But one cannot to horse if there is no horse. And there was none. There was no horse! Oscar became for the nonce a creditable dervish as he spun about the Poffenbarger barnyard while his dismayed eyes sought even the heavens above for the trace of the vanished top buggy.

But it was the earth and tracks upon the earth which yielded the secret. Oscar suffocatingly took up their trail. At the gate he clamped, stockstill. The tracks turned, not toward the village but toward the Swengels'. The moral steed had plodded on to his rightful Sabbath destination.

Oscar stood gulping unsanitary quantities of dust, gazing whither his girl had fled. His girl! His Minnie! He stood weighted down by his great feet while his Minnie tore from him at the rate of forty miles an hour with another man.

With another man! With another man! It was this unbelievable phrase which set a horrid, jagged pace for him as he lunged down the middle of the road after the perfidious animal. With another man! His Minnie!

Only one other thought, and that a semicoherent one, throbbed intermittently. There was something horribly wrong with this new notion of settin' up with two to oncet, after all. It had seemed altogether right—for him. But now—his Minnie—with another man! He saw quite clearly that it was altogether wrong.

Caution slowed him as he reached the final bend in the road, slewed him behind a grove of young sumacs, from behind which he peered. The horse had indeed stationed himself under his wonted chestnut tree by the gate, from which he was sanctimoniously surveying the Swengel ménage. The front porch was populous, no doubt. Oscar reflected that the entire outraged family had been upon that wagon which had passed the Poffenbarger porch. He dwelt with a shudder upon a forked beard which had pitched toward him from the driver's seat. That black beard argued enormous vitality. Behind that beard, Minnie had frequently testified, lurked a temper, large, sudden and cataclysmic.

Never did athlete about to start forth upon doubtful hundred-yard dash draw more foreboding breath than did Oscar as he plunged from behind the sumacs into dash toward his buggy. Never did athlete have breath more promptly jerked out of him. As his foot plowed toward the iron step of the vehicle, the judgment trump sounded! A bass trump with something horribly familiar in its tone!

He spun about and beheld—not only a forked beard but also an outsize mustache swinging loweringly over the Swengel gate. Behind the mustache, down the steps, down the front walk, swarmed, by the thousand, Swengels and Wackernagels, big and little, slim and fat, old, young and middle-aged. On they came, toward him, toward him, and all with fell intention in their eyes. Against the fence, above the pickets, below the pickets, they flattened in a thin implacable line.

A voice thunderous as of many waters inundated him.

"Danged if it! What do you mean by somepun like this anyhow, heh? What fur behaviors is them, heh? Fool galnipper! I'll learn you oncet to go galliwantin' with every flippit along the road. You hold your jaw now! I'll learn you to talk back up to me!"

Inasmuch as Oscar was beyond any manner of talk, either back or front, up or down, the latter warning was superfluous. Moreover, his entire attention had been pinioned by a black furcate beard which pitchforked toward him at the moment:

"Pig head! Don't you never come mealy-mouthin' around this here place no more! You've soft-soaped your last wittles off me, that I give you! It will make a good thrashin' if youse ——"

The latch of the gate clicked ominously. Oscar offered the prayer of the doomed. But it was a stout figure in black who interposed her bulk between him and terrors that he knew not of, and it was an agonized maternal voice which cried: "Give him dare fur to put in his own jaw here! Now, Oscar! This is some serious, but you got a reason, ain't it yet, Oscar? Och, Oscar! Tell us now what fur a reason you anyhow got fur such behaviors. But put out the truth, Oscar! Remember you was converted and a perfesser still."

Rivulets gushed from the forlorn Oscar's eyes and muddily furrowed his cheeks at this unexpected compassion. But truth—what was truth? He swallowed noisily and clawed at the air.

"Converted," he repeated spiritlessly. "You bet I was converted a'ready, and I jumped and hollered like never was. And this afternoon I was—well, I was—I was convertin' some such other. That Poffenbarger girl plagued me fur to set and exhort at her or what you call it. And so I set and exhorted at her all them doctrines like where us Ewangelicals has it, and I told her still where the Luth'rans was after the flesh yet. And then I give her up and come on here—and come on here—I knowed oncet it was my birthday—so I come on here——" His bulging eyes frantically swept his accusers.

A pregnant silence had fallen, a silence during which expressions ran the entire gamut from incredulity to credulity. All save the expressions of the very young. This class represented by two immature Swengels gazed upon Oscar with lively interest from between the pickets, each with a fat thumb held lightly to the tip of a fat nose, thus vividly portraying the great American formula for masculine contempt.

Mr. Wackernagel, heated to the boiling point, had not cooled perceptibly. He was still bubbling.

"Such converting' talk don't make no furder with me. I told him back a'ready he was ketchin' somepun if he went galliwantin'. And I'm a man of my words. You come here to me oncet! If you go to

(Continued on Page 60

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(Continued from Page 58)

work and disobey to me like as if you was ten years, then I right aways up and strap like you was ten years."

"Och, you talk dumb!" Regardless of her Sabbath black, Mrs. Wackernagel clutched her dusty offspring to her heaving bosom. "Ain't you got no brains where youse kin git at them? Here my boy is that wonderful kind that he would spare out of his birthday even fur to snatch some onbeliever from the Pit. And fur that his pop up and talks dumb foolishness ower straps. You draw my breath!"

Oscar's own breath was drawn at the moment. Over the black shoulder he beheld nosing slowly around the sumacs the red roadster. Its driver was turned toward his companion in evident expostulation, but he ground the vehicle to sudden stop as he caught sight of the populous gate. From the machine primly stepped Miss Minnie Swengel.

"No, I don't feel fur no pleasure ridin'," Oscar heard her low tone. "But I say my thanks fur the lift and give youse good-by."

The roadster flashed angrily off. Miss Swengel marched stiff legged toward the gate. No one moved. No one spoke. No group ever expressed horrified surprise more completely, however. It was as though the emotion she evoked swept space for her. They slanted to right and left as she walked through them.

Her mother got tongue, and upon it lifted hollow voice: "And if here ain't another one yet! Stop where you stand and tell us what it is. Is this here the world where I was born into it, or ain't it yet? What is at the young folks anyways? Here they go off from us fur to git a cake yeast, a-walkin' onto their own moral feet, and here they go comin' back a-ridin' onto a insterment of Satan. What is it at you, anyhow? Answer me up now."

Miss Swengel stood. She opened a haughty palm, thereupon disclosing the grayish lump for which she had ostensibly set out. With but a single flicker of an eyelash toward Oscar, she remarked defiantly, "I was pleasure ridin' a'ready."

"Pleasure ridin'!" The gathered force behind the forked beard all but split it in twain. "Pleasure ridin', she says it—pleasure ridin' onto a red tool of the devil! I will see oncet if morals was morals or wasn't they!"

To the right he flailed a young Swengel, to the left he flailed a young Swengel, and blasted through the gate. His reddening face threw his beard into frightful relief. Minnie flung her arm over her eyes.

But from under his hand she was snatched. Swift as a flash Oscar had scooped her into his huge young arms and had whirled about. The buggy! Upon its seat he tossed her, sprang in himself and seized the reins.

Down the road they careened. For a half mile, for a mile they dashed, wordless. Within the covered bridge of memoried lunch pails, Oscar drew rein.

He looked at her. She did not look at him. She sat stiffly upright upon the extreme edge of the seat, flame driving flame in her cheeks.

"Marry me," panted Oscar.

"And that I won't," she panted back. She drew her skirt about her, rose and started to dismount.

Oscar jerked the reins in panic. The horse lunged forward. Miss Swengel lunged backward.

For the second time that day a slender young lady bounded and rebounded upon Oscar's chest. He retained this one.

He retained her though she kicked and squealed with extraordinary strength.

After a moment the sagacious beast stopped of his own accord. For some time he stood, flicking an occasional ear toward continuous pleadings and scufflings in the rear. Then he turned and took a long look. He shook his head sadly and began impatient rumination upon his bit. Even he, unversed in human courtship, knew that Oscar, proffering himself loudly and heatedly in the lady's ear the while he clamped her like a merciless python, was going at the thing in the wrong way.

From lack of breath and discouragement, Oscar paused at last, though he did not relax his grim hold. She had gotten away from him once; she never would again until she spoke the inviolable word. But how could he make her? How?

Nature, that mistress of consistency which had led Oscar into his series of difficulties by nurturing within him an enormous regard for food, now led him triumphantly out of said series by the same method. There within that covered bridge she drew his distracted eye to the very bench upon which he had so often of yore replenished his collapsing body. The scent of the cheesecake seemed hung round it still. And she hoisted to his lips the one word of ultimate appeal to the champion baker of Buthouse County.

"I have hongry," he heard himself saying desolately.

It was doubtless the only word in any language which would have induced her so promptly to cease her struggles. For an incredible moment she lay pensive in his arms.

Oscar ceased to breathe. Should he say more? Should he remain silent?

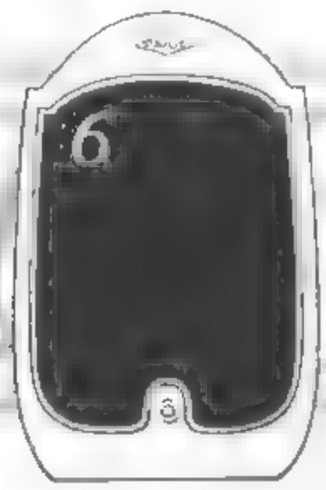
His arms relaxed, but guardedly. The little creature within them sat up. She heaved to the seat beside him. Her palm opened; she looked down upon a grayish lump.

"I'd thank youse fur to pack me home," she said with tired dignity. "I ain't fur leavin' nobody else cut that there cake."

She raised her arms in a faint gesture reminiscent of a little Goddess of Plenty holding forth a glistening white confection. And though she was seated beside him, Oscar's bemused eyes saw her as though she were high and lifted up. He silently turned the horse about toward the ceremonial cake.

But before he left the Swengels' late that night—oh, very late—he had set and eat twicet off it anyways.

After Figuring All Night on How to Raise the Money for Taxes, Father Came Down to Rest His Brain



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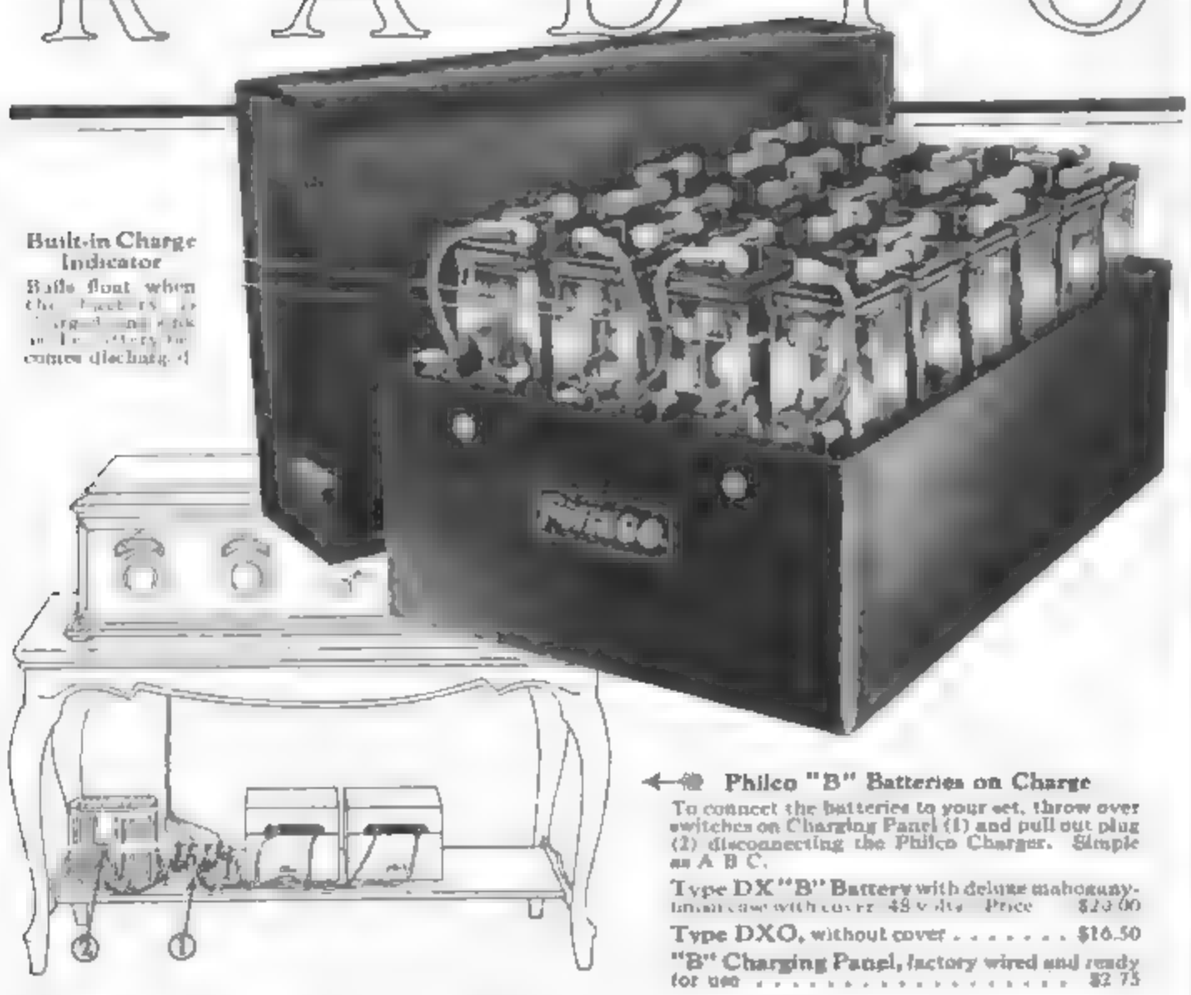

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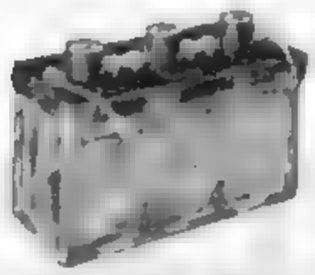

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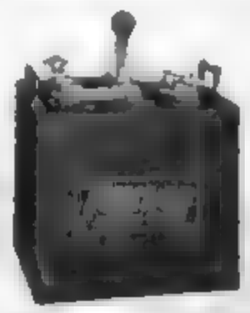

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Charger prices include plugs and receptacles

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

BOBBED-HAIRED THINKING

(Continued from Page 37)

That is the plain truth of the matter, and it will do us no good either to ignore it or to get angry about it. The wise thing to do is to study this movement, thereby coming to understand it and learning how to deal with it.

In the first place, we should remember that the core of this, as of all destructive movements, is made up of what may be termed born radicals. Every generation breeds a number of restless, highly emotional individuals, congenitally dissatisfied with things as they find them and forever seeking something new. There you have the born radical. He is, of course, first cousin to a very different type of person—the genuine reformer. Both are dissatisfied with existing conditions and want to change them. The difference between them—and it is a very vital one—springs from their temperamental make-up and outlook on life. The true reformer, as his name implies, seeks to reform—in other words, to take existing conditions and fashion them into something better. His attitude is thus fundamentally constructive. Having a firm grip on realities and a just sense of proportion, he distinguishes the possible from the impossible and does not lose himself in vain delusions. Though his hopes may soar into the heavens, he keeps his feet on the solid ground.

The true radical, on the other hand, is governed by his emotions, which tend to throw off the influence of reason and common sense. However quick his intellect or wide his knowledge, these become more or less the tools of his temperamental bias. That is why the term "radical intellectual" is such a misnomer. The born radical is not an intellectual, but an emotional, and should be recognized as such.

How Emotionals Perform

Being an emotional, the radical feels an instinctive craving for some emotional outlet, on which, when once discovered, he concentrates with absorbing intensity. Paradoxical though it may appear at first sight, the specific nature of this emotional outlet is relatively unimportant. Radicals are largely actuated by motives quite other than those with which they credit themselves. What they are really after is a satisfactory outlet for their emotional cravings, and it is that which really matters to them far more than the success of the particular cause that they happen to embrace. This is proved by the way radicals lose interest in an issue once it succeeds. As soon as the first jubilation at the victory is over, the true radical loses interest and casts around for some other issue in which to exercise his pent-up zeal. Here is a point which, though little appreciated, is of great significance. It explains more than anything else why radicalism, as the term is ordinarily used, varies so much with different epochs. The number of persons with radical temperaments probably does not vary much from generation to generation. It is the conditions surrounding them that determine what their emotional outlets are to be. In quiet times, when the community is unstirred by intense, dramatic issues, these people find emotional outlets which are not regarded as radical at all. That is to say, instead of embracing some political or economic doctrine that may vitally affect the entire community, they become flat-earth cranks, say, or votaries of some peculiar sect. Of course, they are equally intense and fanatical in both cases, but in the latter case they remain obscure and their agitation has no perceptible effect upon the general course of events. In times of stress and change, on the other hand, persons of radical temperament gravitate naturally to the burning issues of the day and may play an important part in public affairs. These being just the times when multitudes of people are uncertain or discontented, the radical propagandists, with their fanatical zeal and boundless self-assurance, carry conviction to doubting minds and make many converts to their doctrines. They thus tend to intensify discontent, inflame passions, and make constructive solutions of current problems more difficult.

For we must again remember that the radical's attitude tends to be a more or less destructive one. This arises inevitably from his distorted, irrational outlook. The genuine radical takes an abnormally simplified view of life. All reality's complexity and fine shadings disappear, and he sees the world in a blaze of emotion in which there are only glaring high lights and inky shadows. The radical attitude was well expressed by a fanatical preacher who, at a climax of his sermon, shouted: "Brethren, in this world there are many odors. In the next world there'll be just two—incense and brimstone!"

Impatient of balanced judgment and contemptuous of prudent compromise, the radical displays an instinctive intolerance of opposition that, in the last analysis, knows no bounds. Thinking, as he does, in phrases which are merely emotional war cries, he drifts away from detailed, inclusive views of life. Ignoring or rejecting facts that run counter to his feelings, he loses all sense of proportion and comes to live in a world of his own making, far removed from the world of reality. With his distorted vision he sees all ills rolled together in one intolerable evil, not as separate phases of many situations in which good and evil are mixed. Finally, he comes to interpret all evil in one formula—the thing which he abhors and would destroy; and all good in another formula—the cause to which he is devoted.

Here we have the full-fledged ultra-radical. And right here the full destructiveness of the radical attitude becomes clearly apparent. For such an attitude tends to injure not only his converts and the community but also the radical himself. Fanatically devoted to an aim which can rarely be even approximately attained, continued failure and disappointed hope sour the radical zealot, envelop him in the gloom of despairing pessimism, and often drive him to insanity or suicide.

Even more pathetic is the harm done to many of his converts. Multitudes of persons who might otherwise have led successful, useful lives have been swept off their feet by radical propaganda into unhappiness and even into ruin. Consider the effect produced upon the individual who abandons America's traditional ideals for the cheerless, pessimistic creed professed by many spokesmen of present-day radicalism! Our American philosophy of life is rooted in optimism. It is a robust gospel of self-respect, self-help and common sense. The average American believes, not that America is perfect but that it is solidly built on sound foundations. He has confidence in our basic ideals and institutions, and he is convinced that by and through them satisfactory solutions to our problems can be worked out. This is not spread-eagleism, neither is it pollyanna. It is a sane forecast that the breed and spirit which conquered the wilderness, forged a nation, and brought that nation to its present high level will continue to display the intelligence and character needed to meet conditions as they shall arise.

Disgruntled Aliens

Now consider the numbing, chilling effect upon the individual who abandons this American attitude for the tenets of radicalism. Losing faith in our basic ideals and institutions, he loses confidence not only in public affairs but also in his private undertakings. His courage and self-reliance are alike insidiously sapped. Believing himself swamped and dominated by tyranny, privilege, corruption and stupidity, he comes to feel that he has no chance and tends to lay all his misfortunes at the door of some system, monstrous and mysterious, whose intolerable grip can be broken only by smashing America itself. Is it any wonder that, with such a negative, corrosive, destructive attitude toward life, the radical convert is apt to get in wrong with his associates, lose his job or his business, and ultimately go broke?

Thus far I have, of course, been speaking of the genuine radical, the individual who sincerely embraces extreme doctrines. These, as already stated, form the core of the present radical movement in America. But there are other types to be found in the radical camp, chief among these being the professional radical and the disgruntled alien. Neither of them is a radical in the true sense of the word. The professional radical has espoused the cause through motives of private self-interest, such as ambition and financial profit. As for the disgruntled alien, he usually belongs to those recent

(Continued on Page 64)

YOU KNOW IN ADVANCE

Dodge Brothers Motor Car owners know in advance what any service operation will cost.

But they do not pay in advance for service they may never need.

That is because Dodge Brothers do not believe in so-called "free" service, which simply means that the selling price of the car is so inflated that the extra profit is sufficient to cover "free" service costs.

Under the "free" service policy, every owner pays a maintenance fee for the upkeep of every other owner's car—and he pays this fee in advance.

Under Dodge Brothers policy, the owner is not so penalized. He pays a fair, predetermined price for service, but he pays only as he needs it—and he pays only for his own.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

5 famous points

Men, HANES VALUE *just sticks out all over!*

1 HANES *Collarettes are cut to size. A 40 suit has a 40 collarette. Won't roll or pucker. Protect the chest from cold draughts, and let the top-shirt lie smooth.*

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3 HANES *Elastic Shoulders give with every movement, because they're made with a service doubling lap seam. Comfortable. Strong.*

4 HANES *Closed Crotch really* STAYS *closed. Double gusset in thigh another comfort feature. Crotch can't bind, for* HANES *is fitted by* TRUNK *measurement, as well as chest.*

5 HANES *Elastic Ankles never bunch over the shoe-tops. No ugly pucker showing under the socks. One leg is exactly the same length as the other. They're mates!*

GET your hands on HANES and you won't let go. Get the smooth feel of those flat-lock seams. Stretch those elastic shoulders. Pull at those double gussets in the thigh. Tug at the buttons and the reinforced buttonholes. Every detail like those of highest priced garments. Yet HANES is sold at a popular price.

No doubt about it, Fellows. You can't put your underwear money to better use. You get comfort that's *real.* Special features and true trunk sizes take care of that. You get *wear,* long after the average underwear has gone to the rag-bag.

And HANES Underwear is guaranteed absolutely—every thread, stitch and button, or your money back. Compare the actual garments with the 5 Famous Points. Union suits, also shirts-and-drawers. Three weights. We especially recommend the HANES Heavy Weight for all practical purposes.

HANES Boys' Underwear is made of the same materials and with the same care. Union suits only. Two weights—heavy and extra heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years. 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seats. Also knee length and short sleeves.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next summer, wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!

(Continued from Page 62)

immigrant groups from Eastern or Southern Europe which by temperament and tradition are so remote from us that American life is to them both incomprehensible and distasteful. As a matter of fact, many of the disgruntled aliens not only have no radical leanings but believe in things which would be considered highly reactionary by even the most conservative native Americans.

The truth is that they just feel uncomfortable in their American environment and want to change it more to their liking. Nevertheless, they link up with the genuine radicals in common aversion to things American, and thus form part of the movement of protest and discontent against the established order.

The underlying trend of this movement is everywhere the same. It may vary vastly in form and intensity, ranging, as it does, all the way from satirical shafts aimed by oversophisticated young persons at our corn-fed ideals to desperate plottings of communist fanatics for a red revolution. Always, however, there is present the factor of discontent and disbelief in things characteristically American. That is the bond which holds together in a sort of negative alliance elements which in their positive aims may differ enormously from one another.

Such a movement can scarcely disrupt our national life, but it can do a lot of harm both to individuals and to the nation at large by souring tempers, inflaming passions, arousing suspicions, and generally sprinkling dust into the political and social gears. It is a grave annoyance, but it cannot become a real peril as long as the average American retains his sanity and common sense. The best way to meet it is by learning precisely what it is and then treating it with intelligent foresight—and a sense of humor.

THE BACHELORS OF DEVILHEAD

(Continued from Page 29)

he intended to hunt ruffed grouse, he adjusted the rudder of his tail in such a way as to guide him downward in a gradual slant toward the white cloud blanket far beneath him. As suddenly as he had entered it, he passed out of the rushing river of wind into air which was practically still; and a few minutes later, spiraling downward, he plunged into the stratum of cloud. Through this shallow sea of vapor he dropped swiftly with half-closed wings and presently saw the familiar panorama of forested mountain and valley spread beneath him.

Something else also he saw—something which immediately riveted his attention. Far away to the westward, just under the white cloud blanket, a black speck moved across the sky—a speck which resolved itself at once to Cloud King's farsighted eyes as a large, long-necked, short-tailed bird flying at high speed with rapid, powerful wing beats. Instantly the peregrine forgot the ruffed grouse which frequented the wooded slope beneath him and in quest of which he had traveled many miles from the aerie on Devilhead. Here was game even choicer and far rarer than the drumming cocks of the upland woods—game not often to be had among the mountains and not to be neglected when some fortunate chance brought it into the mountain country.

Cloud King had no doubt that the big long-bodied bird, speeding westward on whirring wings five hundred feet above the long valley of the Chinquapin, was a duck. Even at that great distance he could see its contour plainly. Its shape was that of a duck and it flew as a duck flies. Yet it seemed too large to be either a wood duck or a hooded merganser, the only species of the duck tribe at all likely to be seen in the high uplands in early summer. But the question of its precise identity was of little concern to the peregrine. It mattered little what kind of duck this was. All the ducks were royal provender; and the moment called for action, not speculation.

An instant Cloud King hung almost motionless in the air, like a runner who nerves himself for the start of a hard race. Then his long pointed wings began to move with regular measured strokes—strokes which seemed deliberate and unhurried and yet somehow gave an impression of great power. Faster and faster those calm, monotonously even wing beats drove his hard, muscular body forward; and gradually, imperceptibly, as the speed of his flight increased, the movement of his long pinions became more rapid. But never at this stage of the chase was there any appearance of undue exertion. The big hawk was driving through the air at a rate far exceeding that of the fastest locomotive; yet he seemed not to hurry at all, but sped on his way as easily and lightly as a migrating swallow.

It may be that a definite purpose, to which he reacted instinctively rather than through exercise of any reasoning faculty, governed the falcon's tactics. It was often his custom to carry choice bits of game to his aerie on the cliff; and if in this instance he postponed the fatal blow for a while, he would not have to transport the carcass so far, for his quarry was heading straight up the valley toward the blue peak of Devilhead, dimly visible in the distance. Possibly, on the other hand, the seeming deliberateness of his flight was simply an instinctive recognition of the fact that this was likely to be a hard chase, in which he must not wear himself out at the beginning. His quarry had a long start; the test was one of endurance as well as speed. With all his superb muscular development, the falcon might not win this race if at the outset he expended his strength too lavishly.

So, for a space of minutes, Cloud King's long dark pinions fanned the air with a motion scarcely more rapid than that which he habitually employed when journeying to some outlying corner of his widespread kingdom. Nevertheless, the keen, fierce eyes, fixed immovably upon that flying form far ahead, told him that he was gaining. As a matter of fact, the big peregrine, though he had not yet called all his powers into play, was flying nearly twice as fast as his prospective victim.

The latter—a long-bodied, torpedo-shaped, gray-and-white bird, considerably larger than a mallard, and marked with a chestnut patch on his throat—was evidently unaware of his peril. His rather short wings, smiting the air rapidly, drove his heavy projectilelike body forward at high speed. But that speed had not been increased in the few minutes which had elapsed since the beginning of the chase; those wing beats had grown no more rapid. The big bird, unconscious of the stern, masterful pursuer racing after him and still far in his rear, was flying at the rate characteristic of the red-throated loon when migrating or when journeying overland from one feeding ground to another.

It was a journey of the latter sort that the loon was now undertaking. Having depleted the fish resources of one small mountain lake, he was in search of another; and since the mountain region was strange to him and lakes were very few and small, he was eagerly scanning the country over which he passed. He was in that country as the result of accident. A bird of the seacoast, whose summer home was the upper North, he had started on his return to Labrador, when a spring gale of unusual violence blew him far inland. Winging his way over forested ridges and valleys, he saw beneath him a small lake not unlike those of his Canadian home. Here he had alighted, and, finding the lake well stocked with fish, here he had been content to linger.

Spring came later to the mountains than to the coast, and when, as the days grew warmer, the migratory urge took hold of him again the normal time of his mating was far past. Perhaps for that reason the instinct which should have sent him on toward the Arctic was dulled and crippled. Vaguely discontented and somewhat lonely, twice he rose into the air to fly to the far-off boreal land where his fellows were nesting; and twice instinct failed him and he returned.

Thus he had stayed on, an accidental exile in a region where his kind were almost unknown; and as spring merged into summer his restlessness gradually passed, and, despite the unaccustomed warmth, he grew more and more contented with his placid little lake, ringed round with alders and shaded by tall hemlocks and gigantic tulip trees. He might have remained there months longer but for the fact that after a while the fish upon which he fed became inconveniently scarce. It was this exigency, the failure of his food supply, which finally

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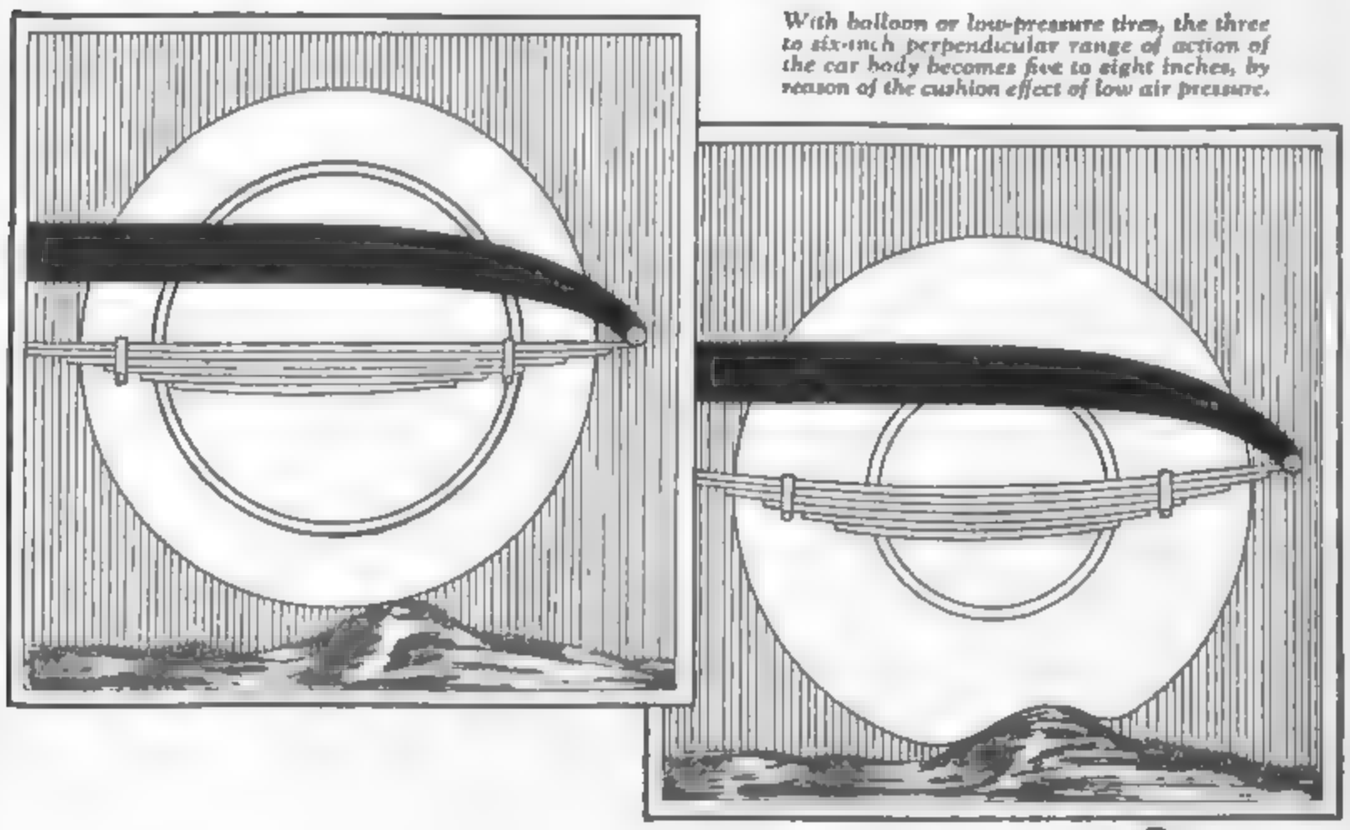
Why Balloon Tires *Need these* Gabriels



With balloon or low-pressure tires, the three to six-inch perpendicular range of action of the car body becomes five to eight inches, by reason of the cushion effect of low air pressure.

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name Snubber. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in 2200 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many install them as well.

Perfect control of balloon and low-pressure tires demands *both* the free play and the increasing braking action which only Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers provide.

Gabriel was first to recognize the great difference in the action of a car when tires of low air pressure replace the high air pressure type.

It brought to bear the experience of sixteen years, and solved the problem by producing *an entirely new-type snubber to meet the new need.*

Gabriel free play means that the soft air-cushion which is the big feature of low-pressure tires is free to absorb the shock of small bumps without passing it on to the occupants of the car.

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That means the elimination of violent upthrow caused by the larger bumps, and also the elimination of galloping, pitching and rolling.

These are the facts. They are proving themselves over and over again, and are rolling up an overwhelming Gabriel preference among car manufacturers, tire people and car owners when balloon and low-pressure tires are used.

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KNOWING that every properly filled Christmas stocking contains Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts explains why Uncle Ben played Santa Claus so readily.

These big, flavory, golden-brown peanuts are so full of goodness that nobody can resist them. Fortunately, this is one temptation that is wholesomeness itself, for they are a real food—nutritious as they are good.

Let the youngsters eat all they want. They are the goody without a "don't".

Even though taken from the Planters can, and sold in the Planters jar, they are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

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Planters
PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

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compelled him to seek a new fishing ground; and it was grim chance which directed his flight southward across a high balsam-covered range, then westward up the long valley of the Chinquapin, toward Devilhead peak, where Cloud King, the peregrine, had his home.

A third of the distance to Devilhead had been covered when at last the red-throated loon became aware of his pursuer. By that time—and scarcely more than five minutes had elapsed since the beginning of the chase, so swiftly were the two birds moving—the hawk had cut down the distance between himself and his quarry by more than half. Cloud King now knew that the big bird ahead of him and perhaps a hundred feet below him was not a duck of any of the species known to him; but he judged it to be of the duck kind, and although it was larger than the birds upon which he was accustomed to prey, he was more determined than ever to attack and kill it. He could not grapple so large a bird in the air. Instead, he planned to fall upon it from above and hurl it to the ground. The chase had fanned into fierce flame the fury which possessed him in moments of violent action, and his bold spirit counted no odds of size or weight.

The peregrine was instantly aware that his approach had been discovered. The loon's pinions whirred twice as rapidly as before; his long body leaped forward and shot onward at a speed which was a startling revelation of his powers. Cloud King's fierce eyes glowed with a sterner light; his great yellow feet, armed with long, black, needle-pointed talons, opened and closed convulsively. Suddenly he screamed—a wild, shrill cry which the fugitive might have interpreted as a cry of disappointment and baffled rage. Yet, though he no longer gained, and perhaps even dropped a little behind, the falcon apparently made no effort to increase the velocity of his flight.

His long wings still smote the air with that deliberateness and evenness of stroke which gave a sinister impression of confident mastery of the situation and seemed somehow to hint of hidden powers still held in reserve.

The red-throated loon was fleeing for his life. Terror gripped him, and in the clutch of that terror he was exerting every atom of his strength. But Cloud King, the peregrine, even in the wild fury of the chase, was cool, skillful, clear-headed, a master craftsman; and the craft, the business of the peregrine, is the pursuit of swift, strong-winged birds, some of them—like the teal, for instance—among the swiftest of all the birds that fly. Instinctively Cloud King knew the strategy of the problem before him, the age-old problem of his kind. He made no mistake, was betrayed into no false step. The sudden burst of speed which seemed to forecast the fugitive's escape was no surprise to the pursuer. On the contrary, the latter expected it; for always, at the moment of discovery, this spurt came.

The question—the only important question—was, how long would the spurt last? And until he had some indication of the answer Cloud King was far too expert at this game of life and death—a game which his forbears had played for countless centuries—to call upon that reserve of strength which might be needed before the end.

Quickly he had his answer. After a minute or two he saw that the rapidity of the fugitive's wing strokes was slackening; and presently the hawk's intent, unwinking eyes, marvelously accurate measurers of distance, told him that the space between pursuer and pursued was beginning to diminish again.

In that moment Cloud King knew that the victory was his whenever he chose to grasp it; and he knew also that the moment was near at hand. The tall peak of Devilhead, which at the beginning of the chase had stood pale and dim on the blue horizon, now reared its dark forested bulk scarcely more than three miles away. In another minute or so the loon would be directly over the long irregular ridge of which Devilhead crag, at the ridge's southern end, was the apex.

Suddenly—so suddenly that the effect was mysterious and startling, as though some unseen outside force had hurled the hawk forward—Cloud King doubled his speed. Gone now was that appearance of grim, calm, masterful deliberateness. The long pointed wings were driving now as hard and as fast as muscle and sinew could drive them; and the peregrine, still a hundred feet higher than his quarry, was overhauling the fugitive almost as though the latter were standing still.

A half minute more and Cloud King's head reached downward, his fierce eyes measuring the distance. Again he screamed and again the great yellow feet with their armament of trenchant claws opened and shut beneath him. Then, his wings half closed, his talons spread, his barred tail open like a fan, he shot down upon his victim.

Dan Alexander, flat on his stomach behind a low mossy bowlder near the center of Rocky Meadow, heard that scream faintly, but was too busy to glance upward. He had completed his long stalk at last; and now, for the second time in his life, he was looking at Red Rogue, the fox, along the barrel of a rifle. Dan was supremely content. He had given much time and labor to this bit of still-hunting and had crawled painfully across half the width of Rocky Meadow. But he had not taken all this trouble in vain. Red Rogue, still sitting on his haunches beside the big bowlder near the brook, was an easy target. Dan, squinting along his rifle barrel, was debating whether to aim for the middle of that rusty-red back—in which case he could not miss—or risk a fancy shot at the fox's head.

Red Rogue also heard the peregrine's scream; and he also was too busy at that moment to concern himself with the business of his neighbor of Devilhead peak. The cottontail, nibbling her way along the brook margin, had nibbled in leisurely fashion and had kept the old fox waiting a long while for his breakfast. Now, however, the rabbit had approached within a few yards of the bowlder. In another minute or two Red Rogue's chance would come.

Of the three who were playing the grim game of hunter and hunted in Rocky Meadow, only the cottontail had even a moment's warning of the strange thing that occurred. At the falcon's scream she crouched low in the weeds beside the brook, her frightened eyes searching the sky. She saw a dark body hurtling downward and she crouched still lower, expecting each moment to feel the hawk's talons in her flank. But neither Red Rogue nor Dan Alexander saw that falling body. Neither of these two knew that it was falling until it struck the ground between the hunter and the fox, not more than ten feet behind the fox's back.

Red Rogue never knew what it was that fell from the sky. He did not stop to investigate its nature. Startled half out of his wits by a swish of wind and a sudden heavy thud directly behind him and close by, he leaped over the bowlder in front and raced twenty yards at top speed before he looked back.

He saw the tall young woodsman who lived in the cabin under Devilhead running forward, rifle in hand; and, changing his direction slightly, the old fox continued on his way.

As for Dan, he quickly unraveled one mystery. But another and deeper one remained. When he had examined the big bird which had fallen out of the clouds—a queer bird of a kind that he had never before seen in the mountains—and discovered that its back was ripped and torn from neck to tail as though sharp claws had raked it, he remembered that faintly heard scream, and looking up, he saw Cloud King, the peregrine, circling high in the air. He knew then why the unknown bird had fallen.

Yet he was puzzled and a little troubled. The superstition of the mountain folk, inherited from generations of ancestors, was strong in him. This thing which had happened before his eyes was strange beyond all imagining, a marvel for which there was no precedent in all his experience of the woods. Another moment and he would have sent a bullet crashing into Red Rogue's back or brain; but in that moment Cloud King, the falcon, appearing suddenly in the sky, had saved the life of the neighbor with whom he shared the solitude of Devilhead crag.

In spite of himself, Dan wondered whether the strange thing which he had witnessed was not a sign, an omen—perhaps a grim, uncanny warning like those of which old women in the mountain cabins sometimes told. Even while he mocked his own thoughts, Dan knew that, for a while at any rate, he would hunt the bachelors of Devilhead no more.

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The Coach is now priced below all comparison. It is the greatest value in Hudson-Essex history.

Largest production of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world makes possible these price reductions. Hudson-Essex alone have resources to create this car and this price.

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Tioga Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, which has a Blabon floor of Plain Linoleum.

The real test of service!

Everyone interested in furnishing a home should have this 32-page, 8" x 11" brochure, by Hazel H Adler. Beautifully illustrated in color. It explains the correct use of color and materials. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 15 cents.

How genuine linoleum is made

Blabon's Linoleum is made of finely ground cork and oxidized linseed oil intimately blended, and firmly attached to a burlap base. In Inlaid and Plain Linoleums the patterns and colors are pressed clear through to the burlap back. In Printed grades the patterns and colors are printed on the linoleum body with heavy oil paints.

Judge floors by how they stand up under hardest wear.

Blabon floors of Plain or Inlaid Linoleum give years of service in buildings where the constant tread of feet puts them to severest tests, such as churches, schools, libraries, theatres, hotels, banks, and offices. Their beautiful colors and artistic patterns go through to the burlap back and never wear off while the linoleum lasts. An occasional waxing and polishing adds life and enhances their beauty.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt paper insures watertight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent. And it has the warmth of a double floor.

Blabon floors are sanitary. They are easy to keep clean, low in maintenance cost, and adapted to fireproof construction.

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Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, mothproof. They lie flat without fastening. Made in an assortment of sizes.

Any good home-furnishing or department store can show you Blabon's Linoleum. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon.

Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 73 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

THE HIGHBOY AND HIS HANNAH

(Continued from Page 31)

had helped himself to more coffee. "Why, Estella!"

The captain stirred uneasily at the mention of the famous knife-throwing Spanish señora—his awful wedded wife.

"Cut the comedy!" he exclaimed. "Stel is in Hollywood playing in pictures—in the big serial, A Daughter of Doom. She gets her five hundred fish a week and she sent me word her alimony could run for Sweeney."

"That fillum company is bust," replied Slim. "Stel's back on the Big Apple, and I tell you I saw her make you in the parade."

"Sig Bloom's outfit ain't so bad," said the captain musingly after a pause. "Not big money, but you get it. You can wire him we're joining out and say to send fare. He's gotta pay freight for my tricks. Wire him that'll be a hundred bucks over fare. Your props go as excess. Make him come across before we leave, though."

So the evening waned and the night passed in New York. Then day came again all over the world, and it was forenoon on a fertile well-tilled Amish farm; and here, as on Eighth Avenue, two languages are spoken; but here they are Pennsylvania Dutch and disjointed American English mingled together, and if you understand the latter you can safely guess what the Pennsylvania Dutch may mean.

But here in the wide, neat, cozy kitchen of the Hosselrode farm no one was speaking. The Dutch clock ticked the quiet hours away, and Hannah Hosselrode, the daughter of the house, plump, petite and pretty, in her sober gray gown, guiltless of buttons or ornament, was all alone. Her rolled-up sleeves displayed her pretty dimpled arms as she briskly wielded her broom. Ever and anon she glanced at the clock with anxious expression on her face.

"The mail man he drives by yet half an hour," was her thought; "Mrs. Hummelschein should be *aufkommen* by her house."

She turned and stepped to the window, from where she had sight of the broad pike and her father in the wide field driving the cultivator through the young corn. As he reached the end of his furrows he paused to speak to a heavy-set man in grimy overalls and carrying a shotgun, at the fence by the roadside.

The girl shrugged her shoulders at the sight and then turned and looked at the fat gray cat asleep under the red settee by the kitchen stove, and listlessly reached for the Farmer's Almanac hanging from a nail from the blackened mantel under a brass candlestick, and by the huge pink conch shell that was useful as well as ornamental, for it was the sonorous dinner horn.

The Farmer's Almanac had no great interest for a young Amish girl, love longing for a *Gottlosen*, a worldly stranger, a Gentile outside the pale.

She glanced at the almanac's weather prognostications for the month, from fair to variable, the directions as to planting of things bearing underground or above ground, from potatoes to beans, according to the phases of the moon. These she knew by heart, as well as the verses on the back cover that have been more than a hundred years in the compiling, as the old almanac chronicles the growing roster of our nation's chief executives:

OUR PRESIDENTS

First stands the noble Washington,
Heroic, great, immortal one;
The elder Adams next we see,
While Jefferson comes number three;
Then Madison is next, we know,
The fifth one on the list, Monroe ——

and so on to Harding and Coolidge.

The girl hung up the book with a grimace of testy impatience and tripped to the window again, and then smiled to see a stout woman at the great gate that shut off the Hosselrode driveway from the pike. The woman bore an armful of clothes, a long gray coat and a man's trousers. Hannah Hosselrode met her gayly at the door.

"*Grüss Gott*, Mrs. Hummelschein! Did my fellar ——"

"*Ach, ja!* I have another letter still from him coming. *Schrecklich!* If your fader knew they come by me yet!"

But the little Amish girl reached deftly in under the neatly mended clothes of her father and grasped the letter from the hand of the elder woman.

"Since your mother dies on us and I come in to help yet, never did I do such things," sighed the red-faced Mrs. Hummelschein as the girl opened the letter with a knitting needle, kissed the paper as she had kissed the envelope and eagerly read the letter half aloud, the way she was used to reading.

The neighbor, a widow woman of all work, hung by to hear what the letter contained, and then carried the clothes to a press in an inner room, returning to open the wood box and replenish the fire in the stove, remarking, "Hide this *Liebesbrief* now! *Zweimal* you have read it! And peel the *Grundbeeren*, and get the cowcumbers and the *sauer* cream, and the *Schnitz* yet to make the apple dumplings, and the saleratus still. If the sugar is all, I told you."

"The sugar isn't all; fader made plenty by the maple trees this *Februar*," said the girl, smiling, as she kissed the letter again and put it in her bosom. "*Ach*, so happy I am yet, Mrs. Hummelschein! Mine fellar he comes by Bradleyburg next *Montag* yet, for the firemen's and the big show undt circus he will be with again, sure, so *schon!*"

"*Guck mal!* If you should marry a *Gottlosen*, I don't know if it is good yet. But if you marry an Amish man, *schlechtes Maedel*, you work hard; maybe he is stingy by you—Amish men is always *geizig* yet—and you don't have nothing by him but *Kinder! Ach*, it may be wickedness that I help you mit this *gottlosen* fellar!"

And the woman sniffed dolorously. Yet ever romance stirs, even in the hearts of the isolated and custom-bound women of the narrowest, most primitive cults, as romance stirred their Mother Eve, bringing her out of Eden to the pain and sorrow that love is—the after taste of the fruit of knowledge.

And besides, the widow neighbor had aspirations for a rich husband who would be lonely on his snug farm, bereft of a runaway daughter; so she bestirred herself at her tasks. Turning to the girl busied at the kitchen table, she added, "And Cooney Bepler, the *Saufer und Bummler*—loafer what drinks—is by your fader?"

"A dollar a day he gets, and his schnapps yet, with his gun to make the shoots. If he leaves it by the barn, can you the bullets take out still, like you told it?"

"*Ja, schön!* Often yet I done it, when my old man drinks and goes out mit his gun for the harvest rabbits," Mrs. Hummelschein assured her. "And your fellar has the gold watch mit a chain and a gold ring for you to give? Such is sinful by the Amish and you'd be churched. Well, make plenty of *Apfelstrudel* if Cooney Bepler comes by dinner still. But for why your fader should have him when he is *gottloser* more as your fellar is *unglaubiger?* Now get the *Schinken*, too, and the *Kaffee Essenz*, it soon goes by *mittag*." And Mrs. Hummelschein gave an apprehensive glance at the Dutch clock, while Hannah Hosselrode pursed her pretty lips and sang with her blithe young voice the sweet old German *lied* of love and youth:

"Ach, wie ist's möglich dann,
Dass ich dich lassen kann;
Hab dich von Herzen lieb,
Das glaube mir!"

"Ah! We will not part,
You I ne'er could leave;
That I love with all my heart,
You must believe!"

. . . . . .

Never had Bradleyburg such a gala day, with flags flying and banners all across Main Street, reading:

WELCOME, FIREMEN!
HEROES ONE AND ALL!

The street parade of Sig Bloom's Grand Allied Street Fair Shows had been greeted with loud acclaim by the seething throng as the procession passed between the lines of parked flivvers as far as the eye could see. No one had to drive ahead shouting, "Hold your horses! The elephants and calliope are coming!" There are no more horses in the sticks, save when a circus brings them there. On the lot the heat, dust, noise, excitement, games, shows, Frankfurters and soft drinks were terrific.

The cane racks were working fast, the punch-board men, Frankfurter, juice and doll-wheel concessions hoped it all was prophetic of good business all season. The merry-go-rounds had waiting queues. The Ferris

(Continued on Page 70)

For all the family — all the year

No car so completely meets the requirements of the family as the all-season and all-purpose Sedan. ¶ Its body is a combination of beauty and strength and comfort that reflects the highest traditions of Fisher craftsmanship. ¶ Five adults are comfortably seated on deep tufted cushions. The quickly adjusted windshield with its automatic cleaner—the floor type heater—and the easily operated windows, instantly adapt the Sedan to any condition of weather. ¶ Built into its time-proved chassis is the powerful and economical L-Head engine, Delco electrical equipment, pressure-feed lubrication, Harrison radiator, and a dry disc clutch. ¶ This Oldsmobile Sedan commends itself to the family in search of a sensible all-'round car at a sensible price.

The Sedan
$1275
f. o. b. factory

Roadster $875, Touring Car $875, Sport Roadster $985, Sport Touring $1015, 2 Pass. Coupe $1045, Coach $1065, Coupe $1175, De Luxe Sedan $1375. The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire additional.

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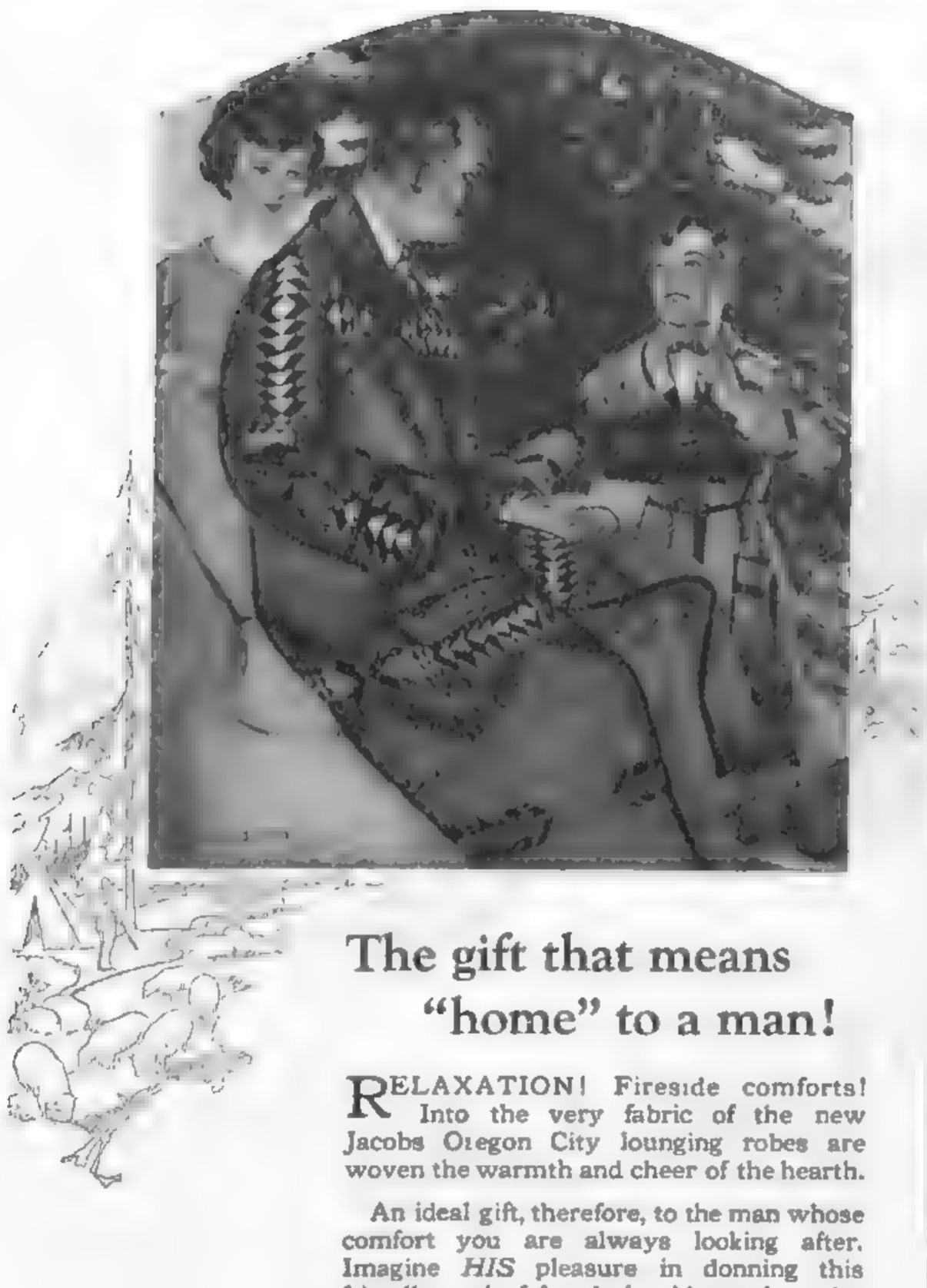

The gift that means "home" to a man!

RELAXATION! Fireside comforts! Into the very fabric of the new Jacobs Oregon City lounging robes are woven the warmth and cheer of the hearth.

An ideal gift, therefore, to the man whose comfort you are always looking after. Imagine *HIS* pleasure in donning this friendly, colorful robe! Along the trim edges of the robe are skillfully tailored bindings of Skinner's satin, or of grosgrain silk. Large pockets are added for lounging ease. Silk girdles in harmonizing colors add a final touch.

We make these robes for men and women from our own picturesque fabrics. They tell in vivid devices the legend-lore of vanishing tribes. Also made in soft-hued fabrics of rich, plain tones, smart checks and plaids. Trimmed in contrasting effects.

Jacobs Oregon City Virgin Wool Products

Overcoats
Mackinaws
Boys' Suits
Flannel Shirts
Lounging Robes
Indian Blankets
Motor Robes
Blankets

Oregon City virgin wool products make gifts that will be treasured. Handsome motor robes, Indian blankets, Hudson Bay blankets, in vivid stripes or beautiful plaids. Look for the Oregon City label—a guarantee of fine woolens since Civil War days.

Write for graphic story of the great wool country, "A Trip Through the Land of Wool." Oregon City Woolen Mills. Established 1864 by I. and R. Jacobs. Mills and tailoring shops at Oregon City, Oregon. Sales offices in principal cities.

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

PURE VIRGIN WOOL
WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

(Continued from Page 68

wheels, the pit shows, the Days of '49 were grinding in the mooks with short shows. Everything was jake.

The captain's fingers were sore, his wrists weak, playing, What'll I Do, Swinging Down the Lane, Linger a While and Beal Street Mamma on the gasoline-operated calliope, which was wheezing under the strain of a doubly busy day.

Slim the Highboy was grinding at all concessions; now at the pit show, now at the Humpty-Dumpty House, now at the Days of '49. Even at the mug tent—the photographic concession—where, to be strictly up-to-date, rural swains were being posed in pairs as pioneers on the seat of a covered wagon, sunbonnets and sombreros furnished free. For photo-prop automobiles and airplanes are out of date; the up-to-the-minute mug-tent sit-in is the covered wagon.

"Everybody rides in the covered wagon! Your sweetheart as the Prairie Flower, you as Kit Carson. Four photos for a quarter! Don't shove, but keep a-coming!" chanted Slim from his highboy, tapping the banner signs high up over the entrance of the mug tent with his baton. But his voice was strained, his eyes sorrowful. It was five P.M., and little Hannah Hosselrode, love of his life, had not showed.

Just as he was about to be resigned to love in despair a buxom country woman of kindly face peered up at him.

"Be you Mr. Henry Sowers?" she asked.

"That's me, lady," said Slim, stooping down eagerly. "Did Hannah ——"

"She give me this for you yet," replied the woman, passing up a soiled pink envelope, musk scented.

"Thank you, lady. Want your picture taken, or to see the shows? I'll slip you some skulls," cried Slim as he grabbed the precious missive.

The woman gazed wistfully into the crowded photograph tent, but shook her head negatively as to portraiture; but she smilingly grasped the passes he handed her.

"I'll take the show tickets yet, *danke schön*," she said. "I'll see you still, mister, before I am starting for home yet, if you should want I take you a word to Hannah." And she turned away to see the shows.

Slim cried after her, "Sure, lady! I want you to tell me how everything is with Miss Hosselrode. I'll be around, and you can't miss seeing me."

The message in the pink envelope, written largely in violet ink and much blotted, read:

"mine sweethart with much love still
"my pop is feerce with us yet and when such show plays is by, he locks me the house in upstairs. he watches out some all the time still and Cooney Bepler the schwartzschmitt with his shotgun comes, keep away by the farm. if you make the bumps then Cooney is to give the shoots at you.

"x x x x x HANNAH HOSSELRODE.

"and there ain't room for them yet, the paper is all. but my hart for you ain't.

"HANNAH.
"x x x x x"

"You're cuckoo, I tell you," said the captain, when Slim sought him out in front of the Days of '49 and told him he was going to get his girl and take her to New York. "Stay on the show. Sig is sending for my deep-sea-diving attraction where it's stored at Coney. He'll cut 25-75 with me, paint me new banners and give me a fine front. We'll have two shills in sailor uniform to work the pump, and a door talker in a diving suit and the pearl diver dinge to hold his helmet—for we play York, Chambersburg, Lancaster and then Harrisburg for week stands, hitting pay Saturdays. You ballyhoo exclusively for me and I'll split fifty-fifty and we'll cop enough jack to choke a galloping fish."

"Where'll you get your water on the lot?" asked Slim.

"Water? Do you think I'm bringing the big ten-ton tank? We'll fix a store like I had at Danbury Fair. Two eight-feet sheets of plate glass in a six-inch waterbox and the air pump bubbling it. The simps will think the air is pumped to the two rums in the divers' suits and helmets working behind the water effect."

"But," whimpered Slim plaintively, "I'm wising you that little Amish girl is being bawled out day and night sumpin fierce in Pennsylvania Dutch by her old man. He's belted her with a harness strap, too, and locked her upstairs, the dame told me."

"And I joined on this show only because you were mush on this frail," the captain complained. "I'm as big a sil as you are, and now you want me to get in a jam with a white-slave play, and mebbe crab Sig Bloom's whole outfit, and this is the first week of the season it hasn't rained; and Sig says the nut, not counting cakes for the outfit, is four hundred fish a day ——"

"Are you a good Arab or ain't you? I ask you that, cap'n," Slim interrupted with tears in his eyes. "That little thrush, my Hannah sweetie, is cooped, and she ain't got no mother and her heart's breaking. Are you with me or ain't you? Am I to go lamming off alone on this play without a side kick? So I ask you again, ain't you an Arab?"

"What can we do, you big sap?" asked the exasperated captain, weakening. "You don't know where this Amish hang-out is?"

"The dame that brought me little Hannah's note told me. It's plain down the pike six miles, with a milestone by old Hosselrode's gate and nine crosses in blue on the gate to keep off witches, for the old man reads the Seventh Book of Moses and the Golden Key in Dutch. I know the book; we had it on our farm. You make a man of mud and dry him in the chimney, and as he crumbles your enemy crumbles."

"That ain't religious!" said the old diver, taking off his uniform cap and wiping his brow agitatedly. "Suppose old Hasenpfeffer makes a mud man of me and I crumble, if I help you cop out his little gal. This old Hasenpfeffer ——"

"Hosselrode!" interrupted Slim impatiently. "And you cut that white-slaver stuff! I'll marry the wren, first squire, if you'll tote us to the rattler. Then we'll make the Big Apple and I'll treat her right. I'm plumb gilly about that little Hannah sugar lump. I never could stand wisecracking dames like Cleo. You can come back and play your dates with Sig's outfit but I'll miss you on Eighth Avenue, cap'n."

"Yes, you will!" said the captain sardonically. "And you playing house with your kid bride!"

"I only want you to help me turn her loose and get us off to the main stem in your car. I know you can't leave the sticks on account of Stella waiting to crown you and give you the collar for alimony and everything."

"That's all off," said the captain sheepishly. "A little while ago I got a hot wire from that porcupine. Looky!" And he fished a telegram from out the breast pocket of his blue coat.

"CAPTAIN DAN DARROW,
Sig Bloom's Grand Allied Street Fair Shows,
Bradleyburg, Pa.:

"I catch you in the Poster ducking the Big Apple to blow me. You should worry, you big cheese. I blow for Hollywood on the fast rattler tonight to star in my own productions at a grand a week and engaged to a real guy, my director, and some sheik.

"ESTELLA."

"See, she blows to the coast and gets a thousand smackers a week—but, oh, the poor fish that's fell for her!" explained the captain.

"You'll pal, then?" asked Slim tremulously, as he handed back the yellow reprieve to the captain.

"Till the sands of the desert grow cold!" said the captain solemnly. "In the name of Allah, the merciful, the compassionate!" And he touched his right hand to his forehead and then to his heart and flung his arms wide and bowed. To this impressive Oriental salutation Slim genuflected in kind. For were they not both Arabs, true believers in that great fraternal order of outdoor showmen, faithful to its Koran of the caravan and brothers in vow?

"After the blow-off, and the simps all fade the lot after the night show, meet me behind the cook tent where I park," commanded the captain. "I see trouble coming and it's coming on a fast train, but Allah il Allah. And I'm a brother Arab, and the older I grow the bigger sap I am—hardening of the arteries, softening of the brain ——"

But Slim had grabbed him in an ecstatic embrace and choked his utterance. Then they parted as the exigencies of their professional vocation demanded; and soon, under the glaring gasoline torches, the captain was evoking the strains of Limehouse Blues and Slim was grinding over the

(Continued on Page 72)

After Eighty Years

IN 1844, fifty years before the first automobile, August Schrader began making pneumatic valves in New York City.

Today his name can be found on valves that enable millions of motorists to ride safely and comfortably on air. For August Schrader was the father of the automobile tire valve in America.

The business he founded is today applying to the manufacture of Schrader Tire Valves the lessons learned during eighty years' experience in making equipment that successfully confined air.

Schrader Tire Valves have been for many years standard equipment on bicycle, motorcycle, automobile and pneumatic truck tires made in the United States, England and in Canada.

Every detail that would increase the efficiency of these valves and bring them to mechanical perfection has been carefully worked out. To each valve part a specific and essential duty has been assigned. Motorists should use all the parts to be sure of getting the greatest comfort and service out of their tires.

Replacement parts such as Schrader Valve Insides and Schrader Valve Caps, made to effectively hold air in Schrader Tire Valves (also Schrader Tire Gauges) are on sale in accessory shops in every village and hamlet throughout the United States and Canada. Carry extra Schrader Valve Parts for emergencies. Replace today any that may be missing.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Schrader Valve Cap

Important secondary air-tight seal. Effectively covers mouth of valve stem and protects valve insides from mud, dirt and injury. Packed in orange and blue metal box—five to a box.

Schrader Valve Inside

Made with spring at bottom to insure longer life and utmost effectiveness in holding air. Packed five insides in orange and blue patented metal container which insures protection to red rubber seat washer. This seat washer must always be in good condition to effectively hold air.

Note: Be sure you get the genuine Schrader Valve Caps and the genuine Schrader Valve Insides.

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Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

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ON THE counter, in your favorite hardware store, you will find them displayed—

—the finest looking tools you ever saw, their heads lustrous black, the handles rich red;

—tools that highly skilled mechanics have long been proud to call their own;

—the Plumb selection, from scores of styles and sizes, of the right nail hammer, the correct hatchet, the camp or Scout Axe and the machinists' hammer for you and for your friends.

Can you think of a better Christmas gift? A gift of lasting value, which any one will be glad to own, proud to use.

You can select any of these four Plumb tools, and be sure that it is the right one—correct in size, in shape and style for the work that it is to do.

And the name "Plumb" tells the user that it is forged from Plumb Special Steel, hardened, toughened, tempered, to give it Double Life.

Try any Plumb. Feel its easy swing. Then you will know why experts choose these better balanced tools, and why they say "They're Worth More."

Make your choice at any store where Plumb tools are displayed.

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 70)

grounds and shilling in the simps in front of the various concessions that operated under the night flares with Sig Bloom's Grand Allied Street Fair Shows.

At midnight a tall young man, seemingly carrying the mortal remains of a giant, came round the cookhouse, where Captain Darrow's car and calliope trailer were parked.

"You've brung your store?" asked the captain. "Why, sure! I forgot, that's right. That trick is your cakes and nothing else ain't. We'll lash it on the trailer."

"You're going to pull the trailer?" Slim inquired, as he helped the captain rope the clothed stilts, the shell of his workaday life, to the calliope.

"I'm canceling too. I'm leaving a note for Sig telling him I'm lamming out on account of Stella. He knows Stella. He'd rather see me lam than have her join on and start a clem. I'm telling him I'll ship him Ben Harker's Sawing a Lady in Two, with his Australian woodchoppers ballyhoo. Ben's tired of the small time and playing parks.

"Get in the boat; we're off! And now," added the captain as they moved swiftly over the lot, "what's your act in this added attraction? How're you going to work this gag?"

"Old Man Hosselrode ain't never seen me on my highboy," Slim explained. "I had it stacked behind a banner and was on the ground necking my Hannah birdie a-plenty when he made his entrance at the York fair, you remember?

"The neighbor dame that brought the note says the blackamith with the gun is kept in the barn, and full of hard cider, by the old man whenever anything plays this burg or York, from Tom shows to carnivals. The old man watches the girl, and the ginned mechanic with the gun watches for me. Old Man Hosselrode is leery, Hannah told the dame who gets my letters and gives them to her. My Hannah dearie tells her she can't keep from singing Dutch hymns she's so happy when she gets my letters, and the old man is hep that sumpin's doing. But he's afraid of *Hexen*—that's Pennsylvania Dutch for witches, ghosts—and he won't stir out much at night except with a lantern. So I'm going to work it this way." And he whispered his plan to his companion.

"It listens good," the captain admitted as they sped down the pike, leaving the twinkling lights of the sleeping carnival to wink out in the distance. "But I think that boozy blacksmith will vaccinate the both of us with buckshot, and we're two hundred miles from Bellevue. Well, I'm a Spanish War veteran and can get a pension for total disability—or a hero's funeral. But say, what did this Hannah girl mean by saying don't bump in that letter you read me?"

"That's Pennsylvania Dutch for 'Don't knock at the door,'" explained Slim. "There was Amish lived near us when I was a boy. '*Boyer*' is pie, and a girl is a '*Maedel*' and a boy is a '*Boop*' and potatoes is '*Grundbeeren*'—"

"Nix on the statistics, I warned you!" growled the captain. "Well, we must be near there; the speedometer says six miles."

"Ease her off. There's the milestone and the gate," whispered Slim, pointing ahead.

A dog began to bark angrily from his kennel near the fine red barn, and the love adventurers could see the barn roof and the roof of the white farmhouse gray-silvered beneath the moon.

"Now mind, start up Kitten on the Keys or sumpin if you hear a clem," advised Slim, as he began to don his costume and adjust his stilts.

Mounted on his stilts and clothed in the Anak uniform, he was a weird gigantic figure in the moonlight, his long shadow falling far behind him across the pike. He waved his four-foot baton and stepped with a giant stride over the five-foot gate with ease.

A bank of clouds ingulfed the moon and a gentle patter of rain hushed the sound of the highboy's brogans as he strode up the roadway to the portals of the well-kept farmhouse, with its red barn and silo and other farm buildings, all neat, prosperous looking and well cared for, as the farms of all the thrifty Amish are.

The dog barked more madly now, and the hard-boiled diver who had dealt with drowned men in the cold dim depths of the sea shivered slightly. He had no fear for himself, but he loved the amiable young Henry Clay Sowers as a son.

The captain had turned off the car lights, and now he could sit still no longer in the darkness. He climbed out of the car and stiffly over the gate that was chained and locked. Then swiftly he crept up the smooth roadway toward the farmhouse.

The rain left off, the moon shone again, and yet but dimly through a black lace scarf of clouds.

There was Slim, a grotesque unearthly figure twelve feet tall or more, silhouetted against the farmhouse by the second-story window on the near side. The dog now strained at his chain more madly and barked yap-yap! frenzied now with fierce uncontrollable rage.

Then the captain saw the stilt-walking Sowers take his baton and raise the window. A figure appeared at it and clasped the highboy around the neck, and then climbed out into his arms, carrying an oval-shaped bundle. A genuine rarity this was, a real antebellum carpet sack, which the captain was later thus admiringly to appraise, "What a prop to rube the streets with!"

As the highboy stalked from the window with the girl clasping her carpet sack in her arms, as he clasped her in his, the door of the barn flew open and a lurching figure appeared with a lantern and a shotgun. The figure dropped the lantern and fired twice. The buckshot sang through the air over the captain, who had fallen flat at the first flush.

Now the dog yap-yapped and howled in even fiercer rage, and the door of the farmhouse was opened and a tall, stoop-shouldered, bewhiskered man in a long dark woolen undershirt and nightcap stood haloed in the nimbus of a lighted candle that he held in his shaking hand.

Captain Darrow had risen to his feet and bolted down to the gate in the dark shadows of the maples that lined the roadway. He vaulted the gate and jumped to the keyboard on the trailer and piped discordantly, full diapason, on the calliope the old circus air:

This house is haunt-ed!
This house is haunt-ed!
This house is haunt-ed!
By
a
pret-
ty
girl!

The man holding the candle seemed to stare horrified at the unearthly, gigantic figure bearing off his daughter in the moonlight, with a shadow twenty feet in front and moving fast. And then as the calliope made the night even more hideous than the howls of the maddened dog had done, the bearded figure in undress in the doorway cried hoarsely in terror, "*Mein Gott im Himmel!*"

Then he dropped the candle and slammed the door behind it with himself safe in the house.

Now, scrabbling at the portals of the door that had been slammed in his face was the groveling, fear-frenzied blacksmith, screaming "Let me in! Let me in out of this, you old Dutch devil!" Then he turned shuddering as if impelled to give one more glance at the disappearing monster and its burden, and fell down moaning—collapsed, as he saw the great thing step over the high chained gate and then was gone, shrieking like a demon as it went.

But those shrieks that tore the night asunder were, of course, emitted by the captain's calliope, for he played it gayly in the trailer, as Slim, swiftly divesting himself of his impediments and bidding Hannah, who was hugging her gallant lover, to hold it by her in the front seat, started up the car and drove it down the wide white pike at forty miles an hour, the trailing calliope bumping and swaying behind and bellowing melodiously as it bumped and swayed.

For still the captain pounded on the keys, and still the resonant notes of the calliope shattered the night for miles across the Pennsylvania countryside:

This house is haunt-ed!
This house is haunt-ed!
This house is haunt-ed!
By
a
pret-
ty
girl!

It was Pan's paean to Chloe and Strephon in a midsummer night's nightmare!

How Chrysler Sweeps All Tradition Aside

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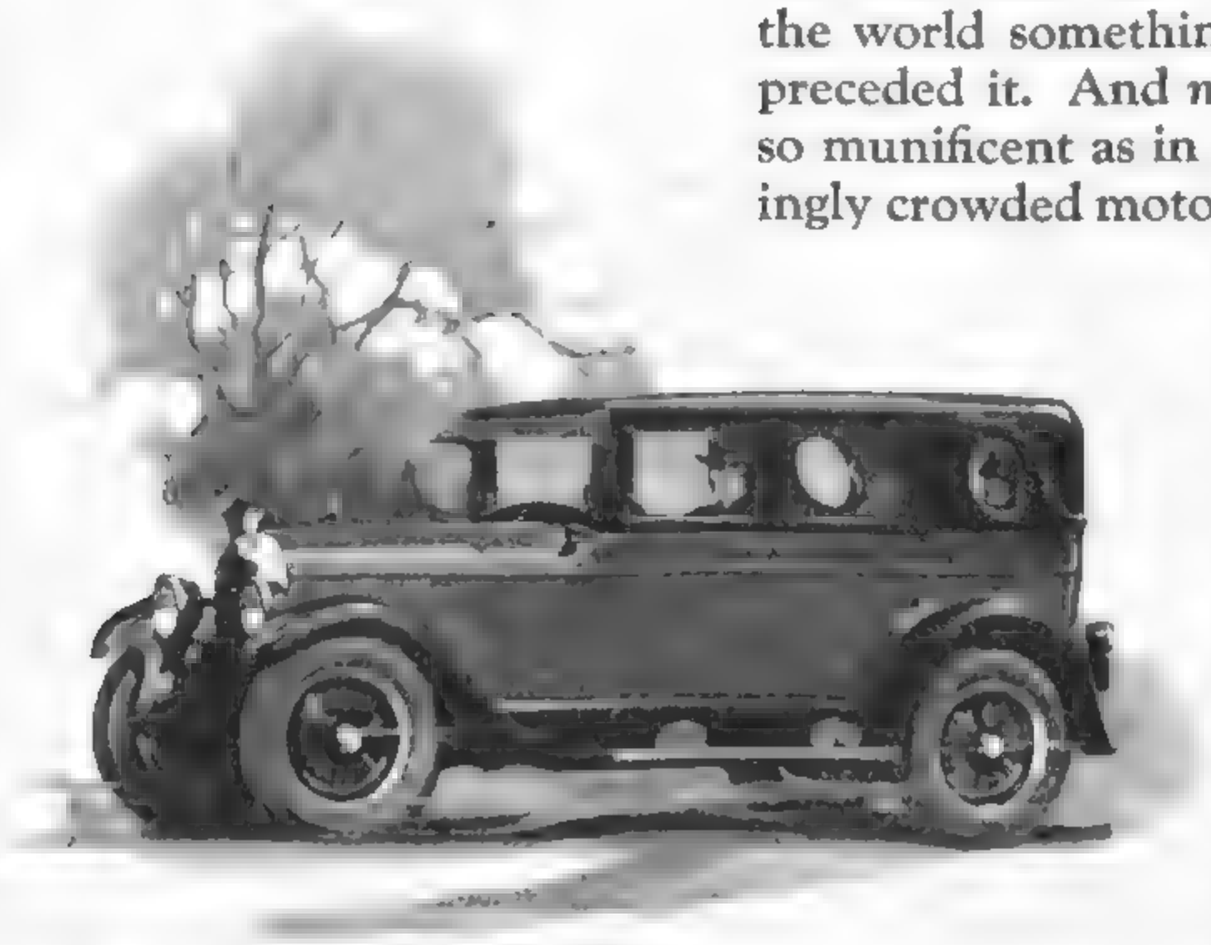

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THE FREEDOM OF THE BREEZE

By Marian Spitzer

ONE of the noteworthy things about infant industries is that they stay infants so short a time. The motion-picture industry, for instance, which reveled in that characterization for some years, has grown at least to adolescence. And even the newest infant industry, radio, is developing rapidly into a lusty youngster, crashing about most actively and putting the nose of its older brother, the theater, quite out of joint.

Radio, of course, has many and ramified applications. It can be and is used successfully for educational, scientific and political purposes; but probably its main claim on the attention of the American people, aside from its purely mechanical appeal, is its amusement value. At any rate that is the aspect of radio which will be considered in this article; that and the relation of radio to the various other branches of the amusement world.

Not since the earliest days of the movies and the phonograph has any correlated phase of entertainment thrown theatrical circles into such a turmoil of excitement and controversy as the radio. It is very interesting to discover, upon examining the career of radio from its inception up to the present time, how exactly it parallels the growth of the motion picture and the mechanical music dispenser. And looking into the future, it would seem that radio will follow precisely the same course as these two other developments and settle down eventually into a recognized, well-established, separate branch of the theater, with its own public, its own personnel and its own technic.

At the present time a state of war, or at least nothing more amicable than an armed truce, exists between the radio people and show people. By show people I mean not only actors and managers but also vaudeville performers and producers, song writers and music publishers. A considerable upheaval is taking place in the amusement world because of radio, and it is an upheaval of which the huge radio public, tuning in every night, knows very little and should be interested in learning about, as it is this public, after all, which will be concerned with the ultimate result.

Everybody Happy

The subject of the upheaval is the freedom of the air, and to make it quite clear, it is necessary to go back a year or two. In 1922, when radio was first beginning to be tremendously popular, it was greeted with joy not only by the public but also by people in the theatrical profession. It was a wonderful new medium for free publicity, they all agreed. By this new invention they could reach hundreds of thousands of people—millions in fact—win whole new publics that had hitherto been beyond their reach. Press agents of theaters and music publishing houses were in constant touch with broadcasters, arranging for the people they represented to perform over the radio, to give a monologue or sing a song or do part of a play.

For the first few months all went well. The best artists gave radio performances. Concert pianists, for instance, who commanded several hundred—perhaps several thousand—dollars for a single evening would gladly go to a broadcasting station and play a few selections. Famous comedians whose weekly salaries mounted to four figures were flattered at the opportunity to broadcast a few funny stories. As for song writers and music publishers, they leaped with delight at the chance to plug their numbers, to reach such vast numbers of people every day without even paying the usual song plugger's fee. Casts of successful plays would spend an afternoon at a broadcasting station, giving an act or more of the play. Vaudeville performers, too, would do all or part of their acts over the air.

And so for a time everybody was happy. The broadcasting stations had their pick of good entertainers, the entertainers had good publicity and the public listened in on some splendid programs. It wasn't long, however, before a serpent entered this blissful Eden. That serpent was doubt.

Things began to happen in various branches of the show world; things that may have been pure coincidence, but which, regarded all together, looked as though they might indicate something. Business at the Broadway theaters fell off a little. Just a little, it is true, but rather consistently. Vaudeville attendance began to show a slight decline. When the quarterly or semi-annual statement of sheet music and record sales came in it was discovered that they weren't up to their usual standard. That's when the doubt began to creep in.

It occurred to a number of people at approximately the same time that perhaps the supersaturation point of publicity had been reached. Someone came to the bright conclusion that the public isn't going to pay for entertainment when it can get that same entertainment for nothing. And if it can be perfectly well amused by turning a switch on a box in any one of its several million homes, why should it bother to go out into the crowded night to seek diversion?

Gradually the various theatrical groups began to worry. After a while they decided that something would have to be done, that some check would have to be put on promiscuous broadcasting, else the whole structure of the theater would collapse. That, by the way, was an exact repetition of the attitude of theatrical producers when the movies first became popular. Everyone was sure that the speaking stage was well on the way to limbo, that it would not be long before theaters other than movie houses would be traditions of the dim past, and that the human voice on the stage would be nothing but a remote myth.

New Restrictions

It was the Actors' Equity Association, that organization which has figured so prominently in the theatrical history of the past few years, that took the first definite stand on the matter. Early in 1923 the executive council of the A. E. A. met and passed a ruling which provided that if a theatrical company went as a unit to a broadcasting station and gave all or any part of its play, the broadcasters must pay each performer one eighth of a week's salary.

What the performers did as individuals was of no concern to Equity. That is, if a star felt like giving his services over the air, that was a matter entirely between the star and his management. Or if a microphone were installed in the theater and any part of the performance broadcast from there, Equity would not object. That, too, was regarded as a matter of individual policy.

But when it came to taking part of the company's spare time, Equity considered that exactly the same as an extra performance and decided that it must be paid for in just the same measure as an extra performance. Naturally, there was a considerable objection from the broadcasters. It was impossible to pay, they said. The programs were given free to the public, there was no source of revenue in it for the broadcasters. But Equity was adamant. Extra performances must be paid for. And so it stands today.

The next people to take a stand on the matter were the vaudeville heads. Shortly after the Equity decision was made the executives of the Keith and Orpheum circuits held a conference and came to the conclusion that business in their theaters was being hurt by the frequency with which vaudeville headliners did their stuff over the air. The issue in this case was not one of money. They didn't insist that their people be paid by the broadcasters for every radio performance. They simply issued an edict forbidding all vaudevillians to perform over the radio for any reason whatsoever. In terms of vaudeville, radio was classed as opposition.

(Continued on Page 76)

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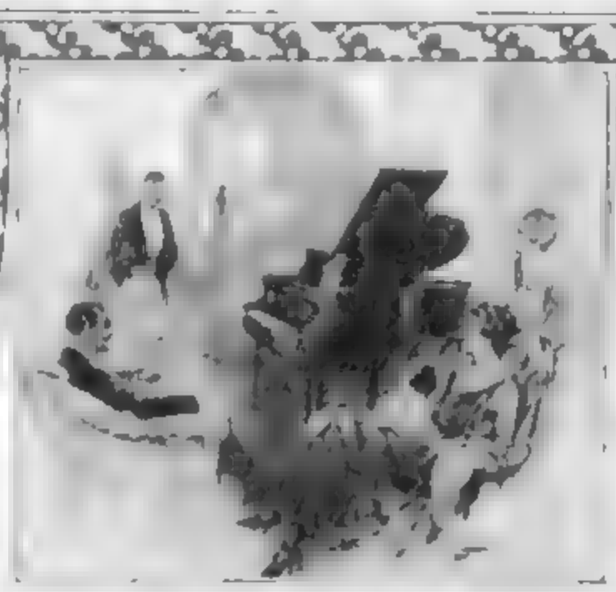

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(Continued from Page 74)

Next the song writers and publishers began to take some action. There is in New York a protective organization known as the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, the membership of which includes most of the important musical-comedy composers and lyricists, writers of popular songs and publishers of sheet music. This organization looks after the rights of its members and sees that the copyright act is strictly enforced.

The society decided that the unauthorized use of copyrighted songs over the radio was a violation of that act and informed broadcasters that they would have to pay for the privilege of broadcasting the work of any member of the society. It seemed impracticable to set a definite fee upon each number used, so the organization drew up an agreement between itself and the broadcasting stations by which the stations, for a sum of money, were licensed to broadcast the musical numbers in the repertory of the society.

The license fee was not uniform, but varied according to the size and importance of the station, and stations attached to educational institutions were exempt from paying.

The society acted with the copyright law in mind, that law providing that the holder of a copyright is the sole and exclusive owner of the copyrighted article and has entire control over it. Any broadcasting stations which did not take out a license from the society could not use the music of its members, and any station found doing so was prosecuted, as the saying goes, to the full extent of the law.

In the majority of cases where a station has been prosecuted by the society, the society has been victorious; but there was one trial in a Middle-Western city where an unlicensed station was given the decision by a judge, who found that a performance over the radio could not be construed as a public performance, because, despite the fact that there was an audience of a million or more, none of this audience was present in the room where the broadcasting was done.

The Kernel of the Matter

It was this action on the part of the American Society that was the immediate occasion of the upheaval, although it had been on the way for some time. Broadcasting stations paid protestingly; the letter of the copyright law was involved in this affair, they admitted, but the spirit was not. The copyright law was enacted long before radio was ever dreamed of, and there was really no provision in it for the conditions existing today. The whole point of the copyright act, they said, was centered on public performance for profit, and they were not broadcasting for profit. The thing to do then, obviously, was to effect a change in the copyright act.

It might be well at this point to look at the broadcasting stations themselves. There are in the United States approximately five hundred such stations. Of these about fifteen are controlled by corporations which manufacture radio apparatus. The rest are divided about equally among educational institutions, newspapers and department stores, with a few churches, and an occasional private citizen of wealth who broadcasts for the sheer fun of it.

It is fairly safe to assume that the fifteen-odd stations operated by radio corporations get some sort of profit from so doing, although it is claimed by their representatives that they would sell just as much apparatus if they ceased broadcasting, and that they continue to do it because they have that fever, the thrill of broadcasting.

Senator Dill's Bill

Educational institutions quite obviously do not broadcast for profit, nor do churches; and as for department stores and newspapers, they give rise to the question, Just what is meant by profit? Is profit always to be counted in immediate money returns? If a newspaper, by means of its excellent radio programs, wins the friendship of many thousands of people, is it not reasonable to expect that the newspaper will profit by this in increased circulation and perhaps in increased advertising?

And if a department store broadcasts a good program and secures the good will of a host of men and women, is it also not reasonable to expect that the volume of business will increase and new customers come to the store? Is that to be considered as profit or is it not?

The broadcasters say it is not. The performers and musicians say it is. And the former see no reason why they should pay the latter for their services and material, while the latter see no reason why they should donate them. Result, a deadlock. And it was this deadlock that brought about the first definite attempt to modify the copyright act.

This attempt took place in Washington last April, at a hearing before a subcommittee of the Committee on Patents. The subcommittee met to consider a bill introduced by Senator C. C. Dill, of the state of Washington, who proposed the following amendment to the copyright act:

"That the copyright control shall not extend to public performances, whether for profit or without profit where such performance is made . . . by use of the radio."

His object in introducing the amendment, Senator Dill said, was to insure free radio broadcasting. His only concern was the public's right to receive good radio programs free.

Several men, high officials of various radio organizations, testified before the

(Continued on Page 78)

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Pelicans on Bird Island in Great Salt Lake, Utah

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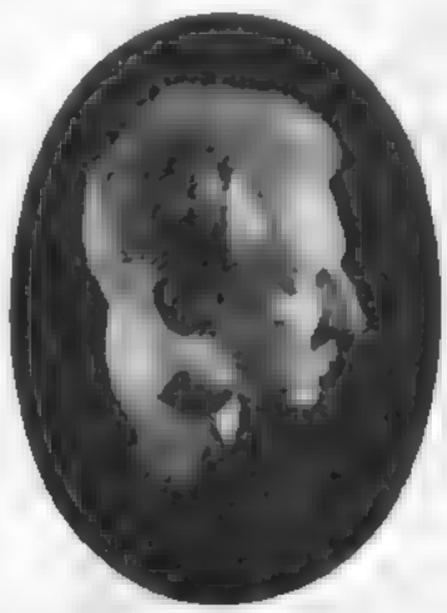

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(Continued from Page 76)

committee and their arguments covered two main points: First, that broadcasting on the whole is a public service from which the broadcaster receives no profit; and secondly, that the people who contribute to radio programs are more than adequately paid by the publicity they receive and should not demand additional compensation in the form of money.

E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of the National Association of Broadcasters, told what public service the broadcasters perform, particularly for people in isolated places.

"Our stations in Chicago," Mr. McDonald testified, "are heard nightly by Donald B. MacMillan, who is now frozen in within eleven degrees of the North Pole. There is a man up there in that frozen North with a radio set on board, a radio set that overcomes the greatest hardship of the North—the solitude."

Mr. McDonald also spoke of the service radio performs for the blind, for invalids and other shut-ins. Referring to the artists, he said that the return to the performers was so great that they were more than willing to give free programs over the radio. He quoted Claudia Muzio and Florence Macbeth, both of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as saying that they not only got excellent publicity from these performances but that they received additional concert engagements as a result.

The contention of the musicians and publishers who appeared before the committee against the passage of the amendment was that first, the broadcasting stations do, on the whole, operate for profit; and secondly, that the publicity their songs get from frequent repetition on the radio acts as a boomerang; that far from helping the sale of sheet music and records, radio performances kill these sales.

One of the most active people in the fight against the passage of the amendment was the late Victor Herbert, who was at that time vice president of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Mr. Herbert testified that the uncontrolled use of popular music by the radio would eventually deprive the song writers of a means of livelihood, and added that since the advent of the radio the receipts from his compositions had gone down 50 per cent in all lines

"If people hear a song eight or ten times an evening on the radio," he asked the committee, "why in the world should they go out and buy that song?"

John Philip Sousa, the march king, was another prominent musician who testified at the hearing. Mr. Sousa was quite businesslike and to the point.

"People who make shoes are paid for them," he said. "They are not expected to give them away. Why, then, shouldn't people who make songs be paid for them? Why shouldn't a man be paid for the fun he gives the world?"

Augustus Thomas, the noted playwright, testified that much damage had been done to dramatic productions because of too frequent broadcastings. He referred to several cancellations of road-company plays because those plays had already been heard over the radio.

The question involved in the hearing was really nothing but the ancient one of property rights in a new guise, and those who attended it say it was one of the most interesting engagements ever fought on the Washington battlefields. Three days were consumed in taking the testimony of scores of people. There were many harsh words, much recrimination and a great deal of oratory, and the minutes of the meeting fill a book of nearly three hundred pages. The hearing was before Senators Ernst, Brandegee, Stanley, Broussard and Shipstead. The bill was not passed. It is expected that it will be brought up again in the future and the same bitter battle gone through all over again.

This much was made plain, however: Radio, in its relation to the world of entertainment, is passing through the same stage as the mechanical reproducing devices of music did about a decade ago. When the phonograph was first invented, song writers were delighted to have their compositions reproduced by this means. Also well-known singers and instrumentalists rushed to make records without compensation, under the

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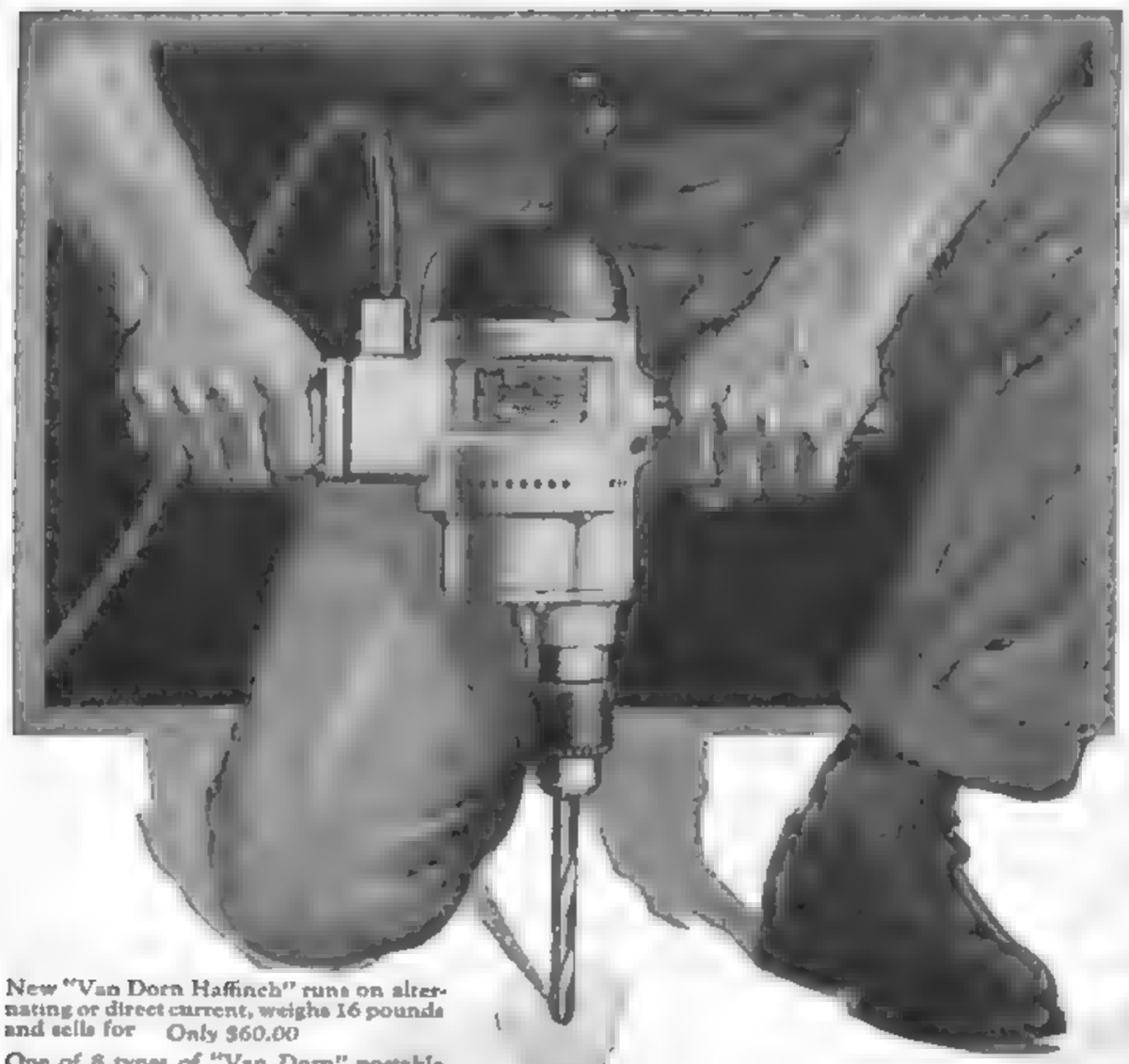

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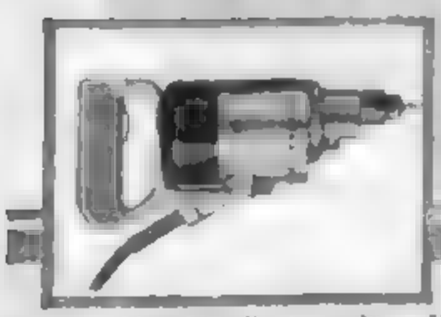

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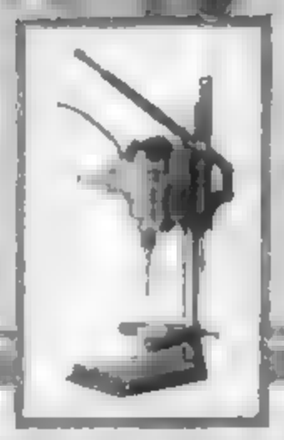

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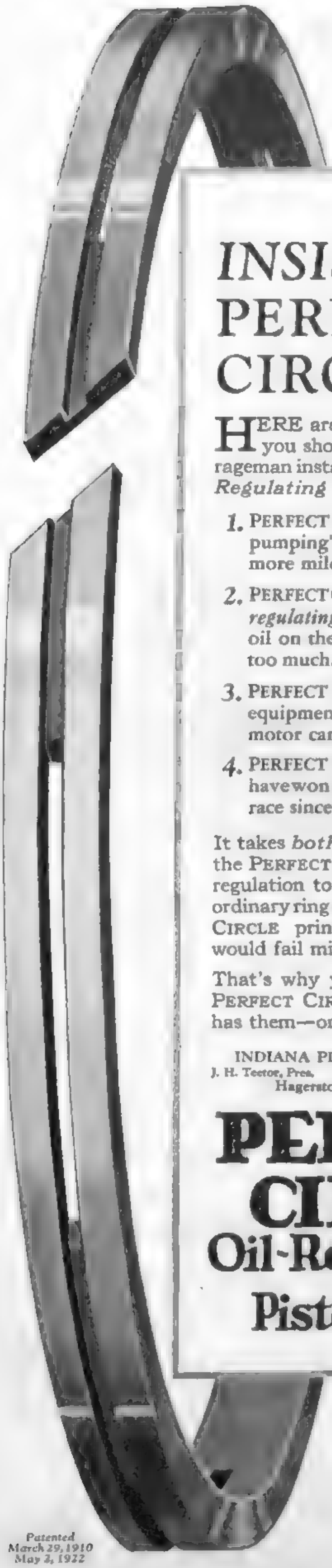

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J. H. Teetor, Pres. C. N. Teetor, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A.

PERFECT CIRCLE
Oil-Regulating Piston Rings

Patented
March 29, 1910
May 2, 1922

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impression that they would increase their audiences and get further concert engagements that way. But after a time they found that they were not gaining, but losing, and eventually the whole thing was put on a strictly buying and selling basis, to the advantage of everyone concerned.

The parallel is plain. Foresighted people in the radio industry realize that the day is not far off when all radio programs will be paid for. As a matter of fact, a good many of them are paid for now. That is especially true of popular jazz bands which are paid staggeringly high prices by broadcasting stations for a few minutes every night.

It was Dudley Siddall, a man well known in radio circles, who summed up the radio situation very deftly.

"Radio," said Mr. Siddall one day, "is really a lot like baseball. Baseball, you know, was not always on a professional basis. In former years baseball was entirely a public institution. There were hundreds of diamonds all over the country. Local teams played and anybody who wanted to stood around and watched the game. Then one day somebody built a fence around a ball park and organized baseball was born. They began to pay their players and to charge admission to the game. Probably the public resented it at first, but as soon as they saw how much better the game was under the new conditions they were perfectly willing to pay. And today professional baseball is one of the most popular institutions in America, if not the most popular.

"There still are," continued Mr. Siddall, "hundreds of amateur baseball teams. Every school has one, and every village, and nearly every fire department. And you will find a crowd of stragglers congregated around every game in an open lot. But no one can gainsay the fact that professional baseball has the joyous support of millions."

Bromidic But True

"Well, radio is just like that. There will always be stations that will broadcast programs donated by the Hickville Male Quartet, with dramatic recitations by Miss Laura Whoozis, of the local dramatic club, and a nice talk on the conditions of South African Spineless Banana Hounds by the president of the Ladies' Browning Club. And there will always be some people to listen to these programs. But there will be more people who will want to listen in on programs composed of real entertainers stars of grand opera and concert, the pick of the funny men from Broadway, musical-comedy favorites. And these people will not give their services free. There is no reason why they should. In the end, professional radio will triumph."

What I am about to say is probably a capital offense, but nevertheless I will risk it. *Cliché* or not, radio is in its infancy. Nobody knows, and only a few people suspect how far radio will go as a form of amusement. It is a new medium, and as yet people have been too busy trying to perfect the mechanical aspects of it to bother very much with its artistic side. But somewhere there is a man who will do for radio what David Belasco has done for the stage, and what D. W. Griffith has done for the movies. There is a man who will create a new radio technic, who will experiment with sound as Belasco has experimented with color and Griffith with the camera, until he hits upon the right formula.

Radio stars will be developed, also, in time. Just as there are some actors and actresses who are peculiarly suited to the demands of the screen, and some singers and musicians who are singularly adapted to the phonograph, so there will eventually develop a type of performer who is best fitted for performing over the radio. Some particular quality of voice, some brand of humor that is aural rather than visual, will some day be brought to their finest point by means of the radio.

The Radio Drama

This, of course, is looking very far ahead, although even now there are radio favorites, and in one instance a radio theater. This theater is the conception of Edward H. Smith, an actor who has had many years' experience in stock and who conceived the idea of adapting a play to the specific requirements of broadcasting, after he had sat through several wearisome efforts to broadcast plays by the ordinary methods. Mr. Smith took his idea to the manager of a big broadcasting station in an Eastern city. The manager was intensely interested and told Mr. Smith to try it out, stipulating only that the play must be condensed to run not more than forty minutes, as it was to be only a part of the program.

Mr. Smith gathered his cast, conducted rehearsals for several days, and then one evening put on a condensed version of a melodrama by Eugene Walter, The Wolf, which was so enthusiastically received by radio fans for miles around that a regular stock company was formed and a radio drama has been presented once a week ever since. The special radio technic referred to above is being developed here to a considerable extent by this enterprising young impresario. For example, when his stock company gave The Storm it was necessary to create the illusion of a roaring forest fire. This was done by the noise of several gasoline torches going at full blast, while the effect of crackling twigs was managed by crumpling up sheets of waxed paper before the microphone.

People who listened in on this performance declare that the illusion was just as perfect as though they had witnessed the scene on the stage.

It's almost an actors' paradise, this radio theater. Of course, they miss the direct

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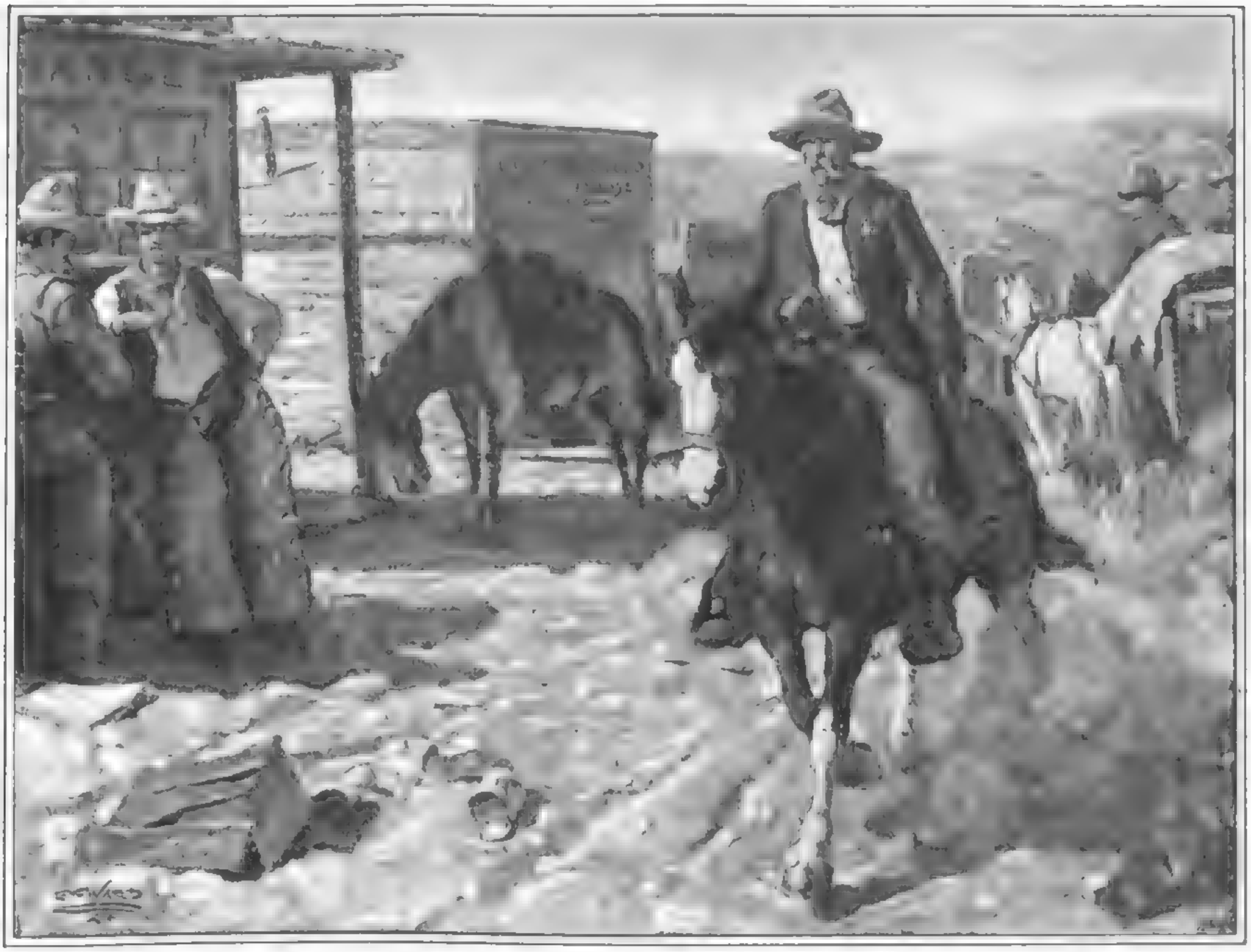
The Director Never Forgave the Chairman of the Board for Calling on Him for His Opinion Just as He was Indulging Himself in His Weakness for Gumdrops



Enter the Law

THERE are men now living who remember when the rifle hanging above the fireplace was the only symbol of law. Men whose fathers retained their freedom and self-respect by sheer force of arms. On lonely ranches, in scattered settlements, in far-flung outposts, the individual backed his own conception of the right with the weapon with which he was handiest.

The country filled with settlers. The frontier shifted. Citizens organized for legislation and its enforcement. Community life became easier and safer. Road agents disappeared. Cattle rustlers reformed. The frock-coated gamblers moved on. Little by little, not easily or without effort, the machinery of law began to function.

In similar fashion, the commercial structure of the nation has evolved. Not less important than political statutes, although unwritten, are the laws which business men have discovered and imposed upon themselves. Laws of guidance rather than restraint. Laws of fair dealing, of truthful representation, of honest marketing. Laws of selling and advertising by which the distribution of goods and their acceptance are accomplished by orderly process instead of by guesswork or chance.

The business history of this country is but scantly told. Its greatest romances are still unsung. But this is certain, that without the observance of well-defined laws, the modern marvels of manufacturing and selling would not be possible. Without the power to influence people by millions, the business of producing for millions could not be organized on the scale which exists today.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

TUNG-SOL bulbs bring the road ahead clearly into vision. Always there is a dependable beam of light that adds confidence and safety to night driving. TUNG-SOL brilliancy does not vary, but remains the same during the entire life of the bulb. Each bulb is so carefully built that the bases fit quickly into the sockets making perfect contact. There are no spots nor air bubbles in the glass to form distortions. The accuracy observed in placing filaments in TUNG-SOL bulbs, enables the driver to readily obtain correct focus for any legal requirement. If you seek dependable illumination, better illumination, *uniform* illumination, "Let TUNG-SOL Light the Way."

A TUNG-SOL for every automotive need. Nationally distributed by all better garages, dealers and electrical service-men. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

MINIATURE INCANDESCENT LAMP CORPORATION
NEWARK, N. J.

TUNG-SOL

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

(Continued from Page 80)

contact with their audience, but even at that they are nearer to the audience than movie actors are during the filming of a picture. And look at the advantages! No costumes to bother with, and no make-up. They don't have to learn the parts. They read 'em. Steady work forty-three weeks a year, without the dread specter of a lay-off. And no one-night stands!

The success of this radio stock company is certain to bring about the organization of similar companies in other parts of the country. And as the whole thing is conducted in an entirely different manner from the ordinary stage production, there is no danger that the radio theater will hurt the regular theater. In fact it has been proved that many people who had never attended a theater in their lives took a belated interest in this new venture.

There is one law that can always be relied upon to work, and that is the law of supply and demand. That applies particularly to the radio situation. Up to the present time the demand for radio apparatus has exceeded the supply. People have been so enraptured with the idea of picking things out of the air that they haven't been very discriminating. But a tendency has already set in—and will undoubtedly increase as the sale of radio sets reaches its saturation point—to expect better entertainment over the air. Professional radio is surely on the way, and radio authorities, if pressed, will admit it. Their attitude is the perfectly natural one of wanting to put it off as long as possible. Why should they pay people to perform while they can still satisfy their audiences with unpaid performers?

Several theories have been advanced as to what would be the best method of establishing a fund with which to pay radio performers. In Europe—on the Continent and in Great Britain—there is a tax on each receiving set, this money being collected by the government and used to pay for programs. However, that method is not regarded with much favor here.

Some people have advanced the idea of asking the public for contributions toward the maintenance of good programs, and in one or two places that has been tried out. In Kansas City, in fact, the radio fans voluntarily sent money to local stations to help support the programs. This plan, though, is not looked upon as satisfactory, because it would be so difficult to systematize it.

What will eventually happen, according to the prediction of one of the most important officials in the realm of radio, is that the number of broadcasting stations will gradually decrease until there will be only five stations instead of five hundred. These five will be so powerful, he prophesies, that they will be adequate to cover the entire country, and they will be run on a highly professional basis. With this concentration, it will be possible to supply the finest programs, with artists from all over the world gathered to put them on.

The prediction of this official also is that the salaries paid to the radio stars of the future will far outdistance the salaries of modern stage stars, and even go beyond the earnings of motion-picture stars. It will not be considered unusual, the prediction is, in twenty years from now for a favorite comedian to receive as much as five thousand dollars for a single performance.

This sounds quite staggering; but regarded from the comedian's point of view, it has some soundness. Under present conditions a comedian of the type of Fred Stone or Al Jolson can use the same jokes and the same songs for three years, approximately—one in New York and two on the road. But in a single evening of radio performance these men would reach practically as many people as they now reach in the three years. Consequently their material would be exhausted with terrific rapidity and they would have to be paid more for their efforts. The same thing will doubtless apply to playwrights, whose royalties will probably leap to undreamed-of heights because of the short lives their plays will have in the radio era.

Looked at in the cold light of here and now, all this seems rather fantastic and improbable; but then so did the predictions not so very many years ago as to the earnings of motion-picture stars. And if anyone had said in 1904 that the estate of Enrico Caruso in 1924 would receive something between five and six hundred thousand dollars in royalties on phonograph records, he would have been roared at. So, to conclude with another *cliché* or two, anything might happen. History repeats itself and wonders will never cease.

THE JOURNAL OF WILLIE

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lost what little jugment of pace you never had. And if anybody should be inquiring off you what horse this is we got in our barn, be sure you tell them the truth, Willie, which is that you don't know. And if they still insist on knowing, you tell them it is one I am holding in the hopes the glue market will get a little firmer. And some day, if you keep that trap of yours buttoned up good and tight, Willie, why me and you will maybe do a little business together."

So I beat it back to bed, and you can gamble that I am not going to tell nobody nothing about this horse, not even my best freind or sweatheart if I had one. And you can gamble I am not going to work no more horses at 4 in the A. M. for no man.

BOWIE RACE TRACK, April 6.

It is kind of late for me to be setting here in the tack room, but I do not want to go back to the boardeing house till Missus Clancey has went to bed for fear she will sing me the 2nd. verse of the song and dance she gave me an hour ago, because maybe I would forget the politeness to ladies for which I am notoriable and anser her back something I would reggret when my rath had cooled. You would think her old flivver was made of solid gold, the fuss she made when she found out I had borrowed it, instead of being 1 of the 1st. dozen Henry ever soldered together. And if she had of been anywheres around I would of ast her for the loan of it like a lady, but when I got a important engagement on I have not got time to wait for no Missus Clancey to get back from pickeing out the toughest steak the butcher has in stock, and I pretty near told her so.

This afternoon I got kind of sick of loafeing around the track watching boys ride that have not got ½ the abillity of some I could mention if moddesty did not prevent, and I was within a ace of going to Mister Robbins and telling him if he did not give me a mount pretty soon I would jump my contrack. But he has been haveing tough enough luck all season without me adding to his troubles that way, so after the 5th race I went over to the house intending to lay down and have a rest; but when I got there, there was a message for me to phone a number and when I done so it was Alice and she wanted to see me. So I sneaked round to the back of the house and borrowed Missus Clancey's flivver and drove a ways down the road and met the little girl and she is lookeing prettier than ever and all fussed up over meeting me.

"Oh, Willie," she says when she seen me, "I didn't know you owned a car."

"Well," I says, "it don't exackly belong to me, but it is a friend of mine's and I use it when I like, so hop in."

So then we drove into Baltimore and had a swell feed at a classy joint, all white marble and no waiters but everybody waits on theirselfs, and Alice said she had not never been in no such place before in all her life.

"The best is none too good for folks like I and you," I tells her laughingly.

Afterwards she wanted me to drive her back, but I made her come to the earley show at a swell theater and the film was all about horse racing, and Alice says the heroe kind of reminds her of me, only not ½ so handsome as me, and of course that made me kind of sore, her paying compliments to my face, I am like that.

"What difference does it make if I have got a sweller profile than him?" I says to her very stern. "Handsome is nor handsome does, as the Good Book says, and it ain't good looks gets you to the top in the racing game, but shear abillity; and if ever I go into moveing pictures after I have became the champion rider of the world, you can bet I will show folks how a real race rider sets a horse and not set there like a dummy as that boob on the screan done."

"I bet you will too," the little girly replies, and she looked so kind of taken back on account of the harsh way I had spoke to

(Continued on Page 84)

BOSCH

ELECTRIC Windshield Wiper

"As necessary as brakes"—

Price
$9.50

Every few days the newspapers tell about smash-ups, and fatal accidents, due to rain or snow on windshields.

Clear vision for all kinds of driving can be obtained by using a Bosch Electric Windshield Wiper—the latest and most improved aid to safe motoring.

It is a typical Bosch Product—reflecting Quality in every detail—designed and built by the makers of the world-famous Bosch Magneto. A few of its advantages are—

COSTS NOTHING TO RUN—Its current consumption is less than used by a headlight. It puts no burden on the battery.

SPEED IS CONSTANT—Not changing continually with the speed of the car. It operates evenly and smoothly.

QUIET—There's no train of gears or other mechanism that causes clicks and grinding noises.

POWERFUL—Although using little current, it develops abundant power. Easily plows off snow, slush and rain.

SIMPLE—Switch it on or off—it requires no other attention.

Because of the great power of the Bosch, it will operate satisfactorily the Bosch Twin Wiper Attachment giving [illegible] vision to both front seat occupants [illegible] extra

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works: SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Branches: New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

DEALERS: Big advantages open to live dealers who can become Bosch Sales Agents and sell the Bosch Long Line of Automotive Necessities.

YOU WILL NEED THESE OTHER BOSCH ACCESSORIES, TOO

BOSCH
Ignition System
for FORDS
Type 69

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De Luxe Ignition
for FORDS
Type 513

BOSCH
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SPARK
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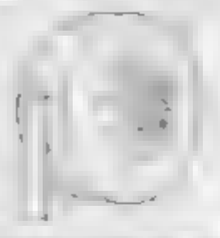


(Continued from Page 82)

her that I reached over and give her hand a little squeeze.

Coming out of the theater a big fresh-lookeing guy hollers at her, "Hello, Sadie," but she just passed him with her head in the air, and after we had got around a corner she says it is terreible the way these Smart Alex tries to get fresh with every good-looking jane they see. Only that I won't never do no brawling in front of the fair sect, I would of went back and busted him 1 in the eye.

So then I invitet her to come and see another film at some other theater, but no, she must be home earley on account her mom is so strick. And so we got back to Bowie a few minutes past ten and the old can only stopped about 4 times on the road to try and cough up a lung or 2. And all the way back Alice kep asting questions about me and my work and how many horses we got and are any of them any good and all like that; and anybody could see that she is crazy about me, because some of the things she ast about horses was laughable for their ignorants, and she don't know even the rudimens about racing and would of believed me if I had told her you fill a horse with gas instead of oats. But of course I did not tell her not being like that, and I did not laugh at her neither, because ignorant or not ignorant, she is 1 swell little girly, and I will have to take care and not let her get too stuck on me, because cold as I am to the opposeite sect I do not want the remorse of breaking no loveing heart on my conscients, I am like that.

I left her on the road because she would not let me drive her where she lives on account of her old lady, but she made a date for me to meet her tomorrow evening and tell her more about horses. That is, she says tell her about horses, but a guy don't have to be no Wm. Jennings Burns to see that it is the rider she wants to hear about and not no horses.

So then I drove the old rattler back to the house, but Missus Clancey was laying for me with bloody merder in her eye and she made such a hellabaloo that the upshot was I took it on the run over here for the sake of peace and a quite life, rather than stop and argue with her.

Bowie Race Track, April 7.

Well, I did not expeck to do no literatury work tonight as I had a date with the little girly and thought I would be busey all evening; but when she met me at ½ past 7 she says, "Oh, Willie, I am terreible disappointed, but I can only stay a minute or 2 as my pop has took another bad spell for the worse and I must hustle back to him."

"Oh, that's too bad," I ansers, "because I thought I would get out the little bus again and we would drive into town and I would show you another good time."

Of course with Missus Clancey gaurding the old lizzie night in day I did not have no more intentions of takeing it out again than I have of fighting a rattlesnake, but what a girl don't know ain't going to hurt her none I always say.

"Oh, Willie, that would of been just grand," Alice repplies, "and I would dearly love to spend another evening with you, because you sure know how to give a girl a wonderful time, but when my pop is bad it don't seem like nobody but me can handle him somehow."

"I don't wonder at that," I repplies laugheingly, "because if I was ever took with a bad spell my ownself I bet you could handle me just as easy as I can handle the wildest colt that ever looked through a bridle."

"You do say the cleverest things, Willie," she says, "and I could just die listening to you, because I think it is wonderful that a man with all the reputation and notoriety you got should be so moddest and not never talk about themself."

Of course I did not pay no intention to the compliment, I am like that.

"Well, girly," I says, "even if I am knowed far and wide as the comeing great jockey of the day, I am not like some of these eggs that get their chests all swole up and their heads the same. And now, seeing you and me can't wile away a few hours together tonight, when are you going to see me again?"

"I just can't say, Willie," she ansers. "I am so busey looking after my pop every evening; but I got a couzin is comeing to visit us in a few days, and I was thinking maybe I could sneak out on mom some afternoon and make him take me to the track. Only there wouldn't be no pleasure for me to go unless you was going to ride, and when are you going to ride another one, Willie?"

"Why, girly," I repplies, "the man I ride for won't let me waste my talents rideing no more cheap beetles, but some day soon we will be turneing a good one loose and when we do I will put you wise and you can win yourself a new dress and some new spring haberdashery."

"Ain't you dreadful, talkeing about such things!" she says. "I never yet gambled in no shape or form in all my life, but if you was to tell me your horse is positively sure to win I might risk a couple of dollars."

"If you risk all that much," I ansers jokeingly, "I will gurantee to bring the black hound home in front if I have to get down and carry him the last 16th."

"Oh, is it a black horse, Willie?" she says. "I just love black ones. What is his name, Willie?"

"Never you mind his name, girly," I repplies. "Certain things around a race track has got to be kep secret, but I will let you know in plenty of time to get that big bet of yours down."

So she is to meet me again tomorrow evening and I will tell her when she can come to see me ride. She bust away from me so quick tonight I did not have no chance to kiss her like I intend it; but one of these nights I will take her by suppnse and show her I am just as good a love maker as any screan actor, besides better lookeing and a better rider. She is sure 1 swell girly and just about my own age or maybe a month or so older, you never can tell about a woman. But even if she was 18, what differents does a few months make when you have found your infinity?

Bowie Race Track, April 8.

Well, at last I am getteing a chance to show my talents and I can't hardly wait till Saturday. Last night I was just leaving the tack room after doing my literatury writing and I heard somebody talkeing in 1 of our stalls, and the top ½ of a door was open, so I pokes my head in and there was the boss and Absalom lookeing at the black geldin'.

"Hello, Willie," Mister R. says. "Just the lad we was wanting. Where have you been all evening, Willie, if I might be so bold as inquire—all dressed up like a fractured arm and ½ a pound of lard in your hair?"

"Willie's got a sweetie," the smoke busts in.

"You shut your black mouth or I'll give you what I gave young Danny O'reilley!" I yells.

"Yes, you will!" Absalom says, trying to look like he wasn't scared.

"Yes, I will!" I says very stern, so he never said notheing more.

"Well, Mister Robbins," I says, "are you going to give me a mount, because if I don't ride some more races pretty soon I will be going stale and loosing my form?"

"That would be a terrible loss, Willie," he repplies, "although it would undoubtlessly be a great relief to boys like Walls and Marinelli and Kummer if you was to loose your form and they was to hear of it. However, to prevent anything like that happening I have got a horse for you to ride bright and early in the morning, so you be here at daybreak and don't forget to set your alarm clock and keep me waiting."

"Oh, G, Mister Robbins," I says, "seems to me I don't do notheing but get up in the middle of the night and ride this black dog around in the dark. Why don't you let me ride him in a race for a change?"

"Because there's a time and place for everything in the world excepting fresh little boys, Willie," he repplies, "and there ain't no sense in robbing an orchard when the fruit is green."

"No," I says, "and there ain't no sense in keepeing a great rider on the ground till he rots, neither. If you ain't going to use me, why don't you sell my contrack to someone that will?"

"I don't know why not, Willie, except that every man I have mentioned the subjeck to has bust out laugheing in my face," says Mister Robbins, kiddeing as usual.

So this A. M. up I got in the earley dawn, and it seems a dam shame I should have to pay the same for my ½ of the bed as Srimp McGarrigle does for his ½. And when I got to the track Absalom had the geldin' all warmed up for me, so I got in the sadule and worked him a full mile, and althought Mister Robbins would not tel me the time, I know I never made a faster trip in all my experients.

"How fast did we work that mile?" I ast him when the smoke had blanketed the geldin' and led him away to cool out.

"Oh, somewheres between two and three minutes in round numbers, Willie," the boss ansers; but he was grinneing all over his dial like he was pleased.

"What do you think I am?" I says. "Even if you don't give me no work, I am still good enough judge of pace to know we went better than forty."

"Never you mind how fast it was," he repplies; "just you keep your tongeu quiet about these early morning conventions of ours, Willie, and before long I will maybe let you and that geldin' show the white folks how good you are, if any."

"Then why all the secretsy?" I says. "What horse is this, anyways?"

"Well, Willie," Mister R. ansers, "maybe I should have my head coopered for loose shingles for telling you even this much, but with all your faults I never yet found you a blab-mouth. This horse is Peruvian Pete."

"Not the one that bowed a tendon just before the big race at Tijuana?" I says.

"The very same," he anserts. "He don't ack like notheing ailed his tendons now, does he?"

"I'll tell the X-eyed world he don't," I says.

"You won't tell the world notheing, unlest you want me to take a bale stick to you," he repplies, kiddeing as usual.

"And when do we go?" is my next question.

"The 5th race on Saturday, if notheing don't happen between then and now," he ansers.

"And are you going to bet on him?" I inquires.

"Seeing that you ain't a inquisitive little whelp, Willie," he says, "and not all the time asting questions like most little boys, I don't mind telleing you that me and a few friends plans to wagger considerable on this geldin' provideing we think conditions is right. But not at the track, Willie, by no means not at the track. We are all poor men and we like a long price for our jack, so we will leave the ungodley machines alone and bet ours elsewhere so that the odds will be joocey. And that is why I don't want no news circulating about how good this horse is, because if some of them dam sharpshooters was to hear that Pete is right again they would lay it in on him so fast that we would about half to take evens for our dough instead of 15 or 20 to 1 as I hope and trust to get."

"Well," I says, "nobody ain't going to learn notheing from me."

"That's good, Willie," he repplies. "I am glad you ain't going to tell nobody, both for your sake and for theirs, for the simple reason that you ain't going to know weather I am shooting with this geldin' on Saturday until about 1 minute before you go to the post. Not that I don't trust you, Willie, just the same as I trust my bootledger; but Maxie the Greek is in town and he always was sweet on this beetle, and if he suxpected his old leg was right he would lay in so much jack that the price would be all shot to aitch. So maybe we will half to run old Pete in the can a couple of times first, althought I hope not, because the bank roll is so thin now I am ascared to count it for fear my finger will stick right through it. So watch your step, Willie, and just before post time Saturday I will wisper in your ear weather to let Pete do his stuff or stop and have a chat with the starter."

So I am keeping it all a proffounded secret, only of course when I saw Alice for a few minutes this evening I says to her, "Girly, if you can sneak away from your mom on Saturday and come to the track maybe you can win yourself 40 or 50 berries for your two-spot."

"Oh, wouldn't that be gloriable?" she says. "What horse is it, Willie?"

"Never you mind what one it is," I repplies. "Us horsemen can't be telleing all our secrets, but you will know in plenty of time."

"Is it the one you work so earley in the mornings?" she asts.

"Who told you about me working one in the earley mornings?" I says, my suspicious roused at once.

"Oh," she says, blusheing and lookeing sort of fluxtrated, "I guess you will think me a silly little fool, Willie, but nobody told me notheing, and you are the only horseman I ever spoke to in all my life; but since we become freinds I have learned to know every line on your face like a book, and you been lookeing kind of tired and wore out lately, so I just guessed you been looseing sleep, and ain't I the crazy-head to take such a interest in 1 who don't think notheing of me or less."

"That's all right, girly," I repplies, giveing her hand a squeeze. "For a second I thought you was wise to something, forgetting how young you are and ignorant."

"How old do you think I am then?" she says.

"Oh, about 17 or so," I ansers.

"Why, Willie," she says, "I was 18 last month, ain't that dreadful?"

"Dreadful notheing," I repplies. "I will be 18 my ownself in about 10 or 11 months, and what's a few weeks between folks that is infinities?"

"You do say the cleverest things," she ansers, but of course I paid no intentions, I am like that.

So her and her couzin is to be in the paddock on Saturday and if we are going to turn the geldin' loose I am to blow a kiss in her directions and she will know that she can risk her two bucks. And if Mister Robbins bets the fifty for me that he said he would, why I will buy something for that little girly that will make her give me a reseat for that kiss, and it will not be no long-distants reseat neither.

Bowie Race Track, April 11.

Well, I have just got a few minutes to write a line or 2 wile waiting for Mister Robbins to come round and take me in to Baltimore, where he is going to blow me to the swellest feed that money can buy, because he says I done my part noble even if our grand coop was kind of ruined in some mysteriable way; and if I could lay hands on who it was spoiled the beans it would go hard with that guy if he was as big as Firpo. I got ½ a mind to go and excuse Smokey Absalom of blabbing, because I don't never trust no smoke, but I guess I will have mercy on him this time, as I do not want to get my good suit all mussed up brawling when me and a lot of other prominent horsemen is going on a party.

Just before the 5th race Mister Robbins wispers in my ear in the paddock, "Today is the day, Willie, because I been around the betting ring and nobody ain't even thinkeing about our Pete, let alone betting on him, so I have sent a wire to my gang and by this time they are laying it in to all the handbooks from hell to Vancouver."

"Nobody has got wise to us then?" I says.

"No, thank God," the boss repplies. "Everybody around town thinks I am just giveing the dog a workout to see if his dickey leg will fall off or not. So keep your lamps open at the barrier, Willie, and don't get left, because Pete can lose all the rest of those beetles if he gets off good, and I don't give a dam how far in front you bring him home. And when you cop you will have so much jack you will half to pack a lead pad in your other pocket to keep you on a even keel."

"And if we don't cop?" I says jokeingly.

"If you don't cop," the boss ansers, "you will sure rew the day you left your sunny Northern home, because this geldin' is fast enough to back in ahead of those other snakes if you don't trip him. So do your best, Willie, and if your best ain't good enough, why do a little better still."

"Trust me, Mister Robbins," I says, saluting him with my bat.

So then I looks around for my girly and sure enough there she is by the paddock fence with a swarty-complected guy beside her. And as the boss had went into the stall, I went over to her instead of blowing a kiss like I had said I would.

"This is my Couzin Eddie, Jockey Painter," Alice says.

"Please to meet you," I ansers, ever polite.

"Well, Willie," the girly says, "can I risk my 2 dollars or not?"

"Surest thing you know," I repplies. "Risk 4 of them if you want to."

"Is your poney sure to win then?" the couzin butts in, calling a horse a poney, the rube.

"If it's within humane power to make him, he'll win," I repplies moddestly.

"All right," he says, "then I will go and bet your 2 dollars for you, Sadie."

"What did he call you Sadie for?" I asts Alice after he had went.

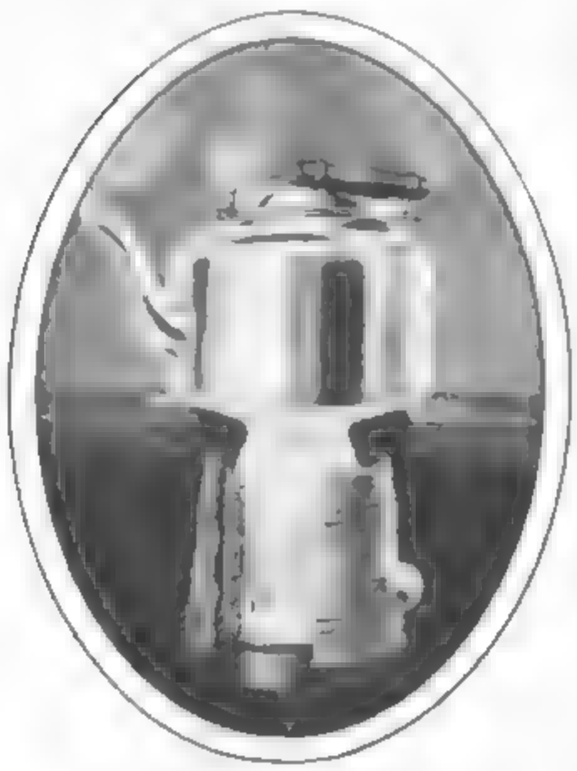
"Oh, that's just a kind of a pet name Eddie has for me," she ansers. "It don't mean notheing."

"Well, I will pet-name him if I find him hangeing around you much, couzin or not

(Continued on Page 89)

FLORENCE
Oil Range

The cut-away picture below shows how the blue flame of the Florence goes straight to the cooking. The heat is *focused* just where you want it



Better cooking with this *focused* heat

An oil range that directs the heat right on the cooking

IT'S easy to do better, cheaper, quicker cooking on an oil range that directs its heat just where it will do the most good. The Florence Range sends its flame right straight to the bottom of the pot where there is work for it. This principle of *focused heat* makes Florence the stove that gives easier, quicker, more successful cooking

How the Florence saves your time, work, money

Because the cooking heat goes straight to the cooking, things get thoroughly done in less time. You waste no time or energy in priming, in trimming messy wicks, or in cooking on a weak flame. Nor do you need to waste fuel on a strong flame when a low flame will do the job—simply turn the levers and you have whatever degree of cooking heat you need.

The Florence burns a clear, gas-like flame from the vapor of kerosene. It is not a wick flame, such as you see in an ordinary lamp

The Florence is beautifully simple to operate. Easy to fill the reservoir with oil, easy to keep shiningly clean, easy to regulate The ingenious leg leveler enables you to set the stove level on an uneven floor. A spirit level attached to the feed pipe will show you when the stove is level. And the Florence is beautifully constructed and finished, with its sturdy black frame and gleaming enamel.

An oil range you are proud to have in a handsomely equipped kitchen—that is the Florence. It is good to look at and cook with.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY

Pitts Square Building, Boston, Mass.

DIVISION OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Cleveland

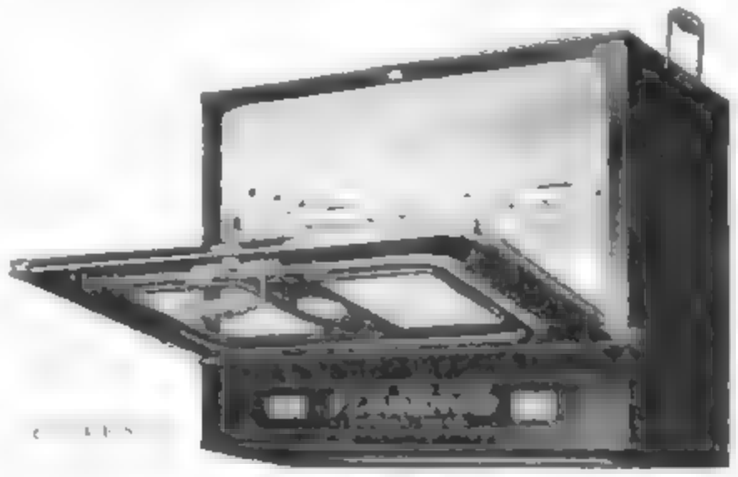
Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Oil Stoves, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

The oven completes the stove

The portable Florence Oven, pictured below, is as excellent for baking and roasting as the range itself is for cooking. The baker's arch prevents air pockets. The heat indicator on the oven door shows how much heat there is inside, and the patented heat spreader assures even baking—your roasts and pies and cakes will not burn on the bottom

Find out more about the Florence Range and Oven by writing for our free booklet, "Get Rid of the 'Cook Look'." Ask about the Florence at a department, furniture or hardware store



Prices to suit every purse and situation
Eversharps—$1.00 to $45.00
Wahl Pens—all-metal, gold or silver—$5.00 to $55.00
Matched sets of pen and pencil $6.50 to $100.00
Complete assortments at dealers everywhere

for Christmas

A New Gift

of higher quality and greater utility

This is the first Christmas for the new, perfected Wahl Eversharp Pencil, the ultimate product of modern mechanical skill and the jeweler's art in pencil making

Companion to Eversharp is the Wahl All-Metal Pen with its advantages of light weight, strength, fine balance, perfect gold, iridium-tipped point—and beauty.

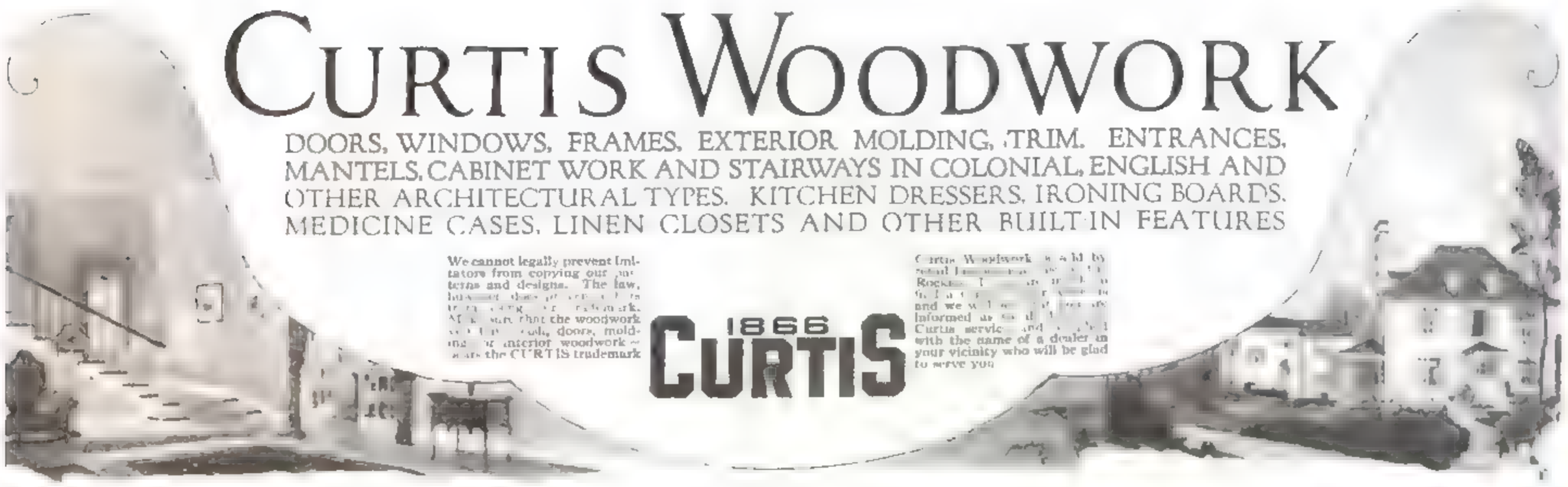
Never before has it been possible to give such delightfully flawless writing equipment—which not only *is* a real gift but *looks* its part.

The Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl Pen will carry cheer into any home—will bear a rich message of Christmas sentiment to those hard-to-please persons who literally have everything, as well as those to whom every gift is precious. For Wahl value and utility are universally recognized.

Cased in a beautiful gift box, the Wahl Pen or Eversharp, or a matched set, is a delight to the eye. The distinctiveness of appearance but forecasts the service and pleasure they will bring.

Made in the U.S.A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, Ltd., Toronto
Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

The New PERFECTED WAHL EVERSHARP & WAHL PEN


CURTIS WOODWORK
DOORS, WINDOWS, FRAMES, EXTERIOR MOLDING, TRIM, ENTRANCES, MANTELS, CABINET WORK AND STAIRWAYS IN COLONIAL, ENGLISH AND OTHER ARCHITECTURAL TYPES. KITCHEN DRESSERS, IRONING BOARDS, MEDICINE CASES, LINEN CLOSETS AND OTHER BUILT-IN FEATURES
We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law, however, does protect you in the use of our trade mark. Make sure that the woodwork you buy—sash, doors, moldings or interior woodwork—bears the CURTIS trademark
1866 CURTIS
Curtis Woodwork is sold by retail lumber dealers in Rockford and we will be glad to have you informed as to the Curtis service and supplied with the name of a dealer in your vicinity who will be glad to serve you

The difference between a Mere House and a Beautiful Home

Home builders today have good taste—take pride in their homes—and have definite ideas as to the type of decoration for every room.

For instance, if you are planning a Colonial house you will carry out the Colonial idea in the furnishings of each room.

Then you surely want woodwork to harmonize and by woodwork we mean the doors, windows, moldings, corner cabinet, mantels, stairways or any other built-in features.

It is because of this general public interest in artistic homes that Curtis Woodwork is produced in such a wide variety of designs, created by prominent architects, that the most fastidious home builder may follow his own ideas in beautifying the interior of his home—whether he is building a new one or remodeling an old one.

What Curtis Woodwork Includes

Stop and consider what Curtis Woodwork means. Take the doors and door frames for instance. All doors are not alike.

Some are artistic—some are just ordinary.

Curtis doors are made in many designs to harmonize with any treatment you have in mind; also moldings, base boards, windows and window frames to go with them.

After selecting your doors you are able to consider intelligently such important features as staircases, mantels, bookcases, corner cabinets and the larger articles which have a great bearing on the artistic appearance of each room.

Beautifully proportioned French Doors

Solidly made doors which come in various sizes. Ideal for openings in the living part of the house. They are exceptional pieces of workmanship and with a panel at the bottom could very well be used for the entrance to a porch. Notice the generous proportions. Refer to C-330 in correspondence

A convenience any house can have

This Curtis ironing board and wall case is built to last forever. Strong adjustable frame. Board will not warp, crack or split. Dust proof. Refer to C-770 in correspondence

Are you considering a Colonial entrance?

If you know Colonial architecture you will recognize the charming refinement of this Curtis Colonial entrance. The construction is exceptional. Let us give you complete information about our entrances. Refer to C-100 in correspondence.

Look over the list of Curtis Woodwork items at the top of the page and you will realize what a great help it is to be able to select them knowing in advance just how they are going to look.

Knowledge of Curtis Woodwork May Save You Money

A woman in Ohio was having a new home built. One evening while looking through a magazine she saw a picture of a mantel which she thought was beautiful. The next day she showed this picture to the builder and said she wanted one like it.

She got it. It cost $110.00 made to order.

If she had considered the interior of her home while planning with the architect or builder she could have selected a Curtis mantel which would have pleased her just as much and perhaps more for less than half that sum.

How You Benefit by Curtis Standardization

Just to give you an idea of the prices of Curtis Woodwork we will mention a few and believe you will find them lower than you expected. Mantels $10.00 to $75.00, French Doors as low as $15.32 per pair, Bookcases $40.00 and up, Staircases, complete with balusters, newels, etc., $136.00 to $227.00.

A staircase that will not creak

This beautiful Curtis Colonial staircase is put into place with all [illegible]

This is one of the advantages of standardization, for it is clear that these beautiful pieces of woodwork could not be produced so reasonably if not made in quantities.

It will pay you to see the nearest Curtis dealer and let him show you just what Curtis Woodwork includes and the wide variety of designs. He will also give you many valuable and practical suggestions to aid you in planning your new home or remodeling your old one.

Write us for any information you may wish. We have plan books containing many complete designs for different styles of homes. There are individual books on bungalows, 1½ and 2 story houses, houses of 5 rooms, 6 rooms, 7 rooms, and 8 rooms. We will gladly forward any of these books to you. Simply indicate which ones you desire, enclosing 50 cents for each.

THE CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU
314 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Curtis Companies, Incorporated, Clinton, Iowa

Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wis.; Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa; Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebr.; Curtis Towle & Paine, Topeka, Kan.; Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Ill.; Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa; Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Mich.

Sales Offices in: Pittsburgh, New York, Baltimore

(Continued from Page 84)

no couzin," I says. "Will you meet me tomorrow night?"

"I will meet you without no fail," the girly says.

All the way to the post I kept wondering weather to buy her a ring or a rist watch out of my winneings; but oncet we were at the barrier I put everything out of my mind except rideing that horse to the best of my ability, I am like that. So when the webbing was sprung I had the old boy right up on his toes and got him off good with not more than 3 or 4 ahead of us.

I could tell from the feel of the old hound that he was right on edge, so all the way down the back stretch I made no attempt to catch the front runners, but rated old Pete along nice and even as only a born rider can do. Turning into the stretch Chick Lang tries to pocket me with the big bay stud he was on, but I brought the geldin through a opening that only a man with a cast-iron nerve would of attempted, and when Chick tries to clamp a leg lock on me going by, I only laughed in his face and renched my leg loose. And when we got through I set my mount down hard and give him a ride down the stretch like Snapper Garrison use to in the old days, only better, and the upshot was we come under the wire a full neck in front after a exhibition of horsemanship that had the crowd cheering like mad, althought I don't hardly like to say it about myself, but facks is facks.

Mister Robbins was waiting for me as I come off the scales, and walked beside me as I bowed my respecks to the cheering multude; and he looked tickled to death, althought kiddeing as usual.

"Well, my boy, you made it," he says, "even if you did have my poor old heart dam near stopped a couple of times, getting off bad like you did and then pretty near letting yourself get pocketed that way. However, all is swell that ends swell, as the feller said, and so I will not take no bale stick to you this evening."

"What did he pay?" I says, takeing no notice of his kiddeing, because I knew he was proud of me at heart.

"The figures ain't up yet," he ansers. "Leave us stand here a minute or so and pretty soon you will see that the 20 bucks I invest on your behalf has blossomed into 4 or 5 hundred or dam near it, if I am any judge."

So we done so and after a while the guy starts to hang up the prices on the mutuel board. And when he puts up the price on Peruvian Pete I pretty near choked. Instead of being 40 or 50 bucks for a two-dollar ticket, "$4.20—$3.90—$3.30," it reads.

"The poor fish must of went cuckoo," Mister R. says. "He has forgot to hang a 4 or a 5 in front of them other figures. I must look into this."

Off he goes to the betting shed, but in a minute he comes out lookeing awful sour, so you could of hung a bucket on his lower lip. "Somebody has blabbed," he says. "They tell me that just before post time Maxie the Greek and his mob started laying it in on our geldin like mad and the smallest bills thay was handling was grands."

"Who ever could of tipped him off?" I says.

"That's what I intend to find out," he ansers very grim. But pretty soon he begin to cheer up. "Well, Willie," he says, "even money is a hole lot better than a bat in the eye with a frozen boot; and you done your best anyways, even if it was pretty rotten, so go and get dressed and after the last race me and you will hie ourselfs to the wicket city and celebrate a triffle."

So I went and took off my silks and put on my best suit, and now I am waiting for him; and I hope he gives me my 42 bucks on the way in so that I can make some excuse and slip away from the party and visit some jewelry store. Of course I will not be able to buy no dimond ring now, but that little girly would sooner have something that didn't hardly cost notheing coming from me than something worth a million bucks from anybody else, she is like that.

BOWIE RACE TRACK, April 12.

Well, I am through with women forever, dam them, and I am through with life forever; dam it; and only I would like folks to know how cruel I been deseived I would not even bother to write down what has happened. And only I was brung up to respeck the Sabbath day I would of went down to the dock and done a Dutch today, but now I will wait till tomorrow and then farewell cruel world, dam you.

About 8 o'clock last evening me and Mister Robbins and a couple other prominent horsemen was setting round a table in the swellest hotel in Baltimore, and naturally we were discusting what had came off in the afternoon.

"I still can't understand how it could of leaked," Mister R. says. "There was only me and Willie and Absalom knowed about this bird, and I know dam well the smoke wouldn't tell his own mother notheing, so it must of been me or you, Willie."

"Then it was you, Mister Robbins," I repplies, "because I don't even talk in my sleep when I get any."

"Whoever it was done it," one of the other horsemen says, "Maxie the Greek must of had it pretty straight or he wouldn't never laid it in the way he did."

"Somebody should ought to merder Maxie," the other feller chips in. "As near as I can figure, the banana-skinned hound cost us between 70 and 75 grand—the differents between what we would of got and what we did get."

"Oh, well," says Mister R., who was feeling pretty good by this time, "you've just got to give the Greek credit for being cleverer than what we thought he was. I figured we had this sleeper under cover, but the covers wasn't thick enough. Here he comes now, the yellow rascal."

I looks over tords the doorway and when I see the 2 people that are coming into the dining room I pretty near died. 1 of them is Alice's swarty-complected couzin, and the other is Alice herself. She is dolled up like a Xmas tree and jeweled like a split-second kettle. She takes a look in our directions and when she sees me she waves her hand and blows me a kiss.

"Willie Painter," Mister Robbins says very stern, "I begin to smell a mouse. How long you been acquainted with Sadie?"

"Her name ain't Sadie," I says, my heart srinking. "Her name is Alice."

"Alice, hell!" says Mister R. "Do you think after me knowing her for the last 20 years I am going to make a mistake on Seattle Sadie, the smoothest skirt that ever made a living around a race track?"

"How can that be?" I says. "How could you know her for 20 years when she isn't but 18 last month?"

Mister Robbins glares at me hard for a minute like he was going to kill me; and then all of a sudden he begin to grin.

"Well, Willie," he says, "what with bobbed manes and beauty mud and so forth it is pretty hard to tell the aged ones from the yearlings nowdays. But I did think that even a boy with strickly limited intellects would be too wise to fall for Sadie, who has been married to Maxie for the last 15 years and made him what he is today, and before that was making her living by her wits since the days of old Guttenberg."

I says nothing, and for a wile he sat like he was studying something.

"Willie," he says finably, "it will take me a few days to decide weather to peel the hide off you or just mearly fry you in red-hot lard. In the meantime you better beat it back to Missus Clancey's, because from now on this party ain't going to be of a kind suited to your tender years and intelligents. And if anybody around the track should be inquiring for me between now and whenever I get there, you may tell them I am conducting a personable investigation into the licker question throughout the state of Maryland and points adjacent."

So now it is Sunday evening and here I am back in the old tack room; and now that I have wrote it all down I am undecided weather to go and do a Dutch or weather to go on and become the greatest rider in the world, and maybe I will do the later, because I guess somebody would be pretty sore at theirself when she sees my picture in the papers, and I pass her by with my head in the air, and a valley and stripped silk shirt and dimond pin and everything. But whatever I decide, 1 thing certain sure is that she can stand there on the road tonight and wait for me to bring her that present until her 2 feet take root in the ground. Because I am not going to be there at all, dam her.

BARTER

(Continued from Page 4)

until I came to Mrs. Fairchild's store. I wanted to learn how long I might hope to be her lodger and something about her own plans. When a man is so abysmally alone as I was at that time, and not in very good health, a kind friend assumes the proportions of a guardian angel. I liked Mrs. Fairchild and I knew that she liked me, and from what she had said the day before it appeared that we were both in the same blind alley, an impasse from which it might take a little planning to escape.

Mrs. Fairchild's proved to be one of these narrow-fronted shops that you can never tell much about until you get inside. There was a display of small modern trashy articles in its front, seagoing necessities were farther in its depths, and serviceable heavy junk in the rear end of it. Beginning with the ubiquitous cheap jewelry, bead necklaces, three-dollar wrist and other watches, fancy combs, objects partly of apparel, partly decoration, it ran back into miscellaneous hardware of the ten-cent-store kind—rope, wire, boat fittings, piping, tubing, canned goods, all sorts of provisions that might last indefinitely; and in a sort of storeroom, heaps of heavier gear that would be classed as junk, yet sound and representing a standard value—used galvanized chain and small anchors, paints and oils, sails weathered but still sound, blocks and tackles and the like.

All this was stuff left from the stock of Captain Fairchild, who had run the store for some years after quitting the sea, no doubt with modest savings. But his trade had since been cut from under him by the new big modern store down by the inlet when his widow decided to try a line of such small cheap goods as were displayed in the show windows. This had gone fairly well until the opening of the five-and-ten-cent store across the street. But here now was Mrs. Fairchild's business lopped off at both ends, so to speak, and the poor woman left with a great mass of miscellaneous stuff that she could only hope at best to dispose of at a ruinous loss.

Nobody was in sight as I entered; but hearing the murmur of voices from the cubby-hole of an office in the rear, I walked back there and found Mrs. Fairchild in consultation with a tall, big-framed young man whom I had met when there before. His name was Cyril Whitecliff, and Mrs. Fairchild had told me that he embodied the functions of bookkeeper, caretaker and general clerk.

Cyril Whitecliff was an English Jew, born and bred in Bermuda. He was very good looking in a curious old-fashioned way, like a character out of one of Captain Marryat's books; rather of the Spanish or Portuguese Semitic type—tall, lean, big-boned, but graceful, and with an eagerness of manner and expression that was yet modest. Mrs. Fairchild had told me that he was her chief and only clerk.

The two of them were in striking contrast; Mrs. Fairchild, of Anglo-Saxon fairness, with fluffy light-brown hair, blue eyes and a full, strong figure that was neither fat nor even plump, but more that of a mature woman athlete, swimmer and oarswoman, which indeed she had been as a girl; the young man, with his thick, black, lustrous hair, from which grew down on either lean cheek the sideburns of a Spanish cavalier, aquiline features and a general shapely ranginess, was not at all the American conception of Hebrew, usually Central European. He looked like one of the early Phenician traders that were the pioneers in building up the broader commerce of the world, a sailor keen in barter who, strictly in the line of business, did not shirk the risks of the sea, nor the greater ones of the rapacious desperadoes that hovered over it. His skin was of a fresh, clear, pale olive, with a tinge of color showing through just now in his excitement.

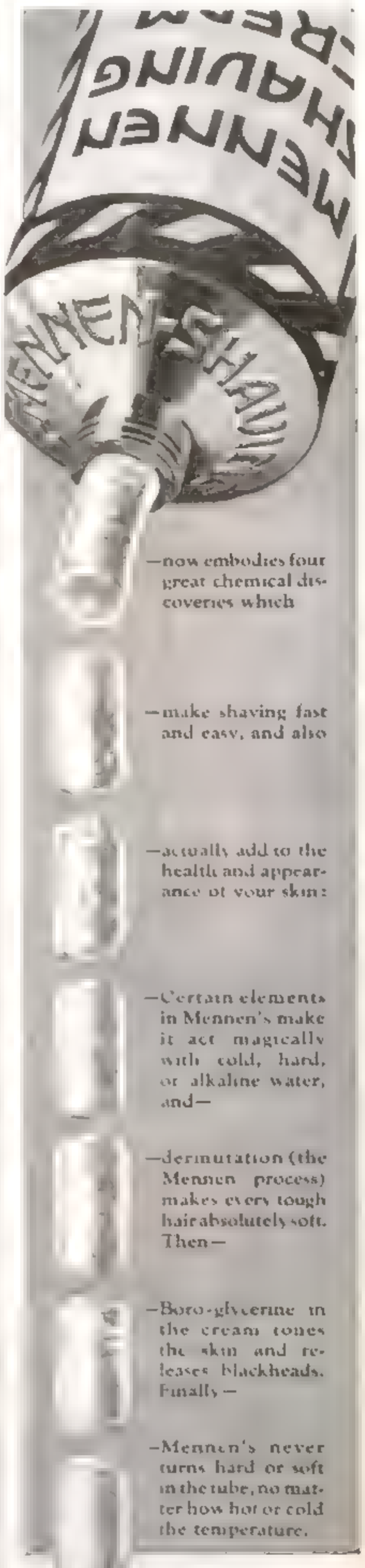
Mrs. Fairchild looked up at me with a nod and a smile.

"I'm glad you came in, Mr. Stirling. Cyril here is getting me all worked up."

"Talking business?" I asked.

"Well, he calls it that, but it sounds like bunk. What do you think of the store?"

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM



—now embodies four great chemical discoveries which

—make shaving fast and easy, and also

—actually add to the health and appearance of your skin:

—Certain elements in Mennen's make it act magically with cold, hard, or alkaline water, and—

—dermutation (the Mennen process) makes every tough hair absolutely soft. Then—

—Boro-glycerine in the cream tones the skin and releases blackheads. Finally—

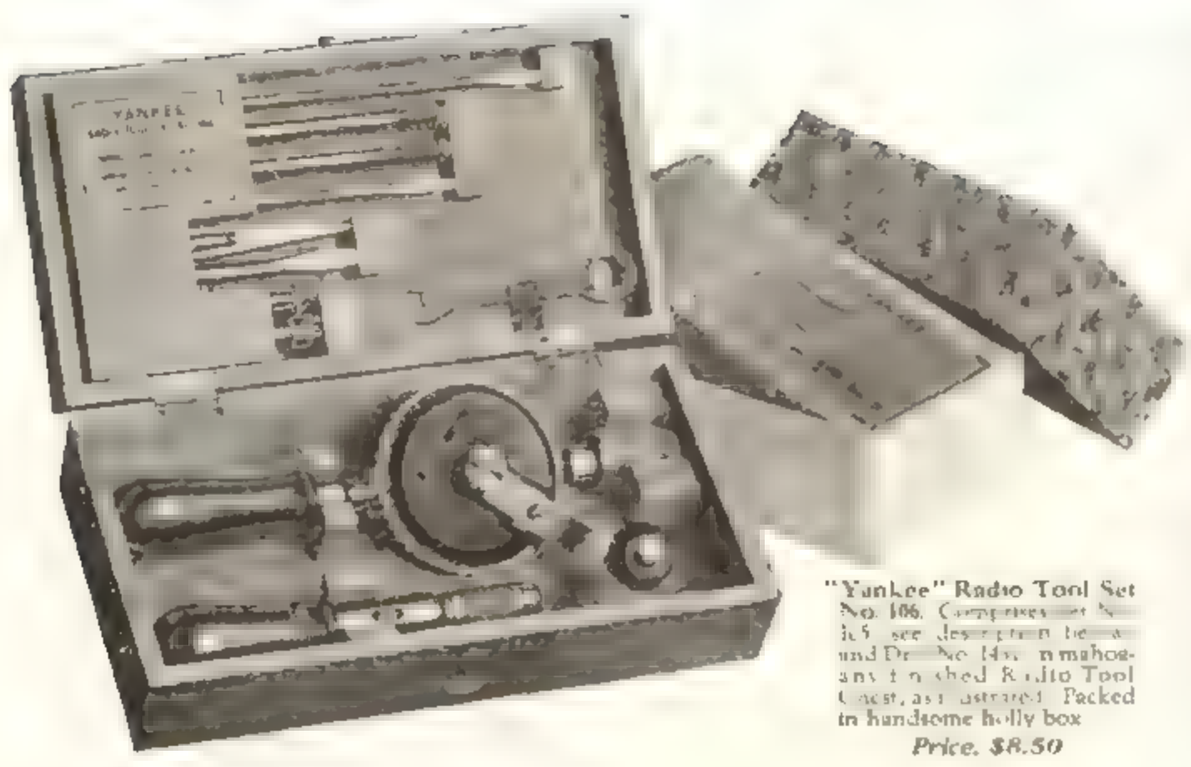
—Mennen's never turns hard or soft in the tube, no matter how hot or cold the temperature.

JIM HENRY, c/o The Mennen Company
341 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

Dear Jim:
Send me a small trial tube free to demonstrate your points. If it's all you say, I'll buy a big tube.

Name

Address



"Yankee" Radio Tool Set No. 106. Comprises set No. 105, see description below, and Drill No. 1431, in mahogany finished Radio Tool Chest, as illustrated. Packed in handsome holly box

Price, $8.50

The Ideal Christmas Gift for the Radio Fan

"YANKEE" Radio Tools

Set No. 105. Price, $3.25
Comprises "Yankee" Ratchet Tool Holder and all "Yankee" Attachments for radio work, as described. Packed in gift box

WHAT interests men the most about radio? Tinkering, of course! Building new sets; changing hook-ups on old ones; experimenting for better results—that's what men enjoy.

So the gift of "Yankee" Radio Tools is sure to be appreciated. Whether man or boy, the lucky one to receive these ingenious tools will be eager to use them.

And using "Yankee" Radio Tools is play. They do jobs easily and quickly, that are difficult with ordinary tools.

The right attachment need only be slipped into chuck of "Yankee" Ratchet Tool Holder, and the tool countersinks, reams, runs up nuts, drives screws, bends wire. A touch on Ratchet Shifter gives right- or left-hand ratchet, or rigid adjustment.

The handy "Yankee" Radio Drill No. 1431 works with quick precision. Just the right size for radio work. Capacity 9/32 inch.

"Yankee" Radio Tool Set No. 105. Price, $3.25

Set No. 105—Comprises "Yankee" Ratchet Tool Holder (a) with "Yankee" Radio Attachments as follows:
Long Screw-driver Blade (b)—for removing nuts, between wires, etc.
Small Screw-driver Blade (c)—for screws on dials, etc.
Heavy Screw-driver Blade (g)—for putting up aerials, etc.
Countersink (f)—for sinking heads of screws
Reamer (h)—for enlarging holes in panel
Wire Bender (j)—for making loops and turns
Socket Wrenches, two sizes (d e)—to cover all small nuts
Also, Flat Wrench (i)—for square or hex. [illegible] other end, hex. for jacks
Packed in holly box

"Yankee" Radio Drill No. 1431. Price, $3.00. Packed in gift box.

"Yankee" Radio Drill No. 1431. Price, $3.00

No. 1431 is a compact, powerful, perfectly balanced hand drill with four to one gear for speed and special radio chuck. Capacity 9/32 inch. Packed in gift box.

Your hardware dealer can supply "YANKEE" Radio Tools

Write for FREE "Yankee" Tool Book

NORTH BROS. MFG CO., PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

Not to discourage her by saying what I really thought of her assets, I began guardedly.

"Well, I should say if you were to pick it up just as it stands and set it down at Nome, where they've just made another strike, or up the Mazaruni, where they're getting diamonds, or in the Crimea or some fur region, you might have a ——"

This was as far as I got, because the effect of my cautious speech on Cyril was peculiar. He had risen respectfully, and now he flung out his arms with a sort of triumphant gesture.

"There! What did I tell you, Mrs. Fairchild? He takes the very words out of my mouth. Mr. Stirling has got the same idea. I was born in Bermuda, and my father before me, but I have been all over the West Indies and down the coast of South America as ship's steward, and I know what I am talking about."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"I say the same as you, sir. That all this stock is no good here. It would not fetch five hundred dollars, but there are many places where you could do big trade with it."

I shook my head. "Not at the present rate of exchange, I'm afraid."

"But that is just the point." Cyril cried. "Foreign trade is at a standstill. There is no market for American or British products in the West Indies and South America because of the exchange. Silver is down. Prices are prohibitive on a gold basis. You could not sell this stuff for the price of transportation; but you could trade it off."

"For what?"

"For the products of the countries where such things are badly needed and are a long way from the centers where they manufacture them. Just now the sources of supply, Great Britain and Germany, are not flowing; and, with the rate of exchange on the American dollar, they cannot buy. This is just the moment for the sort of barter that has made big fortunes in the past."

"It sounds interesting, even if unfeasible," I admitted.

"But it might be done, Mr. Stirling. And the turnover would be enormous. You could trade this stuff for balata and tonka beans and copal and cacao and sisal, or even coconuts and bananas and vicuña wool and yerba maté ——"

"Hold on," I protested, "you make me dizzy. Then why not citrate of lime in Sicily and salt from Trapani; or if you want to make a real trading voyage, you might go to the Sea of Okhotsk and barter along its shores for ginseng root and sables and elk antlers and mushrooms and illicit gold and sealskins, and around the islands for ambergris and algæ ——"

Cyril waved his big powerful hands.

"I see that you have caught the idea, sir. But I am thinking now about the shores of the Caribbean. It is not so far away. You could trade off such stuff as this at a tremendous profit, then bring what you got for it back here to market."

Mrs. Fairchild looked at me and gave a helpless laugh.

"How did he get this way, Mr. Stirling? It's not catching, I hope."

"This is the most contagious disorder in the world, Mrs. Fairchild. All adventure is that, but most people are rendered immune by fixed business ideas. A trade adventure is the most insidious, though, because you can usually manage to kid yourself into thinking that it is bound to be profitable."

"Mrs. Fairchild has no fixed business ideas," Cyril said; "and so far as the venture goes, she has nothing to lose. This stock of hers is no good here. But in the right place it might be worth a goodish lot. Once when I was aboard the Essiquibo I swapped a cheap belt with a flashy buckle, a set of poker dice, a pair of these newfangled horsehide shoes and a three-dollar wrist watch bought in a pawnshop for a pearl I sold afterward for one hundred and fifty dollars. The trade showed a turnover of about 1200 per cent."

"And how," I asked, "do you plan to peddle your wares where they may bring so much profit?"

"Ah, sir, that's the problem. Since we've got scarcely any cash to speak of, we would have to find a partner to put up a boat of sorts on a fifty-fifty basis against all this stuff of Mrs. Fairchild's, then be able to navigate it. A small fishing boat, or the like."

I smiled and shook my head.

"That sort of scheme might appeal to some amateur who owned a boat, just for the fun of it; but as a business venture, I'm afraid it would be hard to interest anybody. Carrying the contents of a general ship chandler's junk and notion store on the verge of bankruptcy to some far distant and dubious market does not sound much of a business proposition, especially when rum running shows the profit that it does."

"Rum running is not a business, Mr. Stirling, any more than any other sort of smuggling. Besides, it's not such easy money as most people seem to think. The big fellows steal all the bait and the little fish get the gaff."

"Yes, it's a rotten game at any price," I admitted. "What you suggest appeals to me a whole lot, though. Some years ago I used to navigate boats of my own in ocean races, and I commanded a fish-boat mine sweeper of the flotilla based on Lorient during the war. But the trouble is I've got no boat and very little cash."

"That's the trouble here, sir. It seems a rotten shame to give all this stuff away for next to nothing, or wait for the sheriff to grab it, when I know of lots of places where it could be traded off for products of standard value."

"Would you be let?" I asked.

"You would have to get a trading license for the country, sir, if your plan was to chaffer along the coast. But the best way would be to deal directly with some local storekeeper who was a merchant trader. The profit would be less, but you would not run the risk of being caught up."

"What's to prevent this merchant trader from doing just what you propose?" I asked.

"Nothing, sir; but he doesn't. He pays money for such stock as Mrs. Fairchild has

(Continued on Page 93

Sunrise on Lake Washington, Washington

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Trade US Mark

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The *Good* Low-Priced Cord

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Their requirements do not call for the extra mileage that is built into U. S. Royal Cords.

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Men, machines and materials are brought together in one great, co-ordinated system for smooth, careful, economical production.

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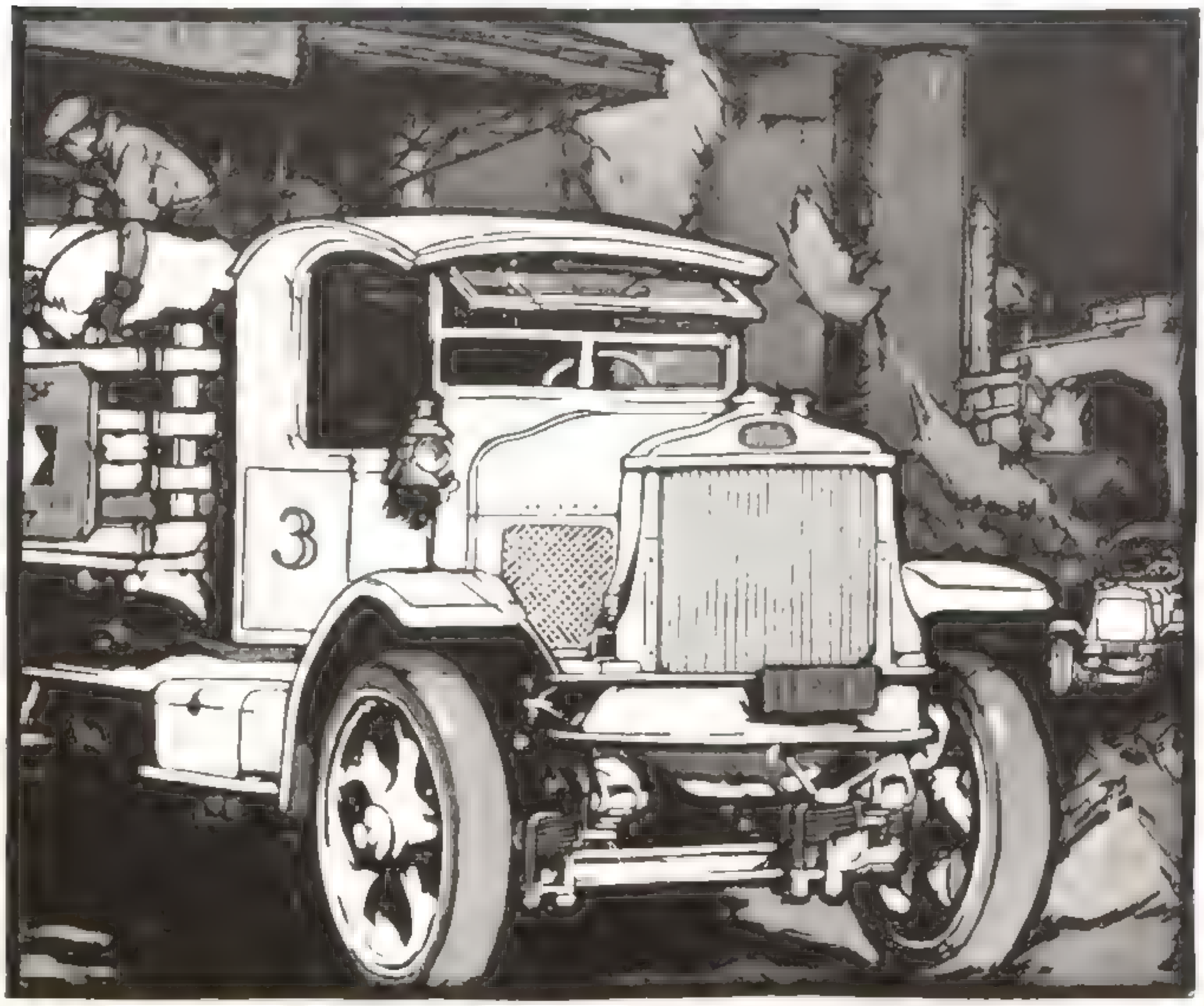
Direct factory branches in all of the principal cities and dealers at other points make certain that every White Truck is kept right.

The White Company has spread the boundaries of its factory yard throughout the world to be sure every White Truck may do its full duty. No White Truck is ever far from skilled and interested care. The needs of the oldest White Trucks can still be cared for should misfortunes of the road stop their wheels.

Making trucks right and selling trucks right have enabled The White Company to build up the organization which is the purchaser's assurance that White Trucks will be kept right.



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Repeat orders daily emphasize the satisfaction of White owners. Registration figures show there are more White Trucks actually at work than trucks of any other high-grade make. Owners of some of these White Trucks have invested more than a million dollars in a single White fleet. Some have never before operated more than a single truck.

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White Service
Assuring continuous, sustained transportation everywhere.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 90)

here, or at least he used to before the exchange was so high. Then, even if he trades a lot of it for native products, it has to be shipped and marketed. Every separate transaction slices off so much of the profit. Besides, there's always the chance of doing a little free trade when it looks safe."

"That's what appeals to me," I said; "swapping your stylish hat and stick and gloves for a little pearl or something."

"Well," said Mrs. Fairchild, "it all sounds crazy to me. All this new stock of mine must have its money value."

Cyril shook his head.

"Not here and now, Mrs. Fairchild, with that store across the street just opening up. It would not be worth shifting to some other place, unless you shifted it a long distance, to Nome or the Mazaruni, just like Mr. Stirling says. And then it might be worth a lot, but not in money—in trade."

I turned this statement in my mind.

"What sort of vessel would you want?"

"A little schooner, sir, with some auxiliary power to get in and out of places. A fifty-ton fishing boat would do the trick. I put a low assets value on this stuff in the store as appraised under conditions here, end of the season and a big competitor across the street. But the stock itself is all right, and so is the junk in the rear. It's mostly ship's gear, a little used, but sound and good."

"How about your overhead if you were to get hold of the sort of little vessel you need?" I asked. "You would need a stake to run her, and ready cash is just what Mrs. Fairchild hasn't got."

"That's the trouble, Mr. Stirling," Cyril admitted sadly. "It seems a pity, though. Given a proper market, all this stock of Mrs. Fairchild's ought to be worth today about four thousand dollars, and just as it stands I doubt if it would net her five hundred."

There seemed no just ground for disputing this. Cyril appeared to know what he was talking about, and from the long lists on the desk I judged that he had spent a day or two in taking stock. The standardized jokes about selling ice at the North Pole and coals in Newcastle—which latter was actually done not so long ago—appeared now to fit with more grim fact than humorous fancy this junk-notion-ship-chandler's shop that was in a fair way to be the commercial ruin of Mrs. Fairchild.

There was no help for it, that I could see. Just another of those tragic little business failures that do not make more of a ripple in the sea of commerce than does a land bird when it drops into the ocean exhausted after being blown a hundred miles offshore.

Then the destiny of small birds and small businesses took a hand in the affair, just as if the song sparrow when about to give up the losing struggle were to sight a fisherman coming in from the Grand Banks and flutter aboard and find shelter in a dory nested on the deck, and be given some crumbs of biscuit, then the next morning flit out, to find Cape Ann close aboard.

I strolled out into the shop and looked with regret at the many cheap and more or less useful articles displayed in the show cases and on the shelves; all bright, attractive rubbish that is produced in such astonishing volume and disappears no man knows where. Thousands of dollars changing hands for its manufacture and sale and purchase, then vanishing like the colors of a sunset; many people, especially the young ones, delighted immeasurably to possess it for a little while before the ash man garners it.

Then, happening to glance through the street window, I saw at a motor-service station diagonally across the street a girl I knew.

She was a very pretty and expensive looking girl whom I had for several years admired a great deal, but with reservations. Her name was Allaire Forsyth, and I had known her brother very well before the illness that had carried him off.

There is no excuse to be offered for what I did now under the impulse of the moment. It merely happened that way; one of those inconsiderate snatches at opportunity, with no more worth saying. Allaire was at the wheel of a costly runabout that I knew could not be her own. I walked out of the shop and greeted her as an old family friend.

III

ALLAIRE looked at me with a good deal of astonishment. "Pom Stirling, whatever are you doing in this muck hole?"

"Walking up and down, like Satan," I said, "and hoping that gentleman may find some work for my idle hands."

"This ought to be a good place for it. Since I've been sitting here three prosperous-looking importers have stopped to ask respectfully if I mightn't be needing a little high-class nerve tonic. Not hard to guess the leading local industry."

She gave me a keen, curious look. Allaire was almost ash-blond, but was saved from being entirely of this coloring, which I always disliked, by a copper tinge to her hair in certain lights. Her eyes were baffling, long, tawny and hard.

"Do you mind my standing here talking to you?" I asked.

"No, I don't happen to be escapading Drove over from Atlantic City with Evelyn Lee. She took a cottage for September to clear up the fag ends of the children's whooping cough before returning to Washington."

"Are you going back there with her, Allaire?"

"Oh, yes; always a professional young visitor and little sister to the rich. I'm pretty sick of it, Pom. Sometimes tempted to follow your example and get a real job instead of a masked one. It's pretty awful when you have to be a smoke scream between ——" She pulled up short. "Get in beside me, Pom. We have time to swap hard-luck stories. I left Evelyn out here at a truck farm. A former maid of hers married a gardener. Sometimes I feel like marrying one myself, but I'd rather it were a rum runner."

She shot me another keen yellow gleam from under lashes that were very long and black.

"Well, this ought to be the market place," I said. "Speaking of jobs, I've been drummed out of the boiler barracks. Dear uncle got sore because I was generous at his expense in the matter of time out on a man who has worked there fifteen years and has sickness in his family."

"That sounds like uncle," said Allaire, "but doesn't quite explain your presence here, unless to seek forgetfulness at the fountainhead. But you never did that thing."

"No; and less now than ever, with the fountain full of filth. My rather hopeless quest at present is to find the owner of some small vessel that isn't earning her upkeep and persuade him to throw in with some of us for a little trading venture."

Just as I had expected, this statement, which was actually honest, brought a quick response. Allaire turned and gave me another searching look that was brief but intent.

"What sort of trading venture?"

"A voyage south to swap off the stock of a bankrupt ship chandler's notion shop for West Indies products, then bring these back to market here."

Allaire was silent for a moment, then she said slowly, "That sounds interesting to me, Pom."

"We think it could be made profitable."

"Who's we?"

"The woman who owns this busted store and her clerk. She is the widow of a coastwise schooner captain and her clerk is a Bermudian who was for some years deck steward of passenger steamers both to Bermuda and the West Indies."

"They ought to know the ropes," mused Allaire, "and you dragged up mines during the war ——"

"Yes, and before that raced my own boats up and down the coast and to Bermuda. This widow, Mrs. Fairchild, sailed for about five years aboard the four-masted schooner captained by her husband, so we are none of us apt to get seasick."

Allaire's tawny eyes lightened.

"Who else would you have?"

"Nobody, except a couple of West Indian negroes we might pick up down there—cook and a deck hand."

She nodded.

"What sort of boat do you want?"

Here was the moment for which I had been maneuvering. I did not know whether Allaire had managed to sell the fifty-five-foot fishing schooner that her brother Jack had bought when his health broke down and converted into a yacht of sorts, to cruise about in what proved to be a futile effort to clear up his lungs, badly shot to pieces from gas and later tubercle bacilli. I doubted that she had, because when I had last seen her in the spring she had asked my advice about the matter and I had told her that the price she asked, five thousand dollars, was too high.

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"Oh, about the type of poor Jack's Tinker," I said; "but I suppose you have sold her by this time."

She shook her head.

"No, she's still down there in Marblehead. How much would you be willing to pay, cash?"

"We can't pay cash at all," I said. "We are going to need what little money we can scrape together for current expenses of the first voyage. The best we can do is to offer the owner a third interest in the profits of the trip. This Bermuda clerk who suggested it is convinced that we can make a big turnover. He seems to understand the ins and outs."

"Perhaps he's right," said Allaire. "Everybody's doing it." She rested her elbows on the wheel and stared musingly down the tawdry main street of the uninspiring town.

Then here developed a curious flash of psychology. As if she had spelled it out, I could read the swift trend of thought suggested by my words. There was nothing singular about this, since Allaire had been surprised to find me there in Beach City, the last of all places where she might have expected to find such a *ci-devant* yachtsman as myself, but where a gentleman in distress, become perhaps a gentleman of fortune who had dire need to repair that thing, might easily gravitate.

Allaire now believed that I had something up my sleeve—intended to become perhaps a sort of independent rum runner. That would explain not only my presence at Beach City but the cryptic words by which I must seem to be sounding her out, the need of a small schooner of which the use might pay a big profit.

It must therefore have struck Allaire that rum running was almost an occupation created for a young man of my temperament in my position. But now, at the lightening of her face, it was suddenly borne in upon me that in this case, so did she also consider it the venture *par excellence* for a young woman of her temperament and in her position.

It was here that the singularity came in, and it made me feel for a second as if I had taken too much for granted in my estimate of Allaire. Also I hated to disappoint her. Here was a girl of the country's best blood and position and antecedents, with a couple of ancestors who had been Declaration signers, others general officers in the Continental Army, a maternal ancestor who had been governor of Massachusetts; in fact a staff of ancestors who had occupied positions of distinction as statesmen and soldiers, but no business men amongst them. So that she now greeted with a gleam in her clear hazel eyes what she thought to be a chance to make some money in an entirely unlawful way.

It was enough to make her august forefathers turn in their graves. And then again, perhaps they might have turned to laugh. But it did not make me laugh, because I could foresee what her disgust and disappointment would be when I told her the actual nature of the proposition—to use her white elephant of a schooner for trading the contents of a busted general store in and about the Caribbean for local products.

I decided instantly not to tell her. One may guess by this time that even before catching sight of Allaire I had made up my mind to get in on this deal somehow and in any capacity, if only for the fun of the thing. Not having any junk or boat or money or knowledge of trade to contribute, I could not claim much of a lay. But it would certainly be better than having my nerves hammered to pieces by automatic riveters.

It was plain enough that Allaire had taken my vague statement of wanting the schooner for trading junk to mean that I purposed to trade in contraband liquid wares, and that she greeted this idea with enthusiastic hope. It suddenly came into my head that she might as well go on thinking this.

No doubt it was dishonest on my part to let her proceed in such error, but it struck me for the moment that it was her own fault for being so ready to back such a nefarious business as she assumed it to be, and I believed that she stood really to make more and with less risk in the sort of trade proposed by Cyril than if we had actually intended rum running.

So I merely asked, "Well, how about it, Allaire?"

Her answer came with a promptness that showed flattering confidence in my ability and honesty in her direction, if not toward that of the Federal Government.

"It sounds good to me, Pom. Anything that promises me a bit of ready cash would sound good to me. It's pretty thick when it gets to the point where I have to accept presents from my hosts to tip their own servants. No doubt it's a rotten business, but everybody's doing it and I've got to my limit. What's more important is—do you know the ropes? Are you sure you can make it go? I don't want my schooner nabbed."

"I can promise you that your schooner won't get nabbed," I said. "As for knowing the ropes, I'm as good an amateur sailor as you could probably find, and the man who has put up the scheme to me appears to know all about the details of the business. He is an English Jew born in Bermuda."

"You are sure that you won't lose the boat, Pom?"

"I can promise you that she will not be nabbed by the Federal authorities and that you will run no risk of scandal. Your ownership need not appear except among ourselves. For the rest, you will have to trust to my seeing that you will get your share and also to my ability to take care of the schooner."

"Well, I often wondered at your not doing something of the sort and at your slaving patiently for that old brute of an uncle—an outdoor man and navy war veteran like yourself!"

"Then you're willing to put up the boat?"

"Yes," she answered promptly. "There seems to be the hand of fate in this. Your meeting me here, of all places, and just as you'd been talking to this Bermuda man. What's his name?"

"Cyril Whitecliff."

"That doesn't sound Jewish."

"Well, I suppose it was originally Weisenberg, and the Cyril has an Eastern Europe origin."

Allaire gave a hard smile.

"That's all right. It won't be the first time I've had business dealings with Jews, and so far I've always got a square deal. My jewelry has gone piece by piece. These earrings are pretty near ten-cent-store stuff. Not so good perhaps. I was just going across the street to get some beads. My turquoise matrix that you may remember went for the last bill for cleaning and copper painting the schooner, and I must say it nearly killed me. That boat lying there idle! I paid it just the other day and it was like pulling teeth."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Stay right where you are"

I stepped back into the shop and went to the office, where Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril were still talking. They looked up inquiringly.

"It's all right, Cyril. I've got the schooner."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Stirling!"

"I ran into her owner, Miss Forsyth, just outside, getting gas. I'm going to bring her in here to write me an order for the schooner."

"My word!" Cyril gasped.

"She thinks we want her for rum running," I said. "So don't undeceive her. On the other hand, don't say anything to confirm that idea. I've made it plain to her that she's not only to be a silent partner but a deaf one."

"But, Mr. Stirling ——" Mrs. Fairchild expostulated.

"It seems to me all right," I said. "If we can make her some money in a purely legitimate way, that's certainly better than making her party to an illegitimate deal."

"Right-o," Cyril murmured.

"And I want that string of lapis lazuli that's in the show case, Mrs. Fairchild."

She stared at me, dazed.

"Why, that's a good string, Mr. Stirling; about the only real thing in the shop. Captain Fairchild bought it for me one voyage. I've marked it fifty dollars. What do you want with it?"

"Our first trade," I said; "to bind the bargain. Call it cumshaw, baksheesh, lagniappe. When dealing with a lady you can't be a piker."

"You're jolly well right," Cyril said. "But after she signs the order?" Here spoke the Phenician trader.

"Now mind you," I cautioned, "don't give anything away. Let her think she's embarking indirectly on a career of crime and easy money—if rum-running money is ever that."

I went out again. Allaire looked at me inquiringly.

(Continued on Page 97)

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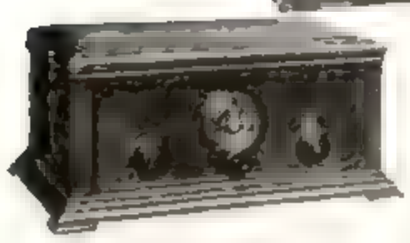

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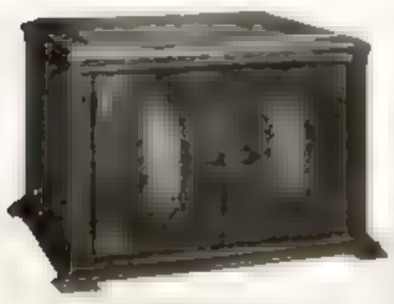

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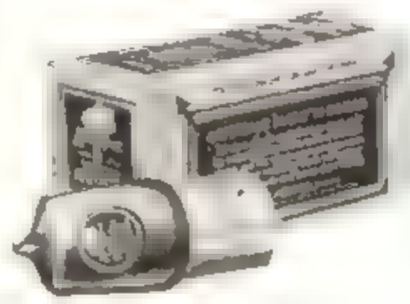

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Can be substituted for ordinary tubes to great advantage in any receiver $5

(Continued from Page 94)

"It's all right," I said. "My prospective partners seem to think your schooner would be just the trick."

"I want to see them," Allaire said.

"I want you to come into the shop."

There was no indecision in her face as she got out of the car. On the contrary, she had about as hard an expression as such a pretty face can sometimes wear. Allaire's type was Anglican, like that of Mrs. Fairchild, but with the difference that might be expected of their natures. Yet there was a sort of similarity about them. They had the same straight noses, Allaire's a little higher bridged and with the suspicion of a tilt. She looked like one of these cold hard English court beauties, of which there are none more adamantine in a mercenary way. Perhaps I am being a little unjust to Allaire, because her need was very great and her situation as a proud but rebellious sister of the rich growing daily more humiliating.

As we walked to the door, I made the sort of silly error that has got many a person otherwise fairly sensible into trouble. That is offering gratuitous information. For no reason at all, I told Allaire that Mrs. Fairchild was going on this voyage with us. Perhaps it may have been that, knowing and esteeming Mrs. Fairchild as I did, it was in the back of my mind that this would be a recommendation for the good care of Allaire's boat and our safeguarding it from mishap, as if the little schooner had been a furnished bungalow about the tenants of which the owner would wish some assurance. Allaire looked surprised.

"Really?" she said, and then we walked into the shop.

I discovered immediately that Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril were no less puzzled at the personality of Allaire than was the girl herself at theirs. She may have expected to see in Mrs. Fairchild a sort of square-jawed seagoing, weather-beaten widow of a sea captain, strident of voice from admonishing sailors in the jargon of ships. And perhaps she had pictured Cyril as a low-browed avatar of rapacious Levantine pirates such as used to put out from Jaffa in lateen-rigged feluccas for trade or plunder, as their occasions, lawful or unlawful, offered.

Instead, she found me presenting a comely, pleasant-spoken woman, neatly and simply dressed, whose trim contour did not as yet suggest the approach of middle age; and a big, rangy, good-looking young man, with an eager, boyish face and a modest and respectful manner.

As for Cyril and Mrs. Fairchild, I think they had rather looked for a sort of swaggering, cocktailing post-graduate society flapper who happened to have a yacht of sorts idle on her hands and was ready to turn it to some use that might pay its stable bill. They were therefore considerably surprised to see a tall, supple, perfectly costumed beauty who was neither rakish nor putting on any stylish airs. Allaire gave them a quiet, searching glance from her tawny eyes, and a very pleasant smile.

"Mrs. Fairchild is the widow of a Yankee sea captain and knows the ropes from several long deep-sea voyages," I said. "Mr. Whitecliff was born in Bermuda, and like most British maritime colonists is at home in any sort of craft. So I think that between us we can take good care of your Tinker."

Cyril looked eagerly at Allaire.

"Most of my seafaring has been as deck steward on passenger ships, Miss Forsyth. But I was always keen about boats, and as a little spadger in St. George's I used to go out rockfishing on the reef with the local fishermen. Then for about eighteen months I was boat keeper aboard one of the pilot schooners."

"How did you happen to come here?" Allaire asked.

Cyril looked very much embarrassed.

"Well, Miss Forsyth, I—I always liked to—to spar a bit, and about six months ago one of the passengers took me on with his training squad. He wanted to make a fighter of me, and I did manage to win him a little money. Then I had to be operated on for appendicitis, and he left me on the beach. Our quarters were near here, and afterward I got lodgings at Mrs. Fairchild's cottage and she gave me a job."

This was a surprise to me, as Cyril looked more like a poet or an actor of romantic rôles than a prize fighter. Still, the bone and muscle were all there, with an uncommon reach and steady, if humorous, eyes.

"It wasn't much of a job," Mrs. Fairchild said, "what with my business all blown to dishrags, as Captain Fairchild used to say sometimes about his sails. He was a thrifty man and used to nurse them along until, as he said, 'The Lord Almighty reefed 'em.' Not that he was ever really profane. But about all Cyril and I have had to do is to go round every so often and mark down prices."

"Yes," Cyril said, "and if we carry on as we're going we'll soon be offering a premium for somebody to take the stuff away; and most of it jolly good stuff, at that."

"I don't wonder you feel desperate," Allaire said in her cool voice. "I often feel that way myself. If there's anything worse than being the penniless member of a rich set, I haven't tried it yet. Several times I've been on the point of following Mr. Stirling's example and looking for a job; but each time some moneyed friend has come along and offered me a commission to put a house in order, or run it and look after the children while they go abroad, or go myself as a companion of sorts."

"Why don't you go in for antiques?" I asked. "You are something of an expert, I've been told."

"Only in an amateur way, Pom. I know something about rugs and furniture and porcelain, and a little about pictures. But that doesn't include any great knowledge of commercial values. We seem to be all in the same boat."

"Well, it shows how little you can tell," Mrs. Fairchild said. "I've looked at your picture in the society papers and magazines and thought what a happy girl you must be. It does seem like there was a fate in it."

"Are you superstitious, Mrs. Fairchild?" Allaire asked. "Because I am. I believe that things like this don't happen merely by accident."

"Captain Fairchild used to say that everybody got their chance sometime, if they were able to recognize it. He missed his by putting his savings into the store instead of into a vessel, just before the war came."

Allaire glanced at her wrist watch.

"I must go after Evelyn, Pom. I'll give you an order for the Tinker. I'm sure you will take good care of her. Then I suppose my part of it stops."

"Yes, your active part. From now on we assume all costs, obligations and risks."

Allaire seated herself at the desk and briefly wrote out the order.

"She was put in shape to sell about a month ago. I thought I was going to get rid of her, but the prospective purchaser decided she was too deep-drafted for Florida waters. He bought a center board schooner."

"I will now give you a receipt," I said, "in which it will be stated that you are to receive a third interest in all profits to accrue from the use of your schooner and to continue sole owner, of course."

"How about insurance?" Allaire asked.

"Well, considering the nature of our trade, I should say the matter of insurance is a risk that you will be obliged to take."

"Of course; I forgot."

"Besides, Miss Forsyth," Cyril reminded her, "your risk is only of property."

It was a subtle touch. It could have meant the personal risk of danger from the sea or that of personal liberty, or both.

I wrote the document, which in the nature of the situation, as Allaire saw it, could be no more than a gentlemen's agreement, if such is possible for unlawful traffic, and naturally not legally valid. It appeared to satisfy her, but I could see that Cyril, on glancing over it, had something on his mind and I could guess what this was. He wondered just where I came in. I caught his eye with a significant warning that he was to make no comment.

Allaire said that she must go. One might have expected a girl in her position to show a little disquiet, but she did not. Then as we walked out through the shop I calmly made free with Mrs. Fairchild's stock in trade as I had already warned her. Stepping behind the show case, I took out the really handsome string of lapis lazuli.

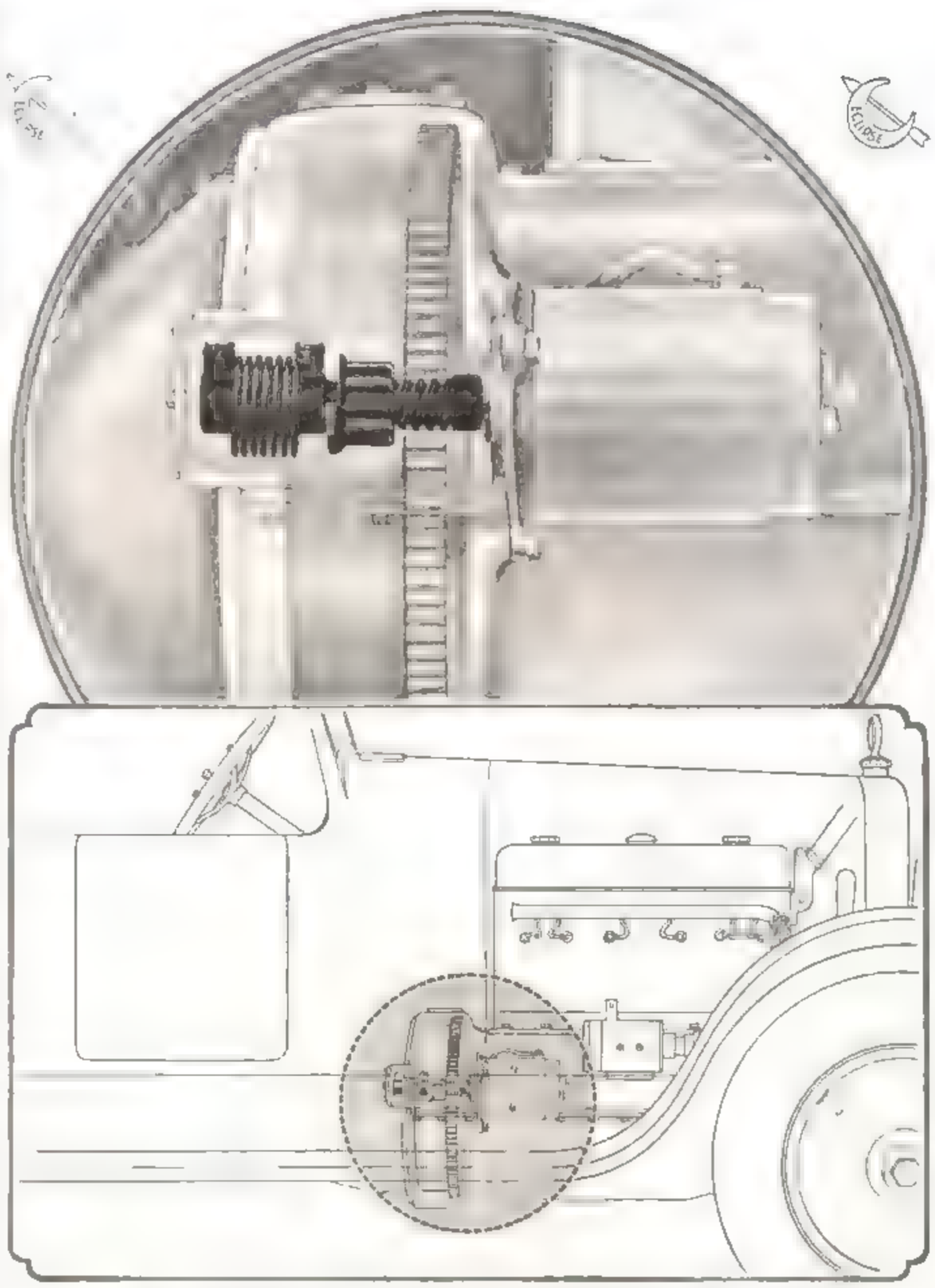
"You said a few moments ago that you were going to buy some beads in the ten-cent store, Allaire. Mrs. Fairchild wants you to accept these."

Allaire looked at the string.

"Why, Pom, they're lovely! Mrs. Fairchild, you really mustn't."

My landlady looked equally pleased. She was an impulsive woman and had fallen completely under the spell of Allaire's charm.

"I want you to have them, Miss Forsyth. They are not ordinary stock. They were brought me by my husband from Naples. There are some corals, too, if you would like them better."



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"No; these are perfect; my color. I have never seen them strung this way, with gold beads between to match the gold flecks. They are really exquisite."

We went out and I put her in Mrs. Lee's car. Her expression was now profoundly thoughtful.

"I must say, Pom, I seem to be getting away for a good start."

"I'll say you're getting away for a good sport," I said.

She seemed to hesitate a moment, then evidently thinking better of what she was about to say, gave me a nod and smile and drove off.

IV

GOING back into the shop, I found my fellow conspirators, if it is fair to call them that, in a benumbed condition. Cyril looked excited, but Mrs. Fairchild had a somber expression. She shook her head at me.

"I don't know about this, Mr. Stirling," she said.

To tell the truth, I felt a bit guilty and so proceeded to defend myself with vigor.

"Here's a girl with a schooner on her hands and no money for the upkeep of it. She should have sold it for what she could get long ago. But she didn't, because she couldn't bring herself to accept any price offered. And now if Cyril knows what he's talking about—and I should say he does—she's got the chance to make the boat earn her something and still own it, with no risk to speak of. If she chooses to jump to the conclusion that we are going in for rum running, that's her own fault."

"All the same, you ought to have told her," Mrs. Fairchild murmured.

"That would have ended it. She's willing to let us have the boat for an unlawful traffic in which she thinks she sees a big profit; and considering her unfortunate position, I can't say that I blame her. It's not the beer and skittles people think to dance attendance on the rich for your bed and board, and for a proud girl like Allaire it must be the devil."

"All the same, it doesn't seem quite straight," Mrs. Fairchild said stubbornly; "she's got a right to know what we really mean to do."

"But hang it all," I protested, "she'd have laughed at the idea of what we propose! And if you two wonder where I get that 'we,' I may as well tell you that I want in on this."

Cyril nodded.

"I had a hunch you would, Mr. Stirling, and that's the reason I couldn't quite see your third-share idea. It ought to have been four."

"I thought of that, too, and waived it," I said. "For one thing, I don't think that Allaire Forsyth would have taken less than a third, and in fact she's entitled to that when you stop to think. I'll go as sailing master, if you like, and you can pay me what you think to be a fair wage out of the profits of the venture. The next important point is, how much cash can we raise between us for initial expenses?"

Mrs. Fairchild looked distressed.

"There now, Mr. Stirling, that's just the trouble. After this forced sale of my cottage, I doubt if I'll have anything left, after I've paid my bills, except that rickety old flivver that's all falling to pieces."

"The motor's all right," Cyril said. "We'll take it out and load it aboard and trade it off for coconuts or something." He looked down at his big, bony left hand, on the little finger of which was a heavy gold ring with a good-sized diamond set deeply in the safe old-fashioned way. "That stone's been valued at about four hundred dollars. The ring belonged to my father, who was second steward on one of the old Quebec Steamship Company boats. It was given him by the mother of a little boy he saved from drowning. I'll pawn it."

"Well," I said, "I've got five hundred dollars; Liberty Bonds that a sanitarium would probably have got some day if I'd stuck on in the boiler factory. That goes into the pool."

"Then you get a share, Mr. Stirling." Cyril waved his hands. "I say, let's you and I split a third lay. You're to be captain and I'll be crew, steward and supercargo—commercial agent, so to speak."

"You're on, Cyril. Then that's that. We will just go liquidate, then run down to Marblehead and bring the schooner here."

V

TO PASS briefly over the events of the next fortnight, I wired to the boatman at Marblehead who had the care of the Tinker—so named not after a mender of tinware but the small-sized run of mackerel—to advise him that I was coming to get the little schooner as per written order from her owner.

Cyril and I left that same night. We found the little schooner all that I had hoped and a bit more, because poor Jack Forsyth had lacked funds to convert her completely into a yacht as regards her cabin plan. Or perhaps he may have had in mind that she might ultimately bring more for fishing than for yachting. Amidships, below decks, the hold space had been sheathed up neatly enough, but not bulkheaded off into saloon and staterooms. She was about fifty-five feet water line, but all boat, with broad beam and full bilges, which would give her stability and space for the sort of goods we purposed to barter in. She was as I imagined South Sea traders to be, but on a smaller scale, her fish hold serving not only as trade room but with plenty of space for Cyril and myself to rig our simple accommodations, thus leaving the whole after cabin at the disposition of Mrs. Fairchild.

We got out around Cape Cod in a clear strong nor'wester. It took us down around Nantucket Shoals and then on a close reach until it left us off Barnegat, when we worked in to Beach City early in the morning of the third day.

Mrs. Fairchild was delighted with the little vessel, and, as might have been expected of a woman whose horizon had been several times widely opened by deep-sea voyages, then cramped and carked by vexations of the land, by this time enthusiastic over the whole idea and anxious to be off. Her personal misfortunes were being bruited about by that merciless little set that exists for every woman struggling in a small community, and she confided in me that for her, as her husband used to say:

"Blow east, blow west;
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

Then curiously enough we spent a week of active trade right there in Beach City, and this was an interesting and educational study in the working of people's minds. If Mrs. Fairchild had plastered her front windows with red-lettered selling-out posters, the interest shown would have been very slight. But on its being noised about that she was willing to trade with no real money in the transaction, the store was besieged with folk who had certain what might be called articles de luxe that they were tired of and desired to exchange for necessities. As a result, she was offered such articles as phonographs and radio sets, small marine motors and even furs, in exchange for clothes and standard commodities. Naturally, we had no use for furs; but we did manage to pick up half a dozen bicycles and a few more of the little hand sewing machines so popular with sailors and on which Cyril placed a high value; also some old-fashioned music boxes which he said might be worth their weight in gold. We got also one small mechanical piano in trade for some bulky articles such as refrigerators.

Our aim always was to reduce bulk for small and preferably gleaming articles of equivalent value. Cyril, who knew native psychology, placed a tremendous value on glitter.

Right there on Main Street we traded a couple of the big three-burner oil stoves for some of the old-fashioned small ones and a lot of electric torches with a stock of batteries.

But Cyril drew the line at firearms, saying that to trade in such wares might get us into a lot of trouble.

"Rum running and gun running are in the same class," he said. "Profitable, but risky. Besides you're too apt to be pirated if suspected of having either."

It got to be a sort of popular sport of the local people to drop in for a trade, and this suggested to Cyril's commercial mind another development of such an affair as ours—to buy up the stocks of such money-losing stores as this, put them in a warehouse, then trade them off for the particular sort of small articles best suited for barter in remote regions. In this connection I remembered an army friend of my father's who had shown us one day a very handsome creese, or wavy-bladed Moro sword, inlaid with gold along the runneling and the hilt set with a multitude of seed pearls. A native of Sulu, back in 1900, had refused twenty-five dollars gold for it, then eagerly traded it for a worn pair of spat putties and a campaign hat.

Some African explorer has stated that one could cross the Dark Continent more safely with a barrel organ than with a hundred riflemen; and it was Kipling, I believe, who said that if a pair of breeches were to wash ashore on a cannibal island, the man who found them would be king before night; and bearing this in mind, I suggested that we specialize a little in musical instruments and trousers. There may be something wild and terrifying about an unbreeched man—witness the Highlanders, or Ladies from Hell—but pants give him poise and social prominence. Cyril agreed with me in the main, but warned that natives were more sophisticated than in Columbian days, and always whimsical.

"The beggars understand values too," he said; "but one thing you can always count on: If they see something that just happens to take their fancy, however piffling, they must have it at any cost. Nine-tenths of native trade is being a good guesser."

This whimsicality, I may say in passing, is by no means confined to savages. I know a collector of porcelains who is not rich and who would, I am sure, go six months without a drink for a rare piece, and next to porcelains he most likes strong waters. Our ladies, with all their opportunities to shop, will often fix their hearts on some especial gewgaw and want that or nothing. And the simple native has not this chance to shop.

The combination of Mrs. Fairchild's knowledge of relative and Cyril's of trade values with my own insistence on economy of space—for I argued that we might see fit from time to time to take on comparatively bulky cargo in barter as we went along—resulted in our finally assembling a selected line of stock and enormously reducing the bulk of what we had to start with, all this without a cent of money changing hands. It was an interesting lesson in trade economics, since we did not propose to offer anything for money sale either there or elsewhere until our return with whatever we might be able to gather in exchange. After all, this was the fundamental principle of commerce, pursued to profit since the very beginning of the civilized world.

At last, after some of our stuff had actually changed ownership three or four times, Cyril threw up his hands with a gesture of finality.

"Let's call a halt or we may be at it all winter. When it gets so that we start with the forty-year-old grand piano in Mrs. Fairchild's cottage and work down through a flivver motor without the car, a seine net in fairly good condition, and finally wind up with the complete costumery of the Oh, Hell-Hello Burlesque Company, it's time to quit. That was a good trade, though. Fifty collapsible fawn-colored opera hats, fifty pairs of tortoise-shell spectacle frames, fifty shrimp-pink girls' lawn-party costumes, mostly mosquito net and damaged, fifty butterfly nets to match, with a whole mess of grease paint and rouge and make-up gear, also used. We ought to do something with that—if ever we get far enough up-river."

We decided then to sail. The Tinker had a squat, roomy dinghy with a detachable engine, and we had also picked up a small dory. Our trade goods by this time, though increasing in value, had become so shrunken in bulk that it was no great task for Cyril and me to truck the bales and boxes down to the landing and get them off aboard. As we were now a commercial vessel and not a yacht, it was necessary to have our papers in order. I attended to this detail, though not clearing for any foreign port, as we proposed to work down the coast, to jump off finally from some point in Florida.

I had by this time made the little vessel comfortable and livable, stowing our stuff in such fashion as to leave space for Cyril and myself to billet ourselves in the trade room amidship, so that Mrs. Fairchild could have the cabin to herself. The motor was at the foot of the companionway that Jack Forsyth had caused to be dropped down into the part built for carrying fish, the bulkhead of which he had moved forward; a good enough arrangement except that it made it necessary to work at the engine in very confined space.

Our little ship was all ready for sea, stores and trade goods compactly stowed, water and fuel tanks filled with some extra drums of the latter securely lashed on deck. And then, just as we were all set to go, a blow fell. I had, at Allaire's request, telephoned her to say that at last we were ready to sail. She had returned to town and was living in

(Continued on Page 101)

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 98)

the tiny apartment that she inhabited between her visits. As I had intimated that there was no reason for her to be in evidence as associated with the venture, the last thing I expected was what now occurred.

The three of us were busy straightening out things below preparatory to getting under way when a shore boat bumped alongside. I went on deck and was frozen with horror to see Allaire. But that was only part of it. In a dismay too deep for words, I discovered immediately that here was not only Allaire but Allaire's luggage, and that she had come not to wish us bon voyage but to voyage with us.

VI

THERE was no time to take counsel with the others. Neither did it look as if any protest would be of the least avail. Allaire gave me an unruffled "Good morning, Pom," then directed her boatman to pass her duffel aboard, this consisting of two big valises, a fitted bag and a rug roll, her usual outfit for a yachting cruise.

Helpless and aghast, I received these articles on deck. Allaire paid her boatman, then gave me her hand and came aboard with the nonchalance of what as a matter of fact she was—the owner.

"I've decided to go with you," she said. "I must say you might look a little more pleased. Where's Mrs. Fairchild?"

This question was answered by Mrs. Fairchild's bright head appearing through the hatch. She stared at Allaire stupefied, but only for a second. Cyril, busy stowing things forward, was not yet aware of our unbidden guest.

"Well, here I am," said Allaire. "I hope you don't mind. To tell the truth, Pom, I decided to go with you from the moment you told me Mrs. Fairchild was going."

"But, my dear girl," I protested, "this is apt to be a pretty rough cruise."

"Well, it can't be any worse than that cubbyhole of mine. When I found I wasn't booked for any visit until after the first of the year, at least any that I wanted to accept, I rented my cubicle for the winter. I'm due in Palm Beach the second week in January, so I thought I'd get you to drop me off there and save railroad fares."

There was nothing much to say to this. I had told Allaire that our first stop would probably be the Bahamas, so that Palm Beach was on our way.

Cyril came up at this moment and I was forced to admire his nerve and presence of mind. One would have thought from his eager but respectful welcome that the one thing needed for the success of our voyage was Allaire's presence there.

"This is ripping, Miss Forsyth. Makes yachting of it."

"Can you stow me away as far as Palm Beach?" Allaire asked. "I don't think I'll be in the way, and I'm not a bad quartermaster."

Mrs. Fairchild took her cue from Cyril. "You shall have the cabin, of course. The foc'sle has been cleaned and painted and the two men can shift in there. I'll move into the trade room."

Allaire smiled.

"That's a good name for it, but you'll do nothing of the sort. You are all to stay where you are and I'll occupy the foc'sle myself."

"Well, just as you like," I said. "The foc'sle is not so bad if you're a good sailor."

"I'm that and more," said Allaire. "I've done enough yachting to be an able seaman. I didn't think you would mind."

"Mind!" Cyril echoed. "We're proud, honored and delighted. Please consider me your steward."

"Well then," said Allaire, smiling, "since I'm to live in the foc'sle, I'm crew. You might have worse, too, captain, if I do say it as shouldn't."

"All right," I said. "Then get forward and shift and man the windlass."

She gave me a dangerous look, then saluted and went forward.

I could never have pictured Allaire sleeping in a sailor's bunk or doing any sort of rough work even in the line of sport. She was not the sort turned out by Girl Scouts. She might have gone into Central Africa with a big *safari*, more of the luxuries of life carried on woolly heads than most of us enjoy at home; but rough camp would never have appealed to her, I thought.

There was a fresh nor'wester blowing, and gasoline being about the most precious thing we carried and a commodity we could not afford except in urgent need, we planned to work almost entirely under sail. The mainsail was already hoisted, and Cyril and I now swung on the foresail halyards, then manned the windlass.

The cable was hove short when Allaire popped up through the hatch. She was, for a long-haired A.B., becomingly costumed in white sweater, short sport skirt, woolen stockings, sponge-rubber deck shoes and chamois gloves. The only note of color was an orange tam. I had never thought of her as a particularly robust girl and was now a bit surprised to see how she filled out her clothes. We were also to discover that her claim to being a sailor was no idle boast.

Cyril was so fascinated that he stopped heaving.

"Break her out," I snapped, and started aft to take the wheel.

But Mrs. Fairchild had anticipated this maneuver, and before I got there was already putting the helm down. It struck me that whatever might or might not be said for and against our venture, we had at least a competent ship's company.

So away we went and headed out for open sea. I took the wheel and Mrs. Fairchild went below to prepare some food. Allaire came aft, and giving me a bleak, autumnal look from her yellow eyes, went down to help. It was plain to me that I had got away for a bad start with this girl, but that was nothing compared to what I might expect if she were to find out how I had let her fool herself about our actual intentions. I did not believe that any amount of argument would convince Allaire that what we proposed to attempt was more than a pifling venture. But I saw a very real danger—that if she were to find us out she might bully us into really attempting what she thought to be the object of the voyage.

Once outside, the fresh nor'wester took us on the quarter. It was a sparkling, glittering day, but not cold. Allaire came up and asked to take the wheel. She soon proved herself entirely able to steer a true compass course, which, as we ran offshore, was no easy matter in the puffs and with a choppy quartering swell. But then she was used to the boat, having cruised one summer with her brother Jack. Watching her now, I realized what a flood of saddened reminiscence this must bring and felt repentant for my ungracious reception of her. Also I admired the cheerful face she turned to conditions that would have plunged most girls into gloom.

"This is good, Pom," she said presently. "Nothing like being on your own."

"It beats the boiler factory," I admitted.

"So it does yachting, where you eat and drink and sleep too much. No everlasting bridge and mah-jongg to kill time."

"You are apt to find it dull in Florida just now, aren't you?"

"Perhaps. But there's a reason for my going. I learned the other day that a friend of mine, a rich man twice divorced, is going South on his yacht right after New Year's. It's ostensibly a yachting party—Palm Beach and Miami and Nassau and Havana. But he wants a Southern winter base, sort of fishing camp, and his idea is to buy a key and build on it. I know him very well and know his tastes, and I thought I might scout a little and possibly find a location that would suit him."

"Why the gratuitous service, Allaire?"

"It wouldn't be quite that. I know precisely what he wants, and if I find it I might get a four months' option, then wire him to come and look it over. If the place happened to suit him, I would stand to make a good turnover."

I shook my head.

"A little risky, Allaire. If he didn't, then you would be stuck for the option."

"That's a chance I'd have to take. I wouldn't give much for the option. I know where I can borrow the money if the proposition looks good enough." She hesitated, then said, "You know my prospective client. He's Nick Sayles."

"Of course. I might have guessed. He's a good sort and no piker. All the same, I should say that your idea is taking too long a chance. Look, Allaire, you say you like this better than yachting, and you've got a third interest in the venture. We appraise the value of Mrs. Fairchild's stock as equal to that of the boat, so she is in for a third, and Cyril and I have scraped up about a thousand dollars cash between us, which, with our trained services, we figure at a third to be shared equally between us. Now it's manifestly impossible for you and Mrs. Fairchild to remain aboard a rum runner actively engaged in that risky and unlawful traffic, but you both could stop on aboard if we were to abandon the rum running for legitimate trade."

"What sort of trade?" Allaire asked suspiciously.

"Old-fashioned barter." And I outlined briefly and as convincingly as I was able our actual intention, without stating it as such. But it was a wasted effort and left Allaire cold.

"Too visionary, Pom. Like treasure hunting. If there was anything in it, somebody would have done it long ago."

"That's just what they did, from time immemorial."

"Well, they would be doing it still."

"So they are, in many parts of the world. It was the founding of the Astor fortune and a good many others since."

"Too slow and uncertain and deadly dull."

"But it wouldn't be dull," I protested. "And it would solve your immediate problems of where and how to live. Why not give it a tryout?"

"No, I want more and quicker action. I've reached a point, got in a jam, where I don't give a hang about the ethics of the thing. You stick to your original idea and I'll manage somehow. All the same, it's good of you to want me, Pom."

I groaned in spirit. It did not need a crystal ball to show me what we must look like to Allaire when she discovered how she had been duped; or, to be exact, how we three had let her dupe herself. It was her idea that, lacking sufficient funds to purchase any great amount of contraband, we counted on being able to trade off the goods below for alcoholics enough to give us a start, a stake for future operations. She had not asked for particulars as to how we hoped to accomplish this or to dispose of our cargo, but evidently took it for granted that we had made our arrangements for doing so with some of the guild at Beach City.

Presently she put me on the rack by asking, "Why are you so sure that the schooner mayn't be seized, Pom, or pirated or something?"

"Because we are not going to carry any contraband where patrol and pirate craft hang out."

"All the same, you might just happen to fall foul of one."

"Yes, you might get held up almost anywhere these days, either on sea or land. We might hit a reef, for that matter. But with painstaking care we hope to avoid those things."

Allaire glanced at the compass and gave the wheel a spoke.

"What could you and Cyril do if a pirate held you up when you had a cargo? You've got no guns, have you?"

"Don't worry," I said. "When we start to run a cargo of rum we are pretty apt to have some means of defending it."

"Yes, I should imagine so. You and Cyril are not precisely the sort of men to see your goods grabbed off without a fight, I should say." She looked at me with a gleam in her tawny eyes, and I writhed. "After all, there is a lot of romance in it, Pom."

"Is there? Well, I suppose from one point of view there's romance in any sort of outlawry, especially at sea. But so there is in lots of legitimate pursuits where you have to match your brain against elemental forces part of the time and other human brains the other. The bigger the commercial profit and the greater the risks, the more the romance, I suppose."

"I wish I could go with you, Pom."

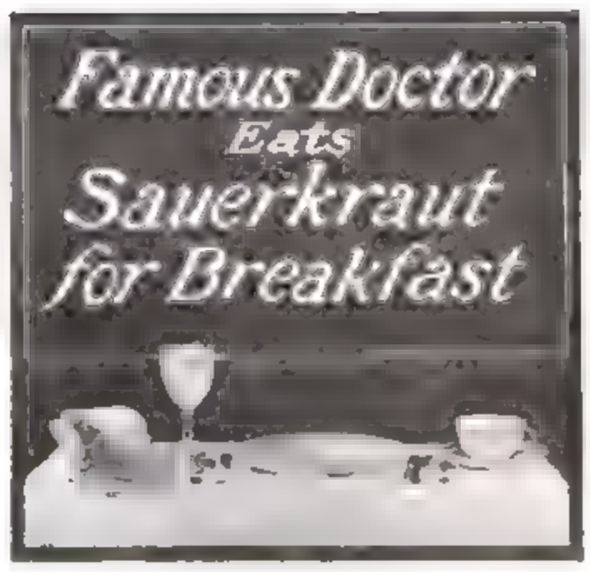
"So you can, for any legitimate venture. It's up to you."

"Well, I think it's dear of you to put it that way. But right now there's just one thing that interests me, and that's money. You must feel the same way about it. If you happen to be to the manor born, it's too humiliating to be an intermittent guest in other people's manors, with your wretched attic in between."

"Look here, Allaire," I said desperately, "why don't you marry? Pick out a rich one, like Nick Sayles, and marry him. That would solve your problems."

"Oh, come, Pom, you know as well as I do that for a girl like me to commit cold-blooded premeditated matrimony with avarice aforethought is a worse crime than murder or burglary or a suicide pact. The only sanction for it is to benefit your family. Since I haven't any, that doesn't enter in."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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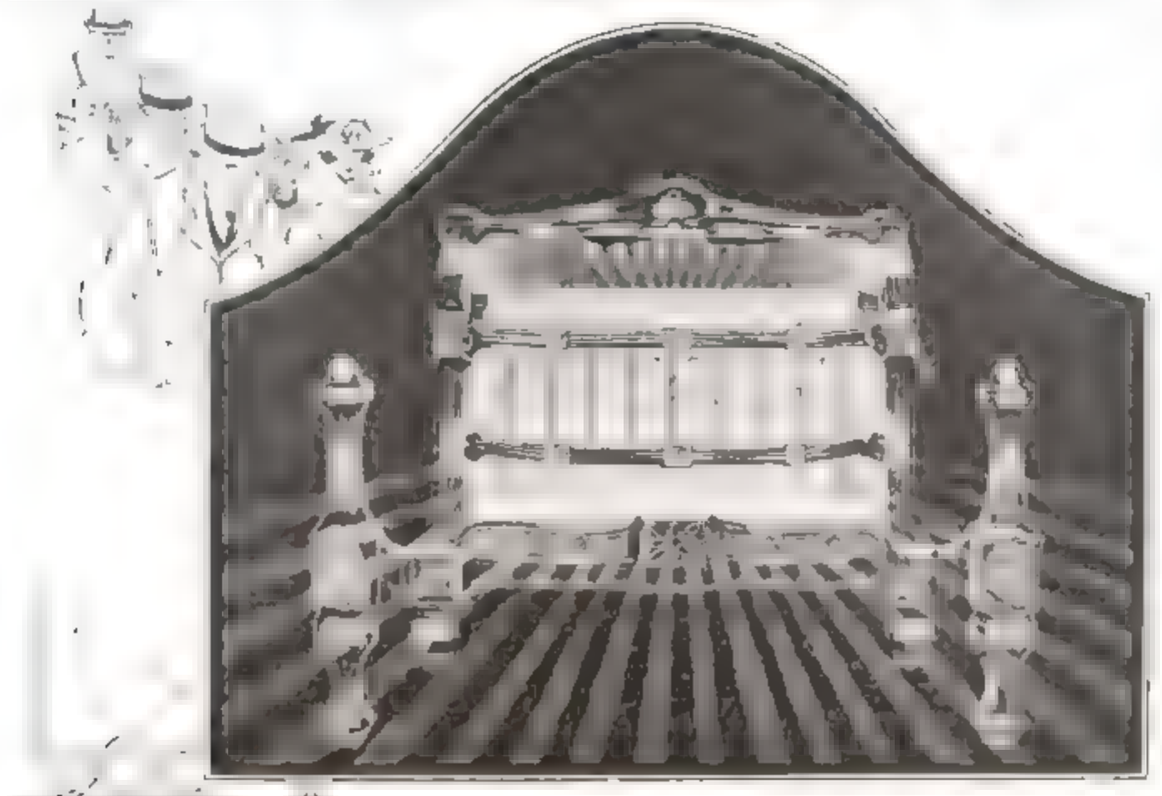

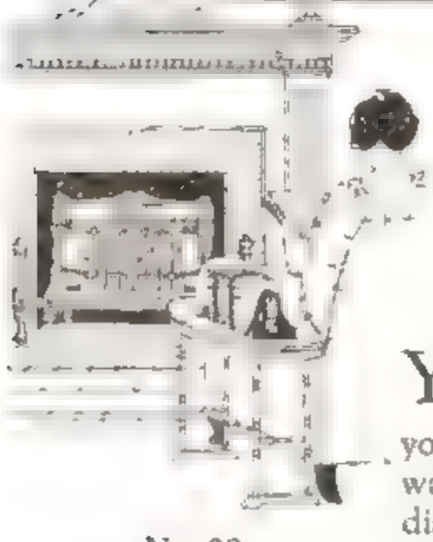

No. 29

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RADIANT HEATERS

FIFTY-FIFTY

(Continued from Page 5)

hugging the inside of a sharp curve, she glimpsed a jam ahead of her, and with the unconscious promptitude of the born mechanic she gave her car the brakes and shut off the spark and pulled up to a sharp halt in the very face of an agonized crowd that rushed toward her with upraised hands and shouts of warning.

"Hey, Babe! The bridge is down!"

She jumped out and walked to the parapet. The old iron bridge, its back broken squarely in two, lay in the bed of the river, held down on one end by a demolished motor truck weighted down with four thousand feet of green hemlock.

"Anybody hurt?" Babe asked.

They pointed to the truck driver, angrily denouncing the town authorities and swearing with blue intensity that he would have the law on them.

"Oh, you're going to sue us!" said the bobbed-haired stage driver, taking charge "First you smash our bridge, then you want us to pay you for the job, eh?"

She looked down into the river.

"How much did your load weigh?" demanded Babe.

"I didn't have on no load at all!" angrily cried the driver.

"All right," she replied, "we'll weigh it. If it's over six tons with your truck, the town's going to sue you."

The fellow opened his mouth to say something, but he held his peace and tried to maintain his fierce aspect.

"Johnny," said Babe to one of the bystanders, "you take charge. Don't lose a stick of that timber. Weigh it wet." The crowd broke into a loud laugh. She turned to the crestfallen driver. "Now if you want to sign a release, we will let you go, peaceable. We were going to put up a new bridge anyway."

But the fellow would be double-barreled blank if he would sign anything. At the moment he felt grievously that he was the injured party, and it was in his mind to get a competence for the rest of his life out of this accident. He could name a dozen men who had gone through bridges and stopped work for the remainder of their days on the proceeds.

"Just because you're wearing pants," he said contemptuously, "you can't bully me."

He sat down on a rock and looked determined.

"Get a gang and yank it out, Johnny," said Babe. "This fellow wants to help the town pay for the new bridge."

She eyed the fellow with a dry smile. She took out her notebook, laden with its day's memos of matching ribbon, separator rings spoiled sausage and what not; and resting her foot on the running board, she wrote, on her knee, Sheriff, the dog, supervising with a cocked ear:

"I hereby absolve the town of Beldenville, in the presence of witnesses, from all damages to me and my truck, for the breaking of the Red Bridge under my load of timber on the morning of September 20, 1924."

"If you know what's good for you," Babe said, handing the driver the release, "you will sign that. You fellows can't read a sign that says six tons."

The driver glumly studied the paper. He looked over the bridge at the wreckage; the current was already piling the load on the rocks.

"All right," he said crustily, and snatching the pen from her hand he wrote his name.

Babe called two men from the crowd to sign as witnesses. Then she took out her notarial seal and punched her official approval into the document.

"Now we will help you get your load out," said Babe generously.

She gave some directions. No one thought of questioning her. She had the habit of assuming command. When she saw blocks and tackles slung and the capsized motor truck slowly turning on its side to the tugs of a pair of cattle, she backed around and moved off down the road. Half a mile below she turned across an old wooden bridge by Felton's and up a road that was scarcely more than a wheel track. It was a pent road that wise forefathers had preempted for just such an emergency. But it had been built for horses and cattle, not motor cars. Huge bowlders protruded, and the stage driver edged her car up the steep bank to pass them. At a ramshackle house she got out to borrow an ax; and at the foot of a steep declivity that had been washed by a hundred winter freshets, she jumped down to clear a path for her car through the alders.

The noon blasts of the state-road work up above, the new road that was to bring this little valley a hundred years ahead, out of its sleep of abandonment, were touching off like a zero-hour bombardment of the Huns when she set forward again. The car lurched heavily into a hog hole, and the natty young man beside her was thrown violently against her. As she fended him off with an elbow she made the discovery that he carried something bony and hard in his left sleeve just above his cuff.

She examined him covertly when, coming back to the old road again at the bridgehead, she could shoot her car ahead at its usual pace. He was a foreigner of some sort—a dressy foreigner. He had a wasp waist and tight vest, and a watch chain modishly reaching from pocket to pocket instead of from buttonhole to pocket in the accepted style of Beldenville. His hair was varnished and at every jar of the car he took off his hat and carefully rearranged such strands as were disordered. His polished finger nails especially invited her scorn. Likewise his silk socks. His eyes were cowlike in their liquid depths; doubtless, thought Babe, he had a romantic disposition.

It was one when they drew up to the post office; and with a celerity that belied a day begun at daybreak, she began unloading her wagon. With the mail on one shoulder, she stopped to talk to Abner Hale, the town constable, an almost emeritus office in the little village, where nothing happened and every man's neighbor had had the same name for two hundred years.

"That fellow's got a gun in his sleeve," said Babe in a low tone

"Shall I arrest him?" asked the tremulous constable, wide-eyed.

"No; keep your eye on him." And she went in. She was opening the mail bags, unconscious of the throng of villagers crowding the rail. The natty young man entered.

"Where is the new road?" he asked.

"You're looking for a job on the state road, are you?" said Babe. "Well, if you are, they are finishing up this week and don't want any help."

"Not so," he said apologetically. "I just wanted to see it."

"I'm going right along up, if you will wait ten minutes," said Babe agreeably.

Ten minutes later she steered her car up the little hill, Sheriff on the running board wagging salutes of home-coming to his friends in the street. Two miles north they came to a barricade reading Positively No Passing, and here she stopped to let her passenger down. He started forward over the forbidden macadam at once as if he were bound for somewhere. A dusty young man in corduroys and high laced boots, overseeing the road gang, came up laughing and moved the barricade for the privileged Babe. He paused, a foot on the running board, coddling the grateful Sheriff, with whom he seemed on terms of perfect equality.

"You are the lucky one, Babe," said the man, chaffing her. "I suppose you are only going to do the work of two or three men this afternoon. What's on the program—moving somebody's barn, or something?"

Babe laughed back; but her eyes followed the disappearing figure of her passenger.

"Do you see that nifty dresser going up to inspect your job, Billy?" she asked. "He's got a gun in his left sleeve. How does he get at it when he wants to use it?"

The road engineer looked after the man.

"It's probably on a string around his neck. That's the usual trick. He can drop it into the palm of his hand with a twist of his neck. Did you frisk him, Babe?" he inquired innocently.

She ignored this pleasantry.

"Pass the word along the line, Billy," she said. "Let me know where he goes."

A hundred yards farther on she turned in at her own yard. Sheriff leaped off his perch and up the steps, the dog opening the door with his teeth, and dashed inside to report to his master that once more he had brought his mistress safe into port. Sheriff had a way of taking all the credit to himself for every one of these expeditions to town that had been going on daily for more

(Continued on Page 104

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(Continued from Page 102)

than a year now. He licked his master's hand, raced about, thumped his hocks on the floor and barked; and when Babe came in he sprang joyously to meet her.

Joel, Babe's husband, lay there in a harness they had put him in when they carried him home from the woods with a broken back the previous winter. A tree had fallen on him. He would never get up, but such was the indomitable spirit that it was always tomorrow or the next day at latest when he would be polishing an ax helve in his brawny hands. Stretched in his harness, staring at the ceiling that was his whole horizon, he listened to the patter of Babe as she moved swiftly about preparing their dinner. She told him of the bridge, the driver who guessed maybe he didn't want his load weighed, the detour, of old Felton and his chicken dinner, how the new road was to be opened to traffic next week, and of the natty young man with the gun in his sleeve.

She set the table by the bed. Between mouthfuls she talked incessantly, with breezy enthusiasm, as she fed Joel—and Sheriff, too, for Sheriff had his own seat and very passable table manners. Then there were the dishes to wash and the house to clean, for it was Saturday; and a cake she had promised Aunt Ivy; and the records of the church, of which she was treasurer; and tax bills to be made out and ready for mailing; and the telephone to answer.

This instrument began to ring continuously on her arrival. Everybody wanted something—advice or help. If the steady drum fire of tasks that made her day had ceased for a moment, she might have come face to face with herself. She had no chance, and such was the stress that she hoped, half consciously, that the time might never come when she could sit down with idle hands and think. It was the common lot, made uncommon by the way she met it. Joel's need had literally made her career. A woman's job? Sure, it was a woman's job. She knew of no dividing line. It was fifty-fifty.

At five, accompanied by the ever-faithful Sheriff, she returned to the post office; and finding a long line of state-road laborers buying money orders with their pay, she shouldered her way into the inclosure, and with pen and blanks in hand took a seat at the window beside Homer, the worried old postmaster, and spelled out impossible Mediterranean names and counted and gave receipts for unconscionably dirty money. This construction gang had been here for a year now, living in tar-paper shacks on the new highway, and Babe had come to know some of them by name, even to pick up some of their queer lingo.

Tonight everything was quiet. They were orderly, waited their turns patiently; with grimy hands they thrust in through the window sums of money that made her gasp

She wondered what stuff they lived on in their shanties that they could save so much for the sunshiny return home. It was a new race for her. Here in the valley where the English strain dated back to fifty years before the Revolution, these primitive Mediterranean nomads, who moved from shanty to shanty with their picks and shovels and dynamite, seemed to come from another planet. They had laws and customs and leaders of their own; they had nothing in common with the undiluted American blood she had always known before the coming of the new road that was making its way piecemeal down the little river valley.

At six o'clock she rose, looking with dislike at her fingers that had been burrowing in so much filthy lucre.

"No more now, Tony," she said with peremptory finality. "Tell them to come back after supper. *Sette! Sette!*" she exclaimed, trying to get the idea over. She pointed to the clock and repeated "*Sette! Sette!*"

And Tony, a swarthy padrone, catching her meaning, delivered a staccato order in his strange tongue, at which the line sagged limply and broke up. They were like so many sheep behind a bellwether

"You go in and get your supper, Homer," commanded Babe. "I'll sit tight till you come back."

She held her place until the postmaster returned, still chewing on the last bite of his hastily snatched meal. He was an old man, and he was badly upset by the land-office business his little rural office was doing this evening.

"Nothing doing till I come back now," she said; and outside, she called the swart Tony again and delivered the injunction to him.

It wasn't her own supper that took her away. It was her husband's, to whom the meal by his bedside, while he stared at his little ceiling, was one of the great events of the day.

Babe moved up the snowy table to his bedside; and there, under the evening lamp, while the fire crackled, she told him about the sudden flow of wealth taking its departure to sunny Sicily. She recited the queer names of towns she had been writing, and she got down an old atlas and traced out their location, as she ate and fed her little flock of two.

"They must have dug it up out of a rat hole," she said. She looked at her hands, which she had scoured with sand soap before she dared to sit down. "There must be close onto four thousand dollars of it already—and it is still coming," she remarked.

Joel, staring at the ceiling, tried to say something, but it was quite beyond him. She studied him, watched his lips, seemed to divine the message on them.

"I know it," she said briskly. "Homer has no place to keep it over Sunday. That old safe isn't much more than a sardine can He won't sleep a wink."

She ate in silence for a moment.

"He's got to enter it all too," she resumed; "every single bill. Got to put down the serial number and kind and denomination. And it's all in small bills too—fives and tens and a lot of moldy ones. He'll be up all night." She swept aside the things. "Well, pap," she said lightly, "I guess you will have to sit up with the lamp tonight. Homer will be worried sick before he gets through with this."

The car coughed and spit in protest at being aroused in the cold chill that had settled down; and the faithful Sheriff was poised on the running board, nose to frosty air, as she drove to the post office. Lamps were gleaming; wagons with plodding horses passed wearily in and out of the pale radiance of the little street. A dark cluster of forms adhered to one corner of the post-office porch like a swarm of bees just out of their hive. It was the waiting road gang, and at sight of her they burst into childish greeting—"Ba-bae! *Bambina!*"

They followed her in.

"Line 'em up, Tony," commanded Babe, opening the window. "Tell them not to eat that pencil—it's all we've got."

It was nine o'clock when the last muttering Sicilian thrust in his ragged wad of money and attempted to translate, with many jerks of his arms and thumbs, the smudgy hieroglyphics he had written on his paper. Babe made a good guess at the destination; she wrote his envelope for him, stamped it and inclosed the blue paper of the fortune he was dispatching against his sunny old age; and the laborer passed it over to Tony for his O. K. Tony nodded without looking at it.

(Continued on Page 109)

"I'll Take It Home With Me," She Continued Softly. She Could Take Care of It. She Had No Doubt of That—She and Sheriff

Make up your set from this list:

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CLOTH BRUSH
HAT BRUSH
BONNET BRUSH
MILITARY BRUSH
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SCISSORS
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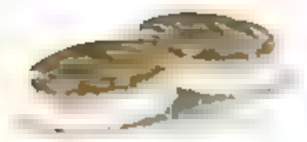
HAIR RECEIVER
SHOE HORN
DRESSER TRAY
PIN TRAY
PICTURE FRAME
JEWEL BOX
CLOCK
PIN CUSHION
PERFUME BOTTLE
BUD VASE



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YOU can be *sure* of giving something that you *know* will delight her. For what woman does not love Pyralin toilet things? Golden Amber, lustrous Shell, gleaming Ivory. Exquisite—and their beauty never fades. Useful—and their service is life-long, a daily reminder of the giver.

What more acceptable gift than a complete set of Pyralin—or a few pieces to start the set (or to add to one already started)? Patterns are standard, added pieces match, at leading stores everywhere.

Look for the name-stamp on every piece. Only then can you be sure of giving her as fine toiletware as she deserves—extra heavy material; exquisite modeling; clean-cut tooling; deep, lustrous coloring; superior finishing—altogether a gift that you can be thoroughly proud of.

Made only in the materials which fashion dictates—Amber Pyralin, Shell Pyralin, Ivory Pyralin and exquisite combinations of Ivory on Amber and Shell on Amber. With beautiful decorations or monogram, if desired. Descriptive booklet on request.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Pyralin Department
ARLINGTON, NEW JERSEY

IVORY AMBER SHELL Pyralin

The genuine "Pyralin" bears the name-stamp on every article. Look for it.

Hotpoint and your dealer *co-operate to make your Christmas buying easy*

THE most helpful of all Christmas gifts are now also the easiest to buy.

At the Hotpoint store right in your town you will find a complete assortment of Hotpoint Servants. A display made by the merchant from his large Hotpoint stocks so that Christmas shoppers can select their Hotpoint gifts comfortably and quickly.

Give Hotpoint Servants this Christmas, and you may rest assured of this:

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They prove themselves true *Servants*. Twenty years of research and manufacturing have developed the present quality and design. They find their welcome uses day after day, and are never cast aside.

Below you see a helpful Gift List of Hotpoint Servants. Each bears the *Hotpoint* name —the mark of *authority* on real electric *servants*.

Your dealer is prepared for a record-breaking Hotpoint season. Everyone is asking for *Hotpoint*. The Gift Table will allow him to serve you with greater speed and comfort.

The Hotpoint Gift List

Hotpoint Electric Iron $6.75
Hotpoint Hedlite Heater
$6.50 to $14.90
Hotpoint Percolating Urn
$18.00 to $36.50
Hotpoint
Toast-Over Toaster $8.00
Hotpoint Radiant Grill $12.50
Hotpoint Duplex Grill $9.85
Hotpoint Curling Iron
$5.00 to $7.50
Hotpoint Heating Pad
$5.75 & $9.75
Hotpoint Utility Set $7.95
(Iron, Curling Iron and Stand—forming electric stove)
The New Hotpoint Waffle Iron
$15.00
Hotpoint Immersion Heater
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Hotpoint Table Stove $4.95
Dolly Madison Urn
Percolator Set (Silver) $65.00

There are many other Hotpoint Servants not listed here that will make splendid gifts

Hot

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SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
Boston New York Atlanta Chicago Cleveland St. Louis
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Gifts conceived in the old guild spirit
by a modern Watchmakers' Guild

So devout, so filled with a love for their art, were the guild watchmakers of old time that they were accustomed to seek inspiration for their work in prayer.

Such was the spirit of their craftsmanship. What wonder, then, that the creations of their hands were sought out eagerly as the richest gifts that even princes could bestow?

It was to maintain this spirit in the watchmaking industry of today that the Gruen Watch Makers Guild was founded.

New standards of excellence have been made possible by the most advanced methods in watchmaking technique. But the watches of the modern Gruen Guild are conceived in the same reverent spirit of finest workmanship as the guild watches of hundreds of years ago.

And, like the old guild watches, the Gruen Guild Watches of our own day are widely looked upon by the discriminating as the perfect tokens of sincere affection or deep respect.

Why not, therefore, select one of these watches for that beloved person whom you mean to honor with some gift this Christmas?

The better jewelers can show you the watches pictured here, as well as other Gruen Guild models—their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown below.

WR 18—White gold reinforced $30. Precision movement and without second hand $35; others $50 up, according to case and movement

Pentagon 104 (pat'd VeriThin, Precision movement—White or green gold reinforced, $65; solid green gold, $100, white $125. Others up to $500

Empire 324 (pat'd), VeriThin—White gold filled, intaglio design, 17 ruby jeweled Precision movement, $60

Empire 50, Ultra-VeriThin Precision movement (pat'd)—Solid white or green gold $100; white gold inlaid with fine enamel, $110; fully hand carved case, $125; platinum, $450 to $550

Cartouche 82—White gold reinforced, $50, solid white gold, $60; Enameled designs, $55 and $65

Tank (pat'd) Precision movement—Green gold reinforced, $55; white, $60; solid green gold, $75; white, $85; others up to $250, according to case and movement

Strap 18 (pat'd) Precision movement—White or green gold reinforced, $40; solid gold $75; others up to $200

SemiThin—Green gold filled $25, white $27.50; other SemiThins up to $50, according to case and movement

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Engaged in the art of watch manufacturing since 1874

GRUEN Guild Watches

1874
Fiftieth Anniversary Year
1924

By Invitation Member
Emblem of BUSINESS CHARACTER
Rice Leaders of the World Associations

For the man who wants a good timekeeper priced as low as $35, the SemiThin is a thoroughly practical watch. Nowhere else can such value in quality of movement and case be found below $35

SEMITHIN WAY

With the usual four operating planes reduced to three, the VeriThin becomes gracefully thin without loss of accuracy or durability. At $60 up there is no watch made at the price equal to it in value—due to quality of parts and superior mechanical construction

VERITHIN WAY

In the Ultra VeriThin at $100 up the operating planes are reduced only to two, so the slightest loss in accuracy or durability of parts. No watch of this thinness and character has ever been offered for less than $250

ULTRA-VERITHIN WAY
PATENTED

For Boys
The Junior—A new Guild creation designed especially as the boy's first "real watch". Appropriate etchings on back. White or green gold filled, $28

(Continued from Page 104)

"Babe, she good!" said Tony, gathering up his flock. And so there could be no doubt of his approval of the girl in breeches who had expedited the evening, he added a few lines of what he thought to be parlor English, most of which was not, however, as a rule spoken in the society of ladies. Babe grinned.

Homer stumped over to the door and turned the key on the night.

"Now I got to enter it all," he said crustily. He got down his big book and spread it under the lamplight. Babe climbed to the stool beside him.

"You been going since daylight -it ain't right, Babe. You go on home," protested Homer weakly.

There was terror in his eyes lest she might go. For reply she lifted the basket of money and picked out a bill gingerly.

"I never knew what filthy lucre was before," she remarked, in her caustic humor; and she spread out the bill and read from it its serial number, its denomination, its point of origin—everything in fact that the Postmaster General wants to know about every cent his mails transport. Homer put it all down column by column. The stack of bills grew steadily, as her voice droned on. Once her head swayed, her voice clouded; she caught herself up with a start, wide awake.

"And yet we are fighting for this job—and put up a bond to get it!" commented Homer gloomily. "Everybody shut up?" he asked, peering out through the bars into the street.

"Everybody but me and Sheriff," said Babe; and Sheriff, on the floor at her feet, thumped his tail cheerfully.

Outside in the street, the lights had gone out one by one; the porch loungers had talked themselves dry about the bridge and the new detour and shuffled off in the dark; now and again the quiet night was disturbed by the rattle of a late wagon, the creak of a buggy or the tinkle of a tin lizzie. It was eleven when the task was finished.

"I feel like a piece of soap after a hard day's wash," admitted Babe. She yawned wearily. She was totting up the columns. She whistled.

"Seven thousand three hundred and sixty-four eighty-two," she said in a low tone, peering over her shoulder instinctively as she spoke. "Have you got any place to put it, Homer?" she asked, under her breath.

The old postmaster shook his head. He had been thinking of that all night. The presence of money, even in small sums, worried him. This, to him, was a fortune. It appalled him. Babe looked at the old man, thinking what poor defense he could put up in case of an attack. All that crowd, Tony and his crew—they knew how much it was to the last penny. Tonight she had liked the looks of them even less than before. They were quiet enough. There was none of their usual barbaric chatter. Some of them had come to the window twice, three times, digging up fresh supplies of greenbacks from nowhere. Yes, they all knew how much it was to the last penny. The old man's head had dropped dejectedly on his breast.

"I'll take it home with me," she continued softly. She could take care of it. She had no doubt of that—she and Sheriff.

"No," said Homer, "I can't let you do that. It's against regulations to let it out of my hands."

"I'll run it to town," said Babe. There was a pause. "I'll be in and back before anyone knows I've turned a wheel."

Homer's face brightened, then clouded swiftly. The frail woman, the dark night and that detour! It would have been simple enough with the bridge up. Babe shooting like a comet through the night would be nothing out of the ordinary. But it was too much to expect her to run the stuff through that cattle track a hundred years old. He shook his head.

"You couldn't do it," he breathed, his face gray.

"Leave it to me and Sheriff," said Babe.

Sheriff thumped his tail and arose. Without further word Babe dumped the bundles of bills into a gunny sack and dropped them to the floor. She suppressed a yawn, her comic sense vaguely marveling that sleep could tempt her at such a moment. Sheriff moved to the door.

"Here, I'll sign for it, Homer. Then it will be off your shoulders," she said, and she pushed her pad under his nose.

The old man deliberated. She thought the pen would never touch the paper. She felt her eyes closing, her body swaying. She was dog-tired. Never had she been so tired! Half consciously she wondered what would happen if she fell asleep at the wheel. It would take only an instant—with oblivion coming out of the dark at fifty miles an hour. In her imagination she sensed the crash. She drew a deep breath. Whatever came, even if she had to hide it out, Homer wasn't going to have the care of that money tonight.

Some contagion of her subtlety infused the postmaster; for, as he handed back her pen, he moved over to the corner and made a to-do on his knees in front of the little old cast-iron safe. He stacked up several severely square bundles—laundry soap, pads of papers, and so on—in his strong box; he arranged them critically, he slammed the door and solemnly turned the knob. He rose with a sigh, as of relief. Babe smiled at the little theatrical byplay; she understood. It was idiotic to think that anybody could be spying on them.

Babe slung the gunny sack over her shoulder. Sheriff was sniffing at the door crack. As she put her hand on his head she felt the low growl in his throat. Somebody was out there. She thought they had all gone home. She threw open the door and stepped out. She commanded the dog to be still. The light of a cigarette at the far end of the porch indicated the man. The rhythmic come and go of the spark struck her like a hammer blow. Then the odor of pomade assailed her nostrils. It was the natty young man who carried his gun on a string in his left sleeve.

"You through?" he asked, rising. "I was wondering if you could drive me to town. You're the only one around here with nerve enough to take that detour in the dark. I want to get that midnight train."

She moved on down the steps and over to her car. With a professional hitch of her shoulders she dumped the gunny sack, with its seven thousand-odd greasy dollars in bills, under the seat.

"I forgot those pesky potatoes," she said sulkily, talking to herself. She yawned helplessly, she let her head fall on her arms on the rail. "I'm asleep now," she muttered. She shook herself together and suddenly rediscovered the natty young man who stood by her side. "Can you drive this car?" she demanded in a hopeful tone. He nodded. He laughed. Yes, he could drive the car. With alacrity he climbed up to the driver's seat, cringing a little when Sheriff sniffed at his leg in the dark; but Sheriff was merely cataloguing him, as he did all passengers.

"Wait, I got another bag," said Babe, and she started up the steps. But she turned back, regarding Sheriff, who was now on his perch. "Sheriff," she said, rubbing his woolly head, "you lose this time. You stay behind. Homer wants you. He's a little lonesome tonight. Come along."

She snapped her fingers and the disconsolate Sheriff slunk at heel into the store. Inside, when the door slammed to, Babe took down a second empty gunny sack and opened its mouth wide on the floor. In pantomime she indicated to the astonished Sheriff that he was to occupy the bag. Sheriff had many a time superintended this indignity being conferred on calves; he crawled in and turned around, meekly stuck his head out to have a ruffle tied about his neck. But no; Babe pushed his head back in and tied the bag tight over him. Then she hoisted the burden to her shoulder and was about to go out, when she bethought herself of something else. Homer was peering out of his window into the dark street, when Babe softly opened his cash drawer and helped herself to his old army revolver, stuffing it into her shirt. She reached over and patted the postmaster on the shoulder.

"Better go to bed, Homer. Sheriff is going to stay here and watch," she said cheerily.

She could feel the responsive tail of Sheriff in his durance vile beating a tattoo against her arm. She let herself out, slipping the lock and drawing the door shut behind her.

The car, with the natty young man at the wheel and the gunny sack of filthy lucre in the box, was still there. This was a distinct disappointment. If he had only made a run for it! Her troubles would have been over, or at least shifted to other shoulders; she would have telephoned down the road to Orlo, Jason and the others, and the natty young man would have come up against a batch of switch ties or saw logs before he had gone a mile. She dumped poor Sheriff unceremoniously into the wagon box and committed a further indignity on his person by climbing in and pushing him under the seat with her boot.

"Now I'm going to have some sleep - sleep—sleep!" she muttered, clambering over the back of the seat to the driver and plumping down beside him. "I'm a dead dog—dead dog—I'm a dead dog!" she growled, accenting the words for the benefit of the obedient listener in the gunny sack. "Didn't you come up with me this afternoon?" she asked, settling herself.

The natty young man grunted in affirmative and started the engine.

"Didn't you say there was something queer about this job of mine?" Babe was shivering and drawing a blanket about her. "How'd you guess it?"

"Queer for a woman," said the young man.

"You think a man could do it any better?" demanded Babe truculently. The young man made haste to deny any aspersion upon the sex. "Go slow on that shift," mumbled Babe. "That's it. Now I'm going to sleep—if you ain't lonesome. Wake me up at the depot so I won't sit out all night."

The driver chuckled. Her head bowed, she swayed drunkenly with the motion of the car. The headlights cut a tunnel of radiance in the thick dark. He could drive. They were traveling at fifty miles an hour before they hit the schoolhouse curve; and as the car banked for the turn, Babe's body sagged and her head dipped, dipped, dipped, until it rested on his shoulder. She flopped back as they swung about the reverse curve. Then with limp effort she seemed to be trying to hold herself upright; but her body slumped again; the head bobbed lower and lower, and finally, with a sigh, it rested confidingly in the aromatic nape of the natty young man's neck.

They were entering the woods. A mist from the river lay across the road like a blanket; the dark was like a wall on all sides except in front, where the white road seemed to dissolve into the ghostly fog. He began to slow down, almost imperceptibly. The engine was running beautifully. "Mix a little midnight fog with your gas if you want power," Val, the driver, was thinking, with a chuckle. He wondered how she would have driven through this dark hole. Probably without abating her pace; she knew every rut in the road. The wheel was moving constantly for the sharp turns. He drove slower and slower. He tried to pierce the blackness on either side of the road. There was a watering trough along here some place. Val had noted it and jotted it down in the notebook of his memory as he passed it coming up. This business wasn't all velvet. Sometimes he had to divide. The gamble was whether he could get away without that painful necessity.

Val laughed softly to himself. He had worked a dozen road camps this summer, but none of them had fallen out as pat as this—especially getting rid of that big dog. He had a childlike fear of dogs. A lady driver! She didn't weigh a hundred pounds! She was pounding her ear on his shoulder. He was not so sure he hadn't made a hit with her on sight. But this was no time to exercise his romantic disposition.

The pace continued to slacken. The head grew heavier and heavier. By and by the fog began to grow thin; the lights cut a cleaner path ahead and picked up a round dull object alongside the road; a momentary sparkle revealed the stream of icy-cold water gushing out from the mountain side into an iron sap kettle. There was a culvert under the road here.

The natty Val shifted into low, and with the engine racing, slowed down almost to a walk. Gently, very gently, like a man charming an animal, Val lifted the head from his shoulder; he gradually eased the limp body of the sleeper upright with one hand while he guided the car with the other. Abreast of the kettle, he came to a smooth stop But he kept the engine racing This was a necessary part of the hypnotic spell. On his feet, he eased the body gently over against the padded back of the seat

"There you are, sister," he smiled to himself.

He stepped down to the road with the tread of a cat and tiptoed over to the kettle. The culvert was filled with leaves and trash—so much the better. He rubbed his hands complacently. The female baggage smasher who was inclined to be pugnacious in the matter of sex slumped a little in her sleep, and the suave Val gently eased her back into a comfortable position. She was

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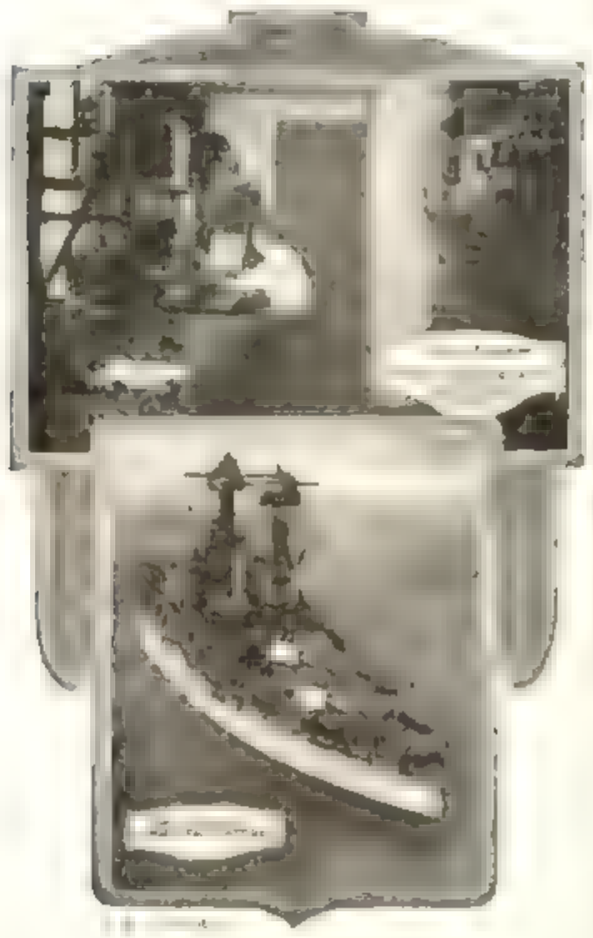

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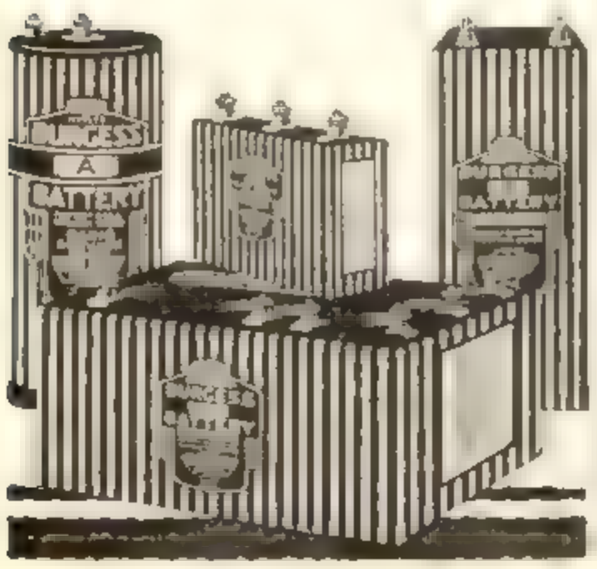


very clever, this lady baggage smasher. The gunny sack showed originality. His eyes sparkled. She would have admitted her cleverness, doubtless, if he had asked her about it.

They usually did. But the trouble with originality in the human species is that the clever ones, under a given set of circumstances, usually can be counted on to do the usual clever thing. A chuckle escaped him. More than one hick post office in Val's travels had very cleverly concealed "a week's pay roll in a gunny sack and shot it to town or at least started it in that general direction.

Tony's gang down below, thought Val—there would be a riot! But he could handle them. He would tell them the marvelous Babe had double-crossed them. They thought the Babe could do anything! Besides, they would be losing nothing of their own property. That was the beautiful part of this business—hijacking their own cash. They turned it in at the post-office window and took it out of the mail pouch. But if they happened to slip up—as they were about to now—they would still have the receipt for their cash from honest Uncle Sam. Well, this gang was about to slip up.

Val peered into the wagon box. He knew just where it lay. He had spotted it, explored it with his feet while he drove. He reached down in the dark, seized it deftly, and was drawing it out softly, when the steel jaws of Sheriff, through the bag, closed with a crunching grip on his wrist—his left wrist, his gun hand. At the same moment something heavy descended on the crown of his head. It was the butt of a gun, an old army gun. Val crumpled. He would have fallen to the ground, but that steel clamp in the gunny sack held him fast; he hung by his left arm.

"Oh, you're going it alone!" said Babe as she slid down beside him. She ran a hand under the limp chin. "I must have hit him an awful thump. Here it is!" She yanked out a looped string with an automatic swinging on the end of it. "Billy seems to have acquired a lot of learning in road building." She was feeling particularly elated and was disguising the fact from herself by exercising her sense of the sardonic. "Oh, you are coming to life!" she said.

Val was showing signs of coming to. He struggled feebly; the steel trap set tighter, crushing the bones, and Sheriff growled his pleasure. He clung limply to the side of the wagon. Babe, with a curious enveloping movement, got a shoulder under his wasp-like waist. She hoisted him and dumped the whimpering Val into the body of the truck. With one hand she untied the sack and the eager Sheriff crawled out with a roar of rage that caused the hijacking post-office robber to roll himself into the very knot of terror.

"Easy, Sheriff, we want something left for evidence," cautioned Babe. "Sit on him, Sheriff! Watch him! Watch him! Good dog!"

Sheriff squatted as if for a long meal, his cold muzzle at the quivering throat.

"You poor miserable specimen in pants!" ejaculated Babe. "So you think there is something queer about this job for a woman, do you? Well, so do I, if you'd like to know it. I've been doing a man's work for a year, trying to find out what there is in it that makes you so stuck on yourselves. There's nothing to it!" She laughed contemptuously. "I've been going it fifty-fifty, pants and all. I've been handling everything from a veal calf to a piano—and now you come along! There isn't enough punch in you to occupy my dog!" Babe turned to the water trough.

"Just what were you aiming on doing here, when the event occurred, as they say in the papers?" she asked to the night at large. "Oh, I see! You were going to hide it out! That's clever! All the stick-up men seem to pick on this drain." She grinned. "Hide it from whom?" she was suddenly asking herself. "Not from me! That's a cinch! From whom, then?" She thought deeply. "It isn't such a fool idea after all."

With sudden resolution, she lifted the gunny sack of filthy lucre and stuffed it into the culvert; she kicked the brush and leaves about the hole and mounted the seat again. The car started forward. Some ray of hope caused Val to stretch his neck.

"Gr-r-rh!" gurgled Sheriff, deep down in his throat.

His charge subsided. Babe didn't go far down the road. At the end of the woods she got down and opened a barway and drove into a mowing. When she climbed back, she put out her lights and felt her way. She knew that lot as well as an unborn chick knew the inside of its egg. She pulled up against a wall of impenetrable blackness. A dog charged, barking ferociously.

"Get down! Don't you know your own mother?" said Babe, kicking the beast aside. The dog fawned on her. She moved forward on foot and pounded on a window that suddenly loomed in front of her.

"Orlo! Oh, Orlo!" she called out, in a low tone.

Orlo Sage appeared, rubbing his eyes. He was dressing rapidly in the dark, with the swift precision of a man whose wants are few in the matter of raiment. Babe talked fast.

"They are probably laying for me down below on the detour," she said.

Orlo, slipping his braces over his shoulders, said frankly he would be damned.

"There's a bunch down there at Felton's," he said. "They been drifting down since early evening. I thought old Felton had started up his still again. They smell it like flies smell a dead fish. Well"—and he yawned prodigiously—"we'd better be moving."

The first affair was Val. They put him in the pigpen, with a stake chain locked around his wasp waist and a corncob for a gag—Orlo wasn't squeamish. Then Orlo began to telephone.

There is some curious psychology in the sleep of a subscriber to a party-line telephone. He will snore peacefully through a bedlam of neighbors' numbers, but will be wide awake at the first tinkle of his own. Val, who prided himself on organization—he had organized a dozen road camps this summer—Val would have envied the efficiency of the inhabitants of this little valley at the call to arms. The chances are he wouldn't have realized what was happening. Not a light showed on the hillsides. But from a house here, a house there, a man with a club and a gun, and more often than not a dog, slipped away down the road or across a meadow or through a pasture short cut. Shortly, shadowy forms gathered about the entrance to the pigpen and viewed, with silent tribute to Babe, the elegant figure of the well-dressed stranger. They moved off in a straggling group as quietly as they came. Orlo was the last to go.

"You are clear you want to see the party through?" he asked.

"Sure! Whose party is it?" demanded Babe.

Babe and Sheriff sat waiting, while Orlo faded out of sight. The dog whimpered softly now and again as the subtle intelligence of the wooded hills came to him. An owl hooted somewhere, a long-drawn dismal foreboding of trouble for someone. She chuckled.

"Isn't Orlo the bird?" she thought. "That would have fooled me any other time."

Babe backed around her car in the dark, Sheriff restored to self-respect perched on his running board. She got back to the road with unerring instinct and turned on the lights again. Quick turns and reverse curves meant nothing to Babe. She drove like—like Babe. She bounded over a hummock onto the detour, rolled this way and that in the muck and trash of those bog holes—and then, suddenly, she came to a grinding stop against a barricade of logs thrown squarely across the wheel track.

Babe stared at it as if thunderstruck. She turned her swivel light this way and that to assure herself that it was really true. Puzzled, she got down and went forward to investigate the breastwork. Sheriff, at her side, suddenly bristled. A shotgun snaked through a chink in the logs.

"Stick 'em up, Ba-abe!" commanded a voice.

Tony! Sheriff, with a roar, launched himself at the hidden speaker. But something else launched itself at the same instant. There was a thud, as of a hickory club meeting matted hair. A wild yell arose on the night. The up-ended gun exploded with a deafening report. The woods seemed alive.

"Easy! Easy! Call off your dog, Babe," said the voice of Orlo. "We got 'em!"

There were six in Tony's gang. But Orlo was there with twelve, hiding like owls in the dark of a moon. It was all over in a moment. The six, all of whom had met the butt end of hickory clubs for the first time in their tumultuous lives, were being piled into a businesslike heap

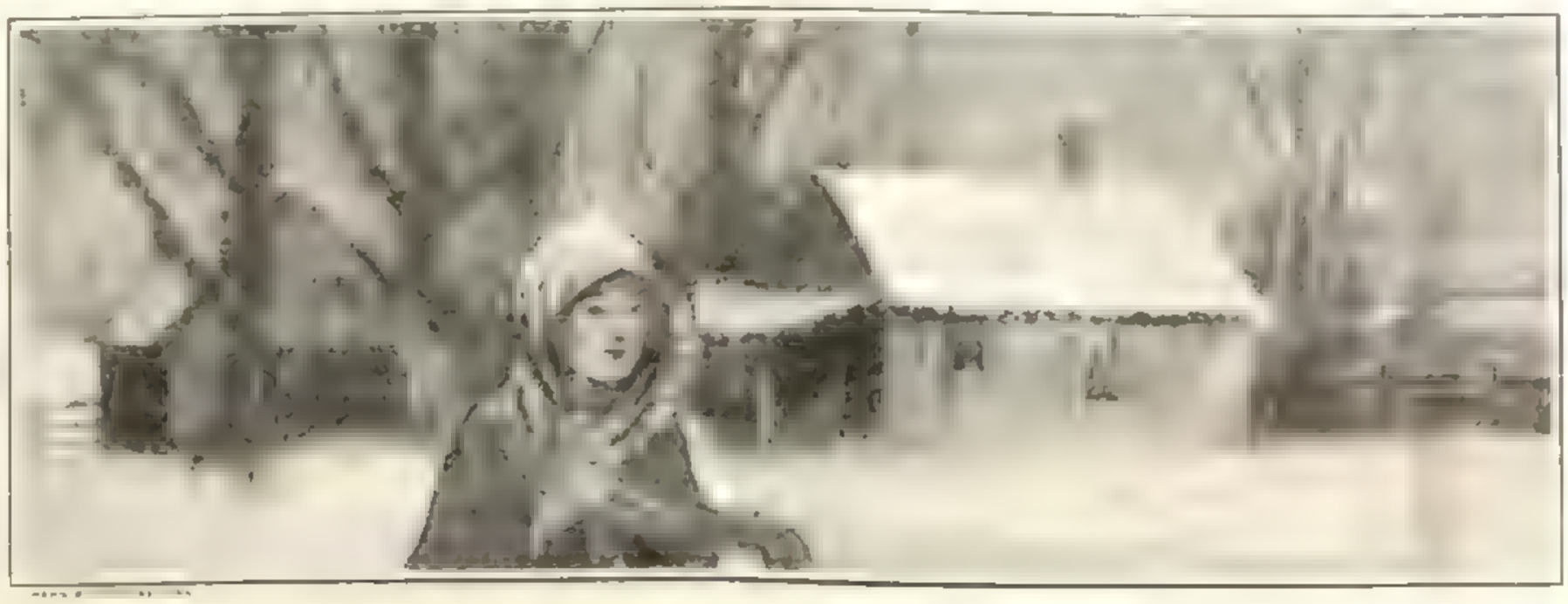
"Back around, Babe," said Orlo. "We will take them over to the pigpen and turn them loose on your barber friend."

"Nothing doing," said Babe. "This truck is carrying the mails. I've got troubles of my own. Just lift that barricade before you shift your freight. I'm coming through shortly, and I want to come strong."

She backed around and started off up the road. She recovered her gunny sack from the culvert—where all the stick-up men hid things—and now Babe really started for town. The barricade had lifted when she reached the detour—on two wheels. Babe waved an airy hand to the cluster of lanterns, which were now lighted about the pile of stiffs awaiting transportation on the side of the cattle track. The little truck bounded like a rubber ball through the detour, that had been a good road—for cattle—a hundred years ago. At times Babe was on the seat, at others she was brushing the roof with her bobbed hair. Sheriff, clinging perilously to his perch, craned his neck, peering ahead like a locomotive engineer keen for semaphore lights

"I might have swung it alone," thought Babe, feeling for an apple. She was crossing Felton's bridge, where lay several dead chickens. "I might have swung it alone! I wouldn't have had to wake Orlo up if that fool barber hadn't got hold of the wrong bag."

Now, on the hard highway, the car was touching fifty but Babe never believed her speedometer.



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LOVE'S SIMPLE TALE

(Continued from Page 25)

have two legs? Matrons chasing brats, and brats led howling by matrons came down the stairs. And then, with his meek secretary, old Mr. Coe appeared and Myra's smile grew real again. He was an old dear in white flannels, with his black-rimmed spectacles and his manner of being quite unimportant.

"Might I see the register, Miss Myra?"

"Of course, Mr. Coe."

After a while his pink forefinger settled on the name of Alan Smith and he nodded, "Yes, yes," and blinked at Myra. "I thought so. In one of the cottages, Miss Myra?"

"Yes; the last cottage—on the point."

"A fine-looking fellow with one leg gone?"

"Yes," said Myra thirstily.

"Yes," the old lawyer chuckled, "when I saw that tame tiger, I knew they were here. You remember the business in the papers, year before last?"

"D'you know," Myra said, without a blush for her perjury, "I was certain that name was familiar! There was some—some scandal, wasn't there?"

"My dear lady," said Mr. Coe, "it wasn't a scandal; it was a riot. Alan Smith behaved himself very well in court until he lost his temper with his impossible father and called him a liar while the bounder was testifying. I shall never forget that. He simply stood up and yelled, you know. People applauded. It was quite a scene. He yelled, 'You lived on mother until she died and then you lived on me and the kid!' It was too absurd! The case should never have been allowed to come to trial. The father didn't have a leg to stand on."

"I can't quite remember what started it," said Myra.

"Oh, this blackguard brought an action to recover custody of the second boy, the lame chap's kid brother. Claimed that this Alan Smith had kidnaped him out West. But they had all the testimony in the world. Witnesses from Los Angeles and San Francisco. The father had simply drunk up all the boys made until they ran off and left him. He was one of those handsome, plausible blackguards who can always find a lawyer. Judge Freemantle had the minor, the little chap, put on the stand for a minute. He sat and glared at his father like a wildcat. The case simply washed out of court. The reporters had a fine time with it. I represented their uncle. Very good man. Architect. Builds country houses."

Mr. Coe went toddling into the dining room, past the smile of the head waitress. Myra smiled. . . . Oh, Alan, it isn't very nice to have a father who's good for nothing, even when he's kind! This horrible brute who made you and the poor baby work for him! And it must have been dreadful in the train coming East, wondering if the police were behind you, and how did you take care of a baby? Rosita was such a bother when we came East and she was seven then. . . . Rosita fluttered in jade linen down the stairs, twanging her ukulele and gave no glance to Nathan Preble's blush before she halted by the desk and yawned, "Say, it's a swell day!"

"Don't say 'swell' so much, Rose!"

"Bite me, Fido," said Rosita, hitching her shoulders about. "What's eatin' you now, huh? Say, who's moved into the last cottage? The Wilsons left Monday, didn't they?"

"It's a Mr. Smith, from Carmelsville," Myra stated.

"Oh, yeh! Nate told me last night. A lame egg with a Jap," said Rosita, and fluttered exquisitely toward food, battering Nathan Preble on the head with her ukulele as she passed the bench loaded with pages.

Three pages were sent up to bring down luggage for the 8.30 train to New Bedford, and Myra shook hands with five departing guests. Old Mrs. Nevinson came forth, toothpicked, from the dining room and settled in her chair opposite the register to wait the mail. . . . A lame egg with a Jap! That was quite all he would be to Rosita. His father had probably beaten him in a hovel in San Francisco. And the poor baby brother's hair probably curled, too, and needed combing, and didn't get it, like the little Swede boys of the camp in Oregon. But their kind architectural uncle had hired governesses and nurses to look after the baby, and the Hawaiian slave played with it in the garden above the Hudson. Myra looked more kindly as a baby was brought shrieking down the stairs. Several cubs with white trousers belted over bath suits romped down, too, and bawled to one another, slapping racquets on the walls, to come on because the courts were empty. They would never be men enough to get up in a court room and shout insulting truths at a father!

"I guess," said Rosita, "I'll walk down to the station for the mail. C'mon, Nate! Where's the bag?"

Nathan Preble solemnly unhooked the leather mail bag from the bottom of the honeycomb rack and squared his chest toward the doors and the sunlight responsibly. Rosita tore an atrocious noise from her ukulele to announce to twenty people that she was leaving for a stroll through the wild bay to the station. Myra frowned at the girl's dancing hair and then heard old Mrs. Nevinson say, "Good mercy love us!" while all the pages rose from their bench in a gray flannel line, and Polynesia came trotting on naked brown feet up the steps from the glitter of sand with the loosened scarlet border of a silken kilt floating around his sirup-colored thighs. He paused to haul the wrapping of brilliant tissue up to his armpits and then ambled to pick up Mrs. Nevinson's palm-leaf fan that skimmed the floor past his dark toes, and he beamed upon the old woman as he handed it back to her, and Mrs. Nevinson said cordially, "Thank you, sonny."

"Boys," Myra cried to the crowding pages, "don't annoy him!"

The Hawaiian slave stopped to consider Rosita and veered from her straight to Myra's end of the desk. His eyes of black marble had tiny rings of gold set in their hearts and he gave Myra a long, destructive grin that showed his white little teeth. Myra became a jelly under his beam, and thought how Alan petted his soft straying jet hair when he had been particularly good to the baby brother in the garden at Carmelsville. A girl in a yellow frock fell downstairs, but got no notice from the lobby, and three waitresses bulged from the dining room before the savage murmured drowsily, "Mail Mist' Smith?"

"Not yet," said Myra, very slowly and plainly, so that the poor boy should understand. "Half past eight. See? Half past eight," she repeated, pointing up to the clock above the mail rack. "See? Half past eight."

The Polynesian gave the brassy pendulum of the clock his full attention and put his right thumb in his scarlet mouth. Then he took it out and murmured, "Yeh," and immediately slid in a seal's motion over the desk's outer edge and then was miraculously standing upright on his beauteous bronze legs admiring the clock with his naked heels firm on Myra's green blotter and his toes vibrating like the keys of a mechanical piano.

"I bet," Rosita said shrilly, "he can bang a uke like anything. Here, boy, give us a tune."

"Rose, Rose, don't annoy him!"

"I want him to play," said Rosita, fluttering behind his calves. "What's wrong with that, for Gawd's sake?"

"Rose!"

The Polynesian swung his round chin over a bare shoulder and looked down as Rosita tugged the rear border of his garment. His eyes above the high cheek bones steadied on the girl's fantastic hair and her exquisite nose.

"Come down and play this, boy!"

"Sister," said Myra, "please!"

"Oh, don't be a sour grape. Can you play a uke, boy?"

"Yeh," said the Polynesian.

"Then come down and do it!"

"No," said the Polynesian, and admired the clock again with his fists on his scarlet hips and his big toes erected at right angles while his lesser toes doubled under his feet neatly, and Rosita recoiled from this affront with her mouth opening, and then vanished out of the lobby with Nathan Preble and the mail bag.

Myra sat in bewilderment and joy. A male had told Rosita to be gone from him. He had simply looked on Rose and then looked at a clock again. And now he collapsed without a bump and sat on the desk at Myra's elbow with his sirup legs dangling inside her territory, and grinned at her tranquilly.

"What kind of heathen is that?" Mrs. Nevinson came lumbering to ask.

"H-he belongs to Mr. Smith, from Carmelsville."

"Love and mercy," said the old woman, batting his shoulder with her fan, "I suppose he has six wives and a whole parcel of babies out in Hawaii! And not more'n nineteen, neither."

Myra asked timidly, "How old are you? Eighteen?"

"Yeh."

"And where was you born, sonny?" Mrs. Nevinson demanded.

The creature put his thumb in his mouth and reflected amply, and then shook his head. He consulted his toes for a time and murmured, "Dunno."

"Well, what a nice, healthy kind of boy he is," said the old lady, "and that's just as respectable as most bathin' suits now! There's reely more to it! I must write Henry about him. What's your name, sonny?"

"Kid," said the Hawaiian cheerfully.

"I suppose that's easier to say than his real name," Myra smiled.

"Yeh," the slave of Alan Smith murmured in music, and beamed upon her with a new, warmer radiance. Then he swung his body from the hips as though it held nothing but fluid muscles and watched Mrs. Nevinson waddle back to her chair, comparing her with the undulant women of his isles. He affably drawled, "Fat," before he returned his grin to Myra and fished out a packet of cigarettes from his breast's bright wrapping.

"No, I don't smoke, Kid."

He delved deeper, with a slight frown, and finally locating some object over the limits of his right ribs, said, "Yeh," in satisfaction and produced an envelope.

"Oh, for me?"

"Yeh."

"Thank you, lamb," said Myra, and dropped his warm offering into her lap. She read:

"*Dear Miss Doggins:* I did not mean to look at you like that yesterday, but you put me in mind of mother, but much prettier. She was a Polish lady named Helena Kornieweski, even if father did have her in vaudeville as Helena the Human Seal. Only you are much better looking, so that was why I stared like that. Please excuse it, because I am not really rude to ladies and did not mean to be, but you startled me so. The Kid looks like mother more. I did not put him on the register, because our father keeps chasing us round to borrow money and makes a fuss.

"If letters come for Casimir John Kornieweski Smith, that is the Kid; but he hates his name like any boy would, so just call him Kid. If you think I ought to, I will make him wear more clothes; but he is in the water so much from the time father had him in vaudeville, when he was only ten, right after mother died, that he does not care about clothes, but is the best brother anybody ever had. He used to be the Diving Kid in vaudeville and fairs out West, but father never brought him East because the family might find out and stop him from living on the Kid, who was worth five or six hundred a week to him. If you would not mind me coming over and talking some, just tell the Kid.

"ALAN SMITH."

"We live with Uncle Hugh now at Carmelsville and he is teaching me architecture and I do jobs for him outdoors. I never had any education, because I was a bell hop in L. Angeles after mother died and then worked in a factory some and was in the Army. "A. SMITH."

"The Kid went over and looked at you through a window last night and says you would not mind me writing to you like this. I hope he is right. "A. SMITH."

Myra read all this again, aware of the Kid's toes in agitation, and with smoke of his cigarette blown thinly across the tall rude handwriting.

"Y-you do dive beautifully, Kid," she faltered.

"Yeh," said Casimir John Kornieweski Smith. "Lanny taught me swimmin'."

Lanny—Alan—Lanny—Alan. Which was nicest?

Myra said, "Of course, I'd be delighted to talk to your brother, Kid. He looks very interesting."

The Kid assented by a movement of all his toes and blew smoke through his nostrils. His grin now surrounded Myra with a fresh benevolence and he presently observed in perfect ease, "Y'sist kissin' guy beach las' night."

"Rosita?"

"Yeh," said the Kid blandly, sucking his left thumb.

"How exasperating!" Myra sighed. "She's only seventeen and —— Of course, you aren't any trouble to take care of, Kid. Boys aren't. Who was Rose kissing?"

The Kid shook his head slowly and apologized for not knowing by abasing his chin on his knees and scowling at his toes. He said, "Young guy," meekly, and then fell forward to examine the safe of the Ocean House behind Myra's chair. Myra distractedly answered three telephone calls and told four ladies that the mail seemed to be late this morning, with the Kid's scarlet-and-bronze back below her hand in the shadow behind the counter. After a little his murmur ascended, "Yeh!" and the safe clicked, opening.

"Why, how did you do that, Kid?"

"Easy," said the Kid, sitting cross-legged. He kicked the heavy iron door shut again and spun the lock with a toe, then refreshed himself with a bar of chocolate from his garment's folds and remarked, "Y'sist' looks like pop's third."

"Was your father married three times, dear?"

"Five," said the Kid. "All quit th' big cheese but mamma. She died. Yeh!" His eyes became yellow fires in the shadow beside Myra's hand. He grunted, "Th' big tramp!" and licked chocolate from his thumb.

"How dreadful," said Myra.

"Yeh."

He now braced his back against the inner side of the tall counter and smoked half a cigarette to collect more remarks. His approval rose around Myra as a scented fog and she thought of patting his head. After ten minutes he ground out the cigarette on the floor and said, "Y'awful pret'," which could only mean that she was awful pretty.

"Rosita's the pretty one, Kid."

"Bonehead," said Casimir.

"Oh, Kid, she can't help it, and it's so hard to bring a girl up in boarding houses. All these cheap clerks and—and ——"

"Yeh," the Kid nodded; "tough. . . . Lanny lost's leg France."

"I was wondering," said Myra.

"Yeh. 'N' his back was all bunged. Nerves," said Casimir rapidly; "no job. Pop blew all th' money offa my divin' vaud'ville—shows—fairs. 'N' Lanny's sick. Useda cry nights. Back hurt him. Thought I was 'sleep. Awful brave. Yeh! 'N' pop had me divin' D'luth 'n' I grabbed th' money off the c'mittee this fair 'n' got Lanny on a boat an' we ran off, see? 'N' now Lanny's all right an' swims good's me. Yeh. Can't dive good. Leg. 'N' y' gotta marry him."

He jammed his thumb in his mouth and sucked it to recover from the strain of this murmurous oration.

"You mean that Lanny's back was hurt in France and your father wouldn't have it looked after?"

"Yeh. . . . Y' gotta marry Lanny. He," the Kid mentioned, "likes you. Lotta dames Carmelsville tried. Yeh! Never fell. Y'gotta take him. 'N' I like y'," Casimir assured her.

"Oh, you mustn't tease me," said Myra in a whisper, trying to smile down. "And what would Mr. Smith think if he knew you'd said that, Kid? He'd spank you!"

"Yeh?"

"Well, he should! It's serious, being married."

"Yeh," said the Kid, nuzzling her palm with his warm nose. "Y'gonna take Lan?"

"What pretty hair you have," Myra gulped.

"Yeh. . . . Y' gonna marry Lanny?"

"Please, Kid!"

"H'm?" Casimir John murmured, examining her knuckles one by one.

"I—I have to take care of my sister."

"Boardin' school," the Kid sniffed. "Let her ride."

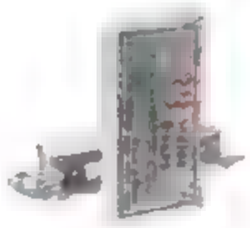
"I promised mother I'd take care of her."

"Yeh? Like Lan promised mamma stick t'pop. Cheese," said Casimir tenderly, rubbing his nose on Myra's wrist.

(Continued on Page 117)

BE AS CAREFUL AS YOUR DOCTOR

The four things to do



1

Apply iodine from an iodine swab or use half-strength tincture of iodine. Do not wash the wound

2

Apply a dry sterile piece of gauze folded in a convenient pad as soon as iodine has dried.

3

Then wrap this dressing with a sterile gauze bandage and fasten with adhesive plaster.

4

Avoid further irritation or injury. Note additional instructions in Bauer & Black First Aid Book.

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Remember that the cleanest of cloths, not having been scientifically sterilized, may harbor infectious germs. Germs that take their toll often in life itself.

* * *

Note the simple things to do, printed at the left.

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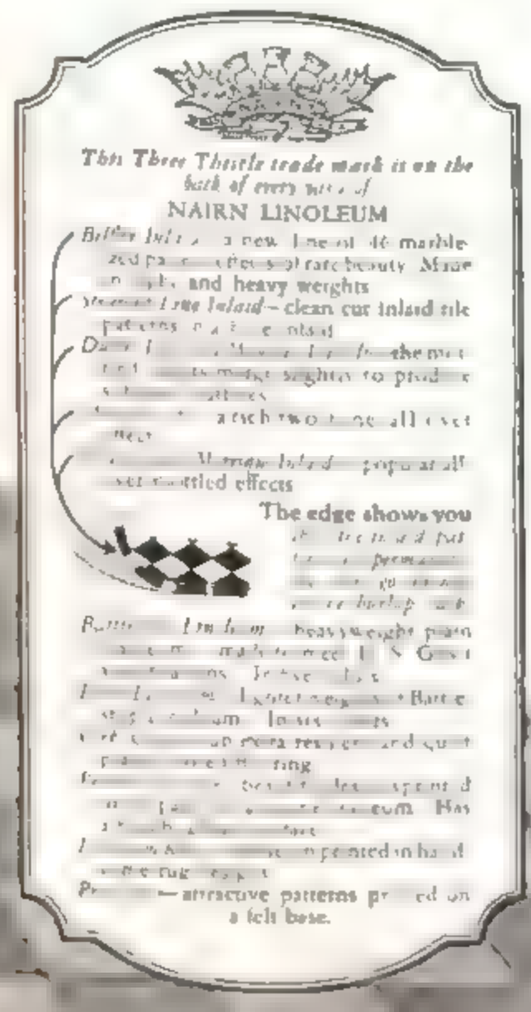
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NAIRN Linoleum

Continued from Page 112

"Nice house home. Swimmin' pool. Three cars. Uncle Hughie's peach. H'm? Y'gotta take Lanny. Yeh?" He kissed the palm of her hand and concluded, "Yeh, y-gonna."

"Here comes the mail," said Myra, dragging her hand away.

Casimir now rose and sat on the counter. He took the mail bag from Nathan Preble and passed the letters one by one to Myra, while the guests foamed up to the barrier and chattered. Rosita stayed aloof on the staircase and pretended to care nothing about this scene, with the Kid central and lads admiring muscles audibly in the press. Myra busily tried to forget that her hand smelled of chocolate and cigarettes, and that a boy who could understand Rosita at first glance and open safes so casually, of course knew his own brother's mind. She tried not to look away from the mail rack when the Kid called "Y' got let', Lanny," and stood on the desk to scale a long envelope off toward the fair head and the gleaming crutches in the doorway. However, she looked and was for a breath lost to sense, because he was wearing white flannels and somehow caught the letter in one brown hand, and caught her look. Her knees were mush. Her lungs took fire. She dropped a rolled copy of a Chicago newspaper and had to pick it up. He shouldn't have walked along the beach. His crutches would dig in the sand.

"'Noth' let', Lanny."

"Keep it till I've read this one," said Alan Smith over the crowd.

"Yeh."

The guests leaned on the desk and Casimir put his head into the sack to be sure that there were no more letters, and then reported generally, "All gone!" and beamed at the world. Myra doled out the last envelopes and sat, enfeebled, on her chair, afraid to look across the lobby even when the crutches dented slowly on the rubber mats and the one white leg came swinging between them.

Then the Kid said, "Want sit here, Lanny?" fiendishly, and slid over the counter.

"Oh, do get him a chair, Kid!"

"No," said Alan Smith, "this'll do me," and poised his crutches against the desk. He drew himself up on the yellow maple and sat hammering his brother's shoulder with a paler brown fist gently, while Casimir John beamed and blew little rings of smoke out of his nostrils until Alan stammered, "What d'you think of my Kid, M-miss Doggins?"

"I think he's sweet," said Myra.

Casimir raised all his toes from the rubber and grinned with finality, murmured, "Gonna swim, Lan," and lightly vanished down the steps into sunshine, jumping three children on the sands.

"The best boy there is anywhere," Alan Smith said. "He can take a car to pieces and put it together again in half an hour by a stop watch. Hard for strangers to get his talk at first. Leaves every other word out."

"I could understand him perfectly," Myra declared. "And did you have a good night? You looked so tired out yesterday."

"Was, kind of. Brought up some plans for a fact'ry in Albany my uncle's lettin' me fool with. Stewed over 'em in the train. Tires your eyes out."

"Why do architects use blue paper so much?" Myra asked, leaning her elbows on the register. "Is it really better than white?"

He spoke of blue paper for drafting, and then he mentioned the use of white inks. His left hand had a curious lightning flash of pallid scar across the knuckles. His pipe had two bands of silver around the bowl. He told her that red tiles made the best roofing, in a general way, for some buildings, but that slate had its merits. His hair, she thought, could be allowed to grow longer just above his ears. Outside their conversation, shapes in bath suits descended the stairs and babies howled over broken spades and Rosita wandered in the company of a fat youth from Michigan. He spoke of his uncle's success with country houses, and how the Kid had enjoyed Florida last winter while Uncle Hugh was doing a house down there. He spoke of things. She heard him. His eyes were really more gray than blue.

He said, "I'm taking up your time, ain't I?" And Myra thought how smoothly his deep rough voice rolled along while he took up her time. He said, "The Kid never had more'n about four months' school a year, y'see?" And she loved him lamentably and wanted to cry in his coat because he was so sorry about the Kid's mangled education. He said, "The Kid looks bully in a dinner jacket, nights, at home."

"He would," Myra breathed; "and he's so picturesque in that—what do they call them?—lanai? I really thought he was Hawaiian for a minute when he came in. He's so dark."

"It's a pity pop had him swimmin' for pay, ever," said Alan Smith, "because it cuts him out of am'choor meets and all. He's the best Kid ever lived, though."

"And what does he do, now that he doesn't have to work any more?"

"Fools with machinery and swims. . . . I've got to get back to work," Alan Smith said, dropping from the desk between his crutches. "Mail comes when in the afternoon?"

"About 4:15."

"I'll be over," he said solemnly, and went swinging across the mats. Then he turned his head, as sun brightened it in the veranda, and commanded, "Come and look at the Kid a minute."

Innumerable bodies were congested on the anchored float so that it hung quite steady on the swells, and Casimir John's scarlet garment was brilliant still, though wet, as he stood on the topmost platform of the diving standard. He made himself into a ball of legs and silk and hurtled unconcernedly toward the sun, and became a lancet that pricked green water without a trace. The beach and the float applauded and the Kid swarmed up the ladder for another dive, in the course of which he seemed to be a starfish spinning in air.

"Gee," said Rosita, bouncing out of the lobby in her best jade bath suit, "that coon can wallop the water!"

"Rose! He's Mr. Smith's brother, Casimir. This is my sister, Mr. Smith."

Rosita gave Alan Smith a nod and then said, "Casimir! Sweep me under the table with the rest of the dust! Honest?"

"It's a Polish name, Rose," Myra panted. "Mr. Smith's mother was Polish."

"Casimir," Rose mused. "That's certainly the snake's first cousin's shimmy! Cas——"

She bounded down the steps on pink feet and ran whooping among the matrons of the sand, while Myra bit her lips.

"Pretty kid," Alan Smith snorted.

"Oh, but now she'll tease him! She's so thoughtless! I shouldn't have said what his name was!"

"Not your fault," said Alan Smith.

"Oh, but it is!"

"Rubbish, honey," said Alan, and then blushed and went on, "See you 's afternoon?"

"Yes. . . . But I'm so sorry!"

Alan grinned rather unhappily and his crutches went down the steps. He really made wonderful progress on the beach, and Myra watched the heavy shoulders swing with joy because it was all so simple. He liked her and she liked him, and they liked Casimir. Only here was Rosita plunging back with a freckled moist lout who wanted to know, "Is that fella really named Casimir, Miss Doggins?"

"I don't see anything funny in it, Mr. Potter."

"I think it's a yell," said the lout.

"You have a primitive sense of humor," Myra told him, and left him slain, spiritually, while she stalked back into the lobby and began to add some bills.

The Ocean House had disgorged itself on the beach and her troubled felicity was alone in the lobby with Nathan Preble, on morning duty today, who spent his time reading the labels of cigars and cigarettes in their glazed sarcophagus because he was sworn to his father not to smoke until he was twenty years old. Myra sent him presently to see what was wrong with the window in Room 102, and now, without a witness, whistled ten bars of The Star-Spangled Banner. Its swelling measures soothed her vastly, and she was beginning them again, with Alan's letter cuddled in one hand, when the telephone rang.

"Hello," said Myra gayly.

The telephone was male, just now, and inquired charmingly, "This the Ocean House?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Alan Smith there? Mr. Smith from Carmels——"

"He has Cottage Number 5," said Myra. "The number's six-nine. You can call him there."

The telephone thanked her cordially and Myra added a whole bill. Somebody from the Seabreeze or the Wild Wave cottages down the cove had heard that Alan had come to the Ocean House and wanted to call him up. As long as just men called him —— She bit her pen. Then she quailed before Casimir John's noiseless stride as he trotted up the steps and advanced, dripping, with yellow eyes.

"Oh, Kid, Rosita's been teasing you!"

"Yeh!"

"Oh, lamb," Myra wailed, dropping her pen, "I'm so sorry! She has that sort of sense of humor!"

"Yeh?"

"If you'd call it a sense of humor," Myra mourned. "It makes her so hard to take care of. Please don't be any angrier than you can help, Kid."

"Y'all right," said Casimir, cracking his thumbs. He gave her an unblemished, complete grin, and then spun three times on his left heel. His eyes were still yellow and he continued to crack his thumbs violently. It did his rage no good, so he bent over backward and planted his palms on the floor. Remaining thus, he fixed an eye on Myra and asked, "Gotta guy?"

"I don't just understand, Kid."

"This girl gotta heavy he?"

"Do you mean is Rose engaged?"

"Yeh."

"No, lamb. She has several boys running after her, but she isn't engaged."

"Tough," said Casimir, letting his body drop to the mats. He then rose and went to root in the cigar case for some cigarettes and lighted one slowly, letting the match singe his fingers. His lanai was drying swiftly in great blots and Myra wondered if wrath burned him. Meanwhile he perched on the back of a stout chair and consulted his toes and gave Nathan Preble a yellow stare as the chief page came downstairs.

"Nate," said Myra, "go down on the beach and find Rose and tell her I want her to come here directly."

"Yes'm; only," Nathan sighed, "she won't probably come, Miss Doggins, for me. You know she hates bein' disturbed on the beach."

"I don't care how she hates it," Myra declaimed. "Bring her here, or I won't let her answer your letters this winter."

Nathan Preble gave out a stricken sound and doubled his arms inside the gray flannel shirt. He strode resolutely down the steps and marched among groups of the beach. Casimir slid from the back of the chair and sat in its cushions immovably, gazing at Myra.

"I'll cure Rose of being funny about your name, Kid."

"Y'all right," said Casimir John. "'S y'name?"

"My Christian name? Myra, Kid."

"'S nice," said the Kid. "Short. . . . That hop stuck?"

"Do you mean," Myra asked, "is poor Nathan fond of Rose? Yes, very. He's a nice lad, and she's very nasty to him."

"Yeh?"

Casimir now spilled his cigarette from his lips and picked it from the mat between two toes to throw it away entirely. Then he walked behind the cigar counter and completely vanished, after a glance down the beach. Immediately came the noise of Rosita's ukulele and she made a distinguished entrance into the lobby with Nathan Preble, baffled, behind her jade contours and her pink legs.

"Now, what am I goin' to be bawled for?"

"You're not," said Myra, coldly dotting an i on a bill; "you're simply going up to the room and going to stay there. It appealed to your sense of humor to make Casimir ridiculous. That was vulgar and silly and—and contemptible. Go upstairs and stay there!"

"Why, all I did was to tell Lamebrain Rogers and Sandy Carter that his name was Casimir out on the float, and he looked like he'd slap me!"

"He should have slapped you," said Myra, crossing a t violently. "You've never even been introduced and you make a joke of his name in front of this parcel of riffraff! You have the manners of a chambermaid. Go upstairs!"

"Aw, Miss Doggins," Nathan Preble stammered, hopping from foot to foot.

"That'll do, Nathan! Go on, Rose!"

"What are you mixed up in this for?" Rosita shrieked.

"It doesn't concern you! Do as I say!"

Rosita broke into a terrible noise that appalled Myra. She said, "You'd think I was nobody!" and wandered to the staircase. Then she said, "You'll be sorry about

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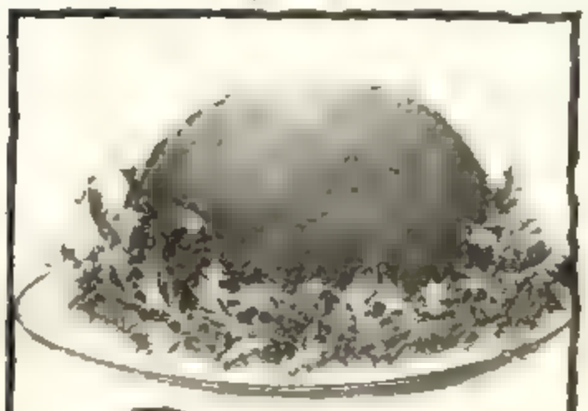

Plum Pudding

•• Creole sauce

LUSCIOUS made this way—with the longed-for flavor of real old-time molasses:

Mix in the following order 1½ cups flour, 1½ cups stale bread crumbs, ½ lb. seeded raisins, ¾ lb. currants, ½ lb. suet finely chopped, 1¼ cups sugar, 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, 3 ozs. candied orange peel finely cut, 1 tsp grated nutmeg, 1 tsp. mace, 6 eggs well beaten and 2 tsp. salt. Turn the mixture into a thickly floured square of unbleached cotton cloth tie securely allowing room for the pudding to swell and cook for 5 hours in a kettle of boiling water

Serve with Creole Sauce made by boiling 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses with two tablespoons butter for about 5 minutes and adding juice of 2 lemons as sauce is taken from the fire. Oh Boy!

Free Recipe Book: Send to Dept. P-5, Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La., for the Brer Rabbit book of delicious molasses recipes.

Two Grades—Gold Label and Green Label

Brer Rabbit Molasses

this, Myra Doggins!" and stubbed a pink foot on the lowest tread of the stair. She renewed her uproar five times before, far above Myra, a door slammed.

"Miss Doggins," said Nathan Preble, in the tone of manly grief, "you don't understand Rose's temperament. She was tellin' me last night on the beach that when a thing strikes her as funny she has to ——" He broke off to scowl at Casimir John, who had emerged over the center of the curved desk noiselessly with a cigarette in his mouth. "When a thing strikes her as funny she has to—to tell people."

"There's a beautiful story about some little boys and a bald-headed prophet in the Bible, Nathan," said Myra, "that illustrates the danger of the process perfectly. Please take her lunch up to Rose at one o'clock. I'm glad to know who was kissing Rose on the beach last night, because you're a nice child, and harmless as buttermilk."

"Miss Myra," Nathan Preble cried, "I never kissed her before, and—and father's goin' to give me thirty dollars a week, and a fella nineteen years of age could be considered kind of responsible."

"Yeh," said Casimir John graciously, swinging his legs from the desk. He aimed a toe generally at Nathan and murmured, "Much weigh, guy?"

"One hundred and seventy stripped," said Nathan grandly.

"Yeh?" The Kid trailed the slow syllable upward, suggesting envy of so much weight. He now beamed upon Nathan and offered "Smoke?"

"I don't smoke," said Nathan, blushing.

"Yeh? 'S right," Casimir nodded. "Bad f'y'wind. Wrestle?"

Nathan tucked his thumbs in his belt and admitted, "Little bit."

"Yeh? C'mon," said Casimir, laying his cigarette on the edge of the desk. "Show y' hold."

Myra sucked her pen and watched this scene with a sudden comprehension. A male was subtly flattering another male by some wholly masculine progression of references to weight and wind and wrestling holds. Casimir took Nathan's right arm in both hands and beamed upon him, and then threw him over a shoulder onto the floor. Instead of bursting into tears, Nathan got up with blood running from his nose and said urgently, "Hey, show me that again, fella!" and this time landed on his head. It seemed to please him immensely, for he asked, "Would that be Japanese?"

"Yeh," said the Kid, resuming his cigarette.

"And how much you weighin'?"

"Hund' sixt'-eight." Casimir now prowled around Nathan Preble and poked him in various spots with a brown finger, while the page wiped his nose on a khaki handkerchief. The Kid murmured "Yeh," without condescension, and Nathan blushed again. The prodigy then ordered, "C'mon sand."

"Can I, Miss Myra?"

"Yes, Nate," said Myra.

The Kid took his victim down the steps and out of her sight. Myra smiled at the register. He might be put to wonderful uses! Perhaps he could be urged to slap Rosita, or reduce her generally by scorn and cold indifferences. Perhaps the best way to manage a girl was by throwing her over one's shoulder and making her nose bleed. Perhaps she was wrong not to have slapped Rosita very frequently, and before boys. Yes, the Kid must tell her how to manage Rose. He understood machinery. She must never be allowed to worry Alan, busy with his blue charts of factories at Carmelsville. And dinners should be undisturbed by her sense of humor, with Lanny and the Kid in dinner jackets and big bowls of butter-colored freesia on the table among silver candlesticks, and chintz curtains blowing prettily at long windows that showed stars in a black sky behind Alan's head. Oh, stop! Perhaps he won't like you after he knows you better. Yes, he will! But it must be the quietest wedding, so that Alan wouldn't have to stand long. She looked at the clattering telephone impatiently and took it up with a yawn.

"Hello!"

The telephone screamed, "Make come! Mist' Smith! Make come! P'lice!" in a voice of rattling tin that lived in the gale of other noises. It shrieked, "Make come, please! Mist' Smith ——" And Myra dropped the odious thing on the desk.

She said, "Oh, what ——" And then she wailed and ran. There were no police to bring to Alan's cottage, and Casimir was somewhere lost in the midst of all these stagnant women on sand that gripped her feet. She ran, and the beach heaved up and down in the loathsome sunlight and the tiny launch bobbed at Alan's pier. She ran, and seven gulls yelled over the white cottage and the smell of sweet fern was awful in her throat. The pier and the green shutters of the house would not enlarge. Away to the right a train rolled tranquilly from the red brick station past a clump of elms. Myra weakly ran and her hair flapped as a black mourning veil. A red-and-bronze machine went pacing past her and the Kid snapped back one look. But she still ran, sobbing, because Alan was dead, or something, in the terrible still cottage, with just a fat Japanese servant to watch him bleed. Casimir John went leaping up the slope and bounded through the door. Myra's ankle turned and she fell on both knees below the steps of the porch with a fiery thrill in one foot.

"Let him be, Kid!"

"Yeh?"

"Kid"

Casimir said "Y[illegible]ng [illegible]." And something cracked like a shutter slamming.

"Boys," a man cried, "your poor old daddy comes all the way from San Fran— Alan! Make that devil let ——"

"Just run him out, Kid," Alan said wearily, "or he'll go down to the hotel an' make a fuss. Gimme the check book. Sit down, pop. Let him be, Kid, or I'll be sore at you."

Casimir John said harshly, "Lan, y gonna give him nothin'!"

"I dunno how it ever came I'm the father of a hard-hearted devil like that! With your mamma watchin' from heaven, and here I am all the way from San Francisco just to try to make friends, and so lonesome for ——"

"Yeh?"

"Well, I am, Cas'mir! Yes, and I was up at Seattle two weeks back, and a feller says to me, 'Smithy, where's that boy of yours did the ninety-foot plunge at the lumbermen's convention back three years?' And me havin' to tell him that you run off and left me flat to D'luth after I took care of you an' ——"

"Yeh?"

"Aw, boy, mebbe I was kind of careless with your money sometimes. I admit that. But to have my own boys run off and leave me an' go live with ——"

"Keep your mouth off Uncle Hugh," Alan said fearfully, "or I'll let the Kid slap you some more. We're livin' with him now, and he treats us like sons. Check book, Kid. I don't want this tramp down at the hotel tellin' his troubles in the lobby. Two hundred's all you get, pop."

"Aw, Lanny, with your mamma lookin' down from heaven and ——"

"Yeh?"

A silence let Myra drag herself out of the sun into the shady porch and she heard a padding sound, in measure.

The Kid was prowling waxed planks of the unseen floor behind the door that hid most of the room.

"Y'gonna get nothin'," said Casimir. "Lanny's gotta save his coin. Gonna get married right off. Y'gonna get air, guy! No, Lan!"

"Bud, he'll go down to the hotel and ——"

"Yeh? Myra!"

Myra limped to the doorway and stood looking at a magnificent man whose tie was scarlet and whose shoes glittered blackly as he crouched in a corner beside the brick fireplace. The Kid swirled to and fro in a panther's pace and jerked his cigarette at this object, saying, "Yeh! Comes an' bellyaches. Tries t'grab Lanny's wallet. Yeh! Useda spend Lanny's coin when Lan bel-hopped! Useda spend my coin. Yeh! Mamma died on! Yeh! Nice guy! Think y'sist pretty tough job? Looka that ol' bum! Useda write Uncle Hugh for coin t' ejicate us. Yeh. Five wives! Yeh! H'm!"

"I should think he'd be ashamed to look at you," said Myra.

"Little lady," Mr. Smith said, rising superbly, "these boys have been listenin' to ——"

Alan dropped his hands from his bruised face to the disordered table covered with blue charts and said, "Say another word to her an' I'll have the Kid kick you clear to ——"

"Don't talk to him, Alan! Go away," Myra told the man, "at once! I won't have this! I won't have it, I tell you!"

"Lady," said Mr. Smith, raising a hand toward the green enamel of the ceiling, "the boys' mamma in heaven hears me tell you that ——"

"How dare you speak of their mother?" Myra cried. "How dare you?"

For a long time Mr. Smith considered her with a hand on his scarlet tie, and then his face, marked with faint red across one cheek, altered slowly into a degraded mask of Alan's face and he drawled, "Hell! Well, a one-legged man needs a spitfire for a wife. I always liked ladies myself. So I'll bid you good-by, and ——"

"Kid!"

The scarlet tie was hidden by the boy's scarlet waist and the whole mass of swaying flesh tumbled through the door. Myra shut her eyes and rocked on her shivering legs. She wanted the Kid to kill him. She wanted to see him ruined. Strange thuds and gaspings blew in from the sunlight. Her face chilled. Casimir might hurt him. There would be a scandalous trial.

"Lanny, make him stop!"

"It's all right, honey," said Alan.

"But ——"

"It's all right, M-Myra."

Somebody yelled. There was a monstrous splash. Myra lurched to the door and saw the Kid motionless and reflecting on the end of the little pier, with his fists on his hips and his gaze intent on the disturbed waters of the cove. After a contemplation, he turned and trotted back up the planks. Then he devoted a beam to Myra completely and observed, "Tough!"

"Oh, Kid, did you drown him?"

"Some," said the Kid, whipping his chin across the bronze of his shoulder. He sighed briefly. Mr. Smith was wading ashore with his straw hat clutched over his heart. Some bathers were watching from a hundred yards away. The tall man tramped up the slope of sand to the rocky meadow and marched toward the brick of the station steadily.

"'S all," the Kid mused, curling his toes. Then he asked, "Train to Boston?"

"At noon, dear."

"Yeh? Lan, much coin y'got?"

"'Bout a hundred, son. Why?"

"Gimme twenty," said Casimir John, darting into the quiet room. Then he darted past Myra, whirled back to nuzzle her cheek and to say, "Y' all right," and sped down the beach. His wrapping began to unwrap and vibrated behind him as a scarlet pennant, and Myra was glad when he stopped to hitch the scarf over one arm. She sat down on the doorstep in a great vagueness and noted the shape of Mr. Smith entering the station, while she rubbed her ankle and wanted a drink of water.

"If my fool Jap hadn't got scared and phoned," Alan muttered above her, "y-you wouldn't have—have ——" He ended, "Well, mamma was a lady."

"Do show me your factory; I mean the plans," said Myra.

Alan lowered himself with a muddle of blue-and-white charts to the step beside her and Myra did up her hair. He spoke of stresses, whatever they were, and the instability of certain bricks. He waved a hand and displayed meaningless lines that were walls, lavatories and basements. He gravely babbled of the courtyard in which twenty trucks could be loaded at once.

"How lovely," said Myra, wishing his shoulder was a little closer.

The bathers trickled from the beach back into the Ocean House and Myra thought very casually of her sister up in the hot bedroom, possibly hysterical. People strolled over the meadow toward the station, and she wondered whether Mr. Quirk had been wanting her to make out bills. Alan recited the scale of prices for steel beams and plaster. He put one arm around her waist and detailed the cost of cements. Myra cowered against his shoulder when the telephone rang inside the cottage and watched the southbound local train take Mr. Smith away. Alan's nose was much nicer than his father's. The telephone went on ringing and she said, "I'd better answer."

"I hate to bother you, honey."

"Don't be so silly," said Myra, and limped to the telephone on the table beside Alan's pipe. She kissed the bowl of the pipe and looked with dread at the telephone. Perhaps Rosita had made herself ill with crying. Myra was conscious of not caring at all. It wearied her to think of explaining anything to Rosita, or bothering about her. She picked up the machine and tartly snapped, "Yes?"

"Miss Myra," said the telephone, in the voice of Nathan Preble, "I just have time to thank you for the twenty. The train's

(Continued on Page 120)

GIVE AS YOU WOULD RECEIVE

—go to your plumber for Gifts of permanent usefulness

Again Christmas and the gift problem. Again a maze of folderols, gewgaws and nicknacks to tempt the holiday shopper. Yet here is an opportunity to choose gifts of enduring usefulness—*to give as you would receive.*

On this page are four suggestions for gifts which would be welcomed in any home—four special Mueller-made faucets to serve the household every day in the year—and for years to come.

Two of these suggestions are for the kitchen sink. They would be especially appreciated by any mother, wife or sister. The other two are for the bathroom—useful to every member of the household. All are inexpensive. All are Mueller faucets—famous for their trouble-free service; notable for their superior design and construction.

Possibly it has never occurred to you to go to your plumber for Christmas presents. Yet the wares he offers are of basic usefulness—permanent conveniences that will project your holiday greetings into the daily life of the recipient. Call on your plumber. Select one or more of these modern Mueller faucets. Your plumber can install the faucets easily—quickly—the expense is nominal. Do your Christmas shopping wisely, this year.

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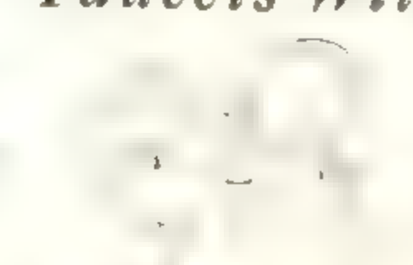
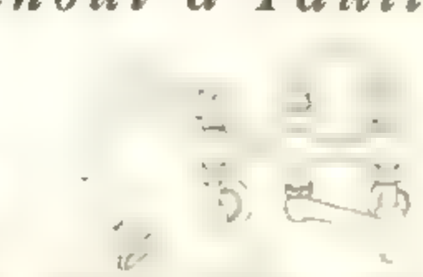
Mueller's combination lavatory faucet with china soap dish. Enables you to wash in clear running water—tempered to suit. Fits any lavatory.

Soap Dish $2.00 *Faucet* $7.50



Mueller's combination bath faucet with shower spray permanently attached. Tempers the water to suit for bath or shampoo. Fits any bathtub. A practical gift for entire family

$8.25



Mueller's combination swinging spout sink faucet with spray attached. Fine for rinsing dishes, washing vegetables, cleaning sink, etc. Saves hands. Lightens kitchen work

$12.00

Mueller's combination sink faucet with swinging spout and china soap dish. Tempers the water to suit. Spout swings to right or left

$10.00

(Continued from Page 118)

comin' in right now. Mamma's brother's a judge in Dorchester, so we'll have it all legal, and I want to say I'm goin' to be steady an' responsible. Good-by. The train's comin' in."

Myra blinked at the machine and then went back to the doorway. She said idly, "One of the bell hops saying good-by. Called home to Boston or something. Go on about the factory." And she watched the Boston train pull out. Nathan Preble's remarks confused her a little, but Alan now spoke emphatically of defects in plumbing and the advantages of copper wire. He tucked her head against his cheek and Casimir John came lazily swimming from the beach before the stupid shingles of the Ocean House.

"I'll really have to ask the Kid what to do with Rosita."

"He can fix anything," said Alan.

The Kid climbed out of the water on the end of the pier and remotely inspected them. He seemed to think they were well enough, so he slithered down into the motorboat and began to hammer its engine with something slowly. Myra was charmed by the sound, as it contrasted charmingly with Alan's monologue on the uses of flagging in cellars and courtyards. The smallest page of the Ocean House came up the curve of beach and made a nice little point of moving gray on the bright sand. After a time he pranced before Myra with round eyes and a letter.

"For me, Johnny?"

"Yes'm."

"Here's a dollar, son," said Alan. "Get to glory out of here!"

Casimir stood up in the launch to watch the small boy race, and then sat down again. Myra sighed at Rosita's script on the envelope and thought it the poorest taste to have addressed the letter to "Mrs. A. Smith," but she opened it and rested her cheek on Alan's shoulder to read comfortably:

"All right, but I think you might have told me; and it strikes me pretty mean just sending that fellow with the money; but Nate and me will be just as happy as his folks will let us and glad to see you when you come to Boston. ROSE."

"Lan," said Myra, "I think Rose has run off with a bell hop!"

"That's fine," Alan answered, "if he's a good bell hop. They're pretty tough kids sometimes. . . . Don't cry!"

"It's rather sudden. I promised mother to take care of her, and ——"

"Well, you did, honey. And now it's her business. Where you goin'?"

"I think I'd better speak to Casimir John."

"Don't be long," said Alan; "time for lunch."

Myra walked slowly down the pier and noted that Casimir was busy with the engine, rubbing one palm on a wheel steadily so that his whole arm twinkled in the sun.

She asked respectfully "Did you see Rose and Nate off, darling?"

"Yeh," said Casimir, blowing smoke through his nose.

"And can they get married in Boston?"

"Yeh."

"And do you think Nathan will be a good husband?"

"Yeh," said the Kid, beaming; "good 'nough."

"Very well," Myra said meekly; "and can I stay to lunch?"

"Yeh," the Kid said, grinning. "What I do all this for, h'm?" and went on polishing the engine.

HERRIOT: THE FRENCHMAN FOR THE MINUTE

(Continued from Page 15)

addressed his old opponent, Poincaré, as "Monsieur the Prime Minister."

In appearance, Herriot as Prime Minister is a distinct shock to the Latin mind, although he fits very well to the American idea, if one forgets that Charles Evans Hughes occupies the similar position in the United States. Herriot completely upsets all French notions of what a Prime Minister should look like, and always has looked liked. In the first place he has no beard — not a trace. Then he is far too young. He is only fifty-two. Likewise he is too quick and active. There is nothing grave or sufficiently dignified about him. He smokes long cigars and pipes, and he has an aggressive, almost hail-fellow manner that is entirely in contrast to the solemn, frock-coated, gloved and bearded disguise of statesmen who have previously received callers, seated at the desk of Talleyrand in the Quai d'Orsay.

When Herriot visits the Palais Bourbon to have a tilt with the deputies he breezes through the Hall of Lost Steps, as the lobby is known, quite as buoyantly as some of the lads of the lower assemblage on Capitol Hill.

Although Herriot seems to have a truly American conception of business, speed and organization, and is a pluralist in that he always has several important jobs at the same time, he is like his Latin fellow statesmen in that he takes no interest in sport. He has the true Latin culture and instinctive taste for literature; his diversions are collecting old books and playing the piano. His friends now fear that he is working himself to death.

It is evident that he has the constitution of an army mule, but at the same time he has a weak heart. But he refuses to listen to advice, declines to visit doctors, and plunges ahead.

The Versatility of Genius

Edmond Rostand once called the present Prime Minister "Herriot the Realizator." This was when Herriot was in his early twenties and had given the first striking proof that he was not just an ordinary young man. He was then doing his compulsory military service and was enrolled in the famous Iron Division then on duty on the Lorraine frontier. The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences opened a literary competition, on the thrilling theme of The Philosophy of the Judaic School of Alexandria. This news somehow filtered through to the unimportant unit of the French Army known as Private Herriot of the Infantry. The thought that trying for this prize would be a contrast to military duties so thrilled him that he obtained leave to visit the Faculty of Letters in the near-by town of Nancy in order to stock up on books. Thereafter he combined his army drill with digging deep into Greek and Hebrew. In order to have more time for the literary composition he became such a good soldier that a friendly officer lightened this part of his job by making him an orderly. So young Herriot, after shining the buttons and boots of his officer, was able to write his thesis—which he entitled Philon the Jew—in the barracks, rather than on the maneuver ground. He won the prize. This so impressed the Faculty of Letters at Nancy that a teaching job was arranged for him on leaving the army. He then wrote a second book, called Madame Récamier and Her Friends, which became widely circulated in France and won a prize from the French Academy.

But the greatest realization of Herriot, before he aspired to national leadership, was making Lyons one of the great industrial centers of Europe. In England they say of Manchester that what Manchester thinks today, London does tomorrow. The same may now be said of Lyons with regard to Paris. From the viewpoint of both politics and economics Lyons is now the Manchester of France, and it is Herriot who has made it so. Aside from giving it the soundest financial status of any city in the country he has embellished it as never before. Among the few items he has given the city are fifteen groups of intermediate schools, three primary schools, a girls' school of domestic science, a conservatory of music, a boys' boarding school to accommodate twelve hundred students, a new town hall, a morgue, a cattle market, a crematorium, a slaughterhouse covering sixty acres, four magnificent bridges over the Rhone and the Saône, a technical school for girls, a school for traveling salesmen, a modern agricultural college, a superb athletic stadium seating forty thousand, a new hospital of twelve hundred beds, and the magnificent Palace of Industry, still under construction, that is to be the permanent home of the great Lyons Fair.

The realization of the Lyons Fair was the war work of Herriot. It was an industrial battle, successfully waged, to oust the prewar Leipsic Fair from its leading position as the great annual trade show of Europe. My first meeting with Herriot was in 1916, at the initial opening of his new institution, when he corralled all the American newspaper correspondents then in Paris, just to show them how France, and particularly his city of Lyons, looked after business interests even in that dark hour of war. He was at the railway station when the correspondents arrived, escorted us to automobiles, shaking hands and talking with everyone and leading the way through a round of visits, luncheons, dinners, and speeches that were impressive, even though a bewildering change from covering the western battle front.

The fair is now such a come-to-stay institution and has so enriched the city that there is small wonder that when Herriot became Premier the entire city begged him to retain the functions of mayor. Thus he still gives part time to Lyons, spending two nights every week in the train, commuting between Lyons and Paris. Saturday, Sunday and Monday are the days he generally gives up for the city's work, leaving it for the balance of the week in the hands of a devoted secretary. On arriving from Paris, Herriot goes direct from the train to the City Hall and passes the morning there. In the afternoon in company with the city architect he visits the many works under construction. At night there is usually a banquet or public meeting. On Sunday there are always several public assemblies, either political or social. On Monday he remains at the City Hall, receiving visitors and delegations until seven in the evening then after taking an hour off for dinner, he presides over the meeting of the municipal council. This lasts until eleven o'clock, and he then rushes to the station to catch his train for Paris—to enjoy the diversions of cabinet councils, keeping the radical party lined up to the mark, humoring and controlling Parliament, revising the entire budget and entertaining and instructing both public and politicians with an interminable succession of speeches and articles. In fact he has put a spirit approaching jazz into the classic protocol of French politics.

Apropos of the budget: when his Minister of Finance recently brought him the estimates for the current year, showing a deficit of three billion francs, Herriot immediately constituted himself the entire ax committee, personally went over the budgets of each of his ministers, and chopped off a total of two billions in a few days. He said:

"My government is pledged to abolish the special and extraordinary fiscal measures of Poincaré, so it is up to me to balance the budget without these aids."

The saying that "time is money" is out of date, Herriot declared in reply to a question as to where he finds the time for his many and varied tasks. He said, "If time were money I would buy it from the idle. I would procure it where it is cheap and sell it where it is dear. An impossible operation. The modern maxim should be 'time is time.'"

In many ways the present chief of the French Government adheres to an idea that is said to be peculiarly Latin—namely, that rules are often made to be broken. Herriot himself thus expresses it: "There was a time when I waited for permission to do things. Now, I admit, I sometimes wait only for things to be forbidden." In following this precept during the war Herriot raised a howl that was heard over France on account of an incident he created at Lyons. One day he became indignant at the manner in which employers were exploiting female labor, so he decided to give the women workers of his city orders for making military uniforms in their own homes. He at once came up against army red tape and all sorts of official objections. His reply was, "I undertake this work in my own name, and will take my chances on disposing of my supplies to the army."

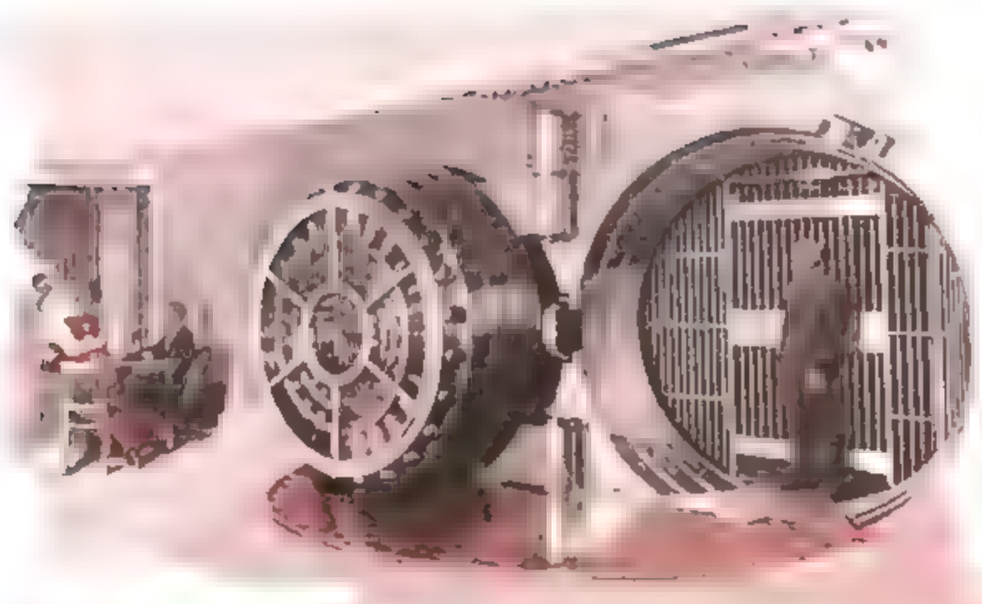
In the same fashion, when wine became scarce in the Lyons district, Herriot took out a personal license as a wine merchant, and thus obtained on his own account what the municipality could not secure. Again, when coal was scarce during the war, Herriot one day while fishing discovered a small piece of lignite in a pool at the edge of the river. He made inquiries and discovered a large lignite field close to his city. He at once went into the exploitation of lignite and signed a contract with the proprietors of the land to deliver their supply to the city.

The Grip of the Bureaucrats

Herriot, despite his ability to do things for others, and his agility and speed in doing things, remains a poor man—perhaps the poorest Premier that France has ever had. His present job is ruining him, his friends declare. His salary as Prime Minister is approximately three thousand dollars per year—the same as the other ministers—and of this, one thousand dollars is set aside for the maintenance of his automobile. Before taking his present office he never owned evening clothes, top hat or patent-leather shoes. In Lyons, especially during the war, the mayor could be as rough-and-ready as he pleased. When he reached the Quai d'Orsay, however, he had to buy a complete new wardrobe for formal wear; the Prime Minister must dress up on occasions, no matter whether his government be that of the masses or of the classes.

The coming months will undoubtedly show whether Herriot himself is as big as the reform program he has launched. Although Herriot and Ramsay MacDonald swung into power almost arm in arm, events have already proved that Herriot is the materialist rather than the idealist of the pair. But, as was the case with Ramsay MacDonald, it is not foreign policy but home troubles that now beset Herriot. The little departmental *fonctionnaires* are permitted to hold such a death grip on the internal situation of France that the Premier may need to prove that there are steel fingers inside his velvet glove, in order to win forthcoming bouts. Herriot professes to take Colbert, the great minister of Louis XIV, as his model. When asked if he did not need a king such as Colbert had, to give him backing, he replied, "But my king is the French public. This public I love, and to this public I belong. In this public I believe. From this public alone will come our renaissance. The public is the most magnificent of landscapes. The problem of the statesman is to interpret it."

The public now gives full support to its statesman of the minute. In the public eye Herriot is now a sympathetic figure, whose minute of power may be extended even unto the hour, while he is at least given his chance at the great and difficult problem of European reconstruction.



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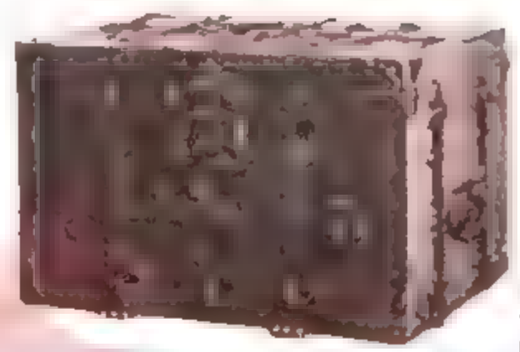

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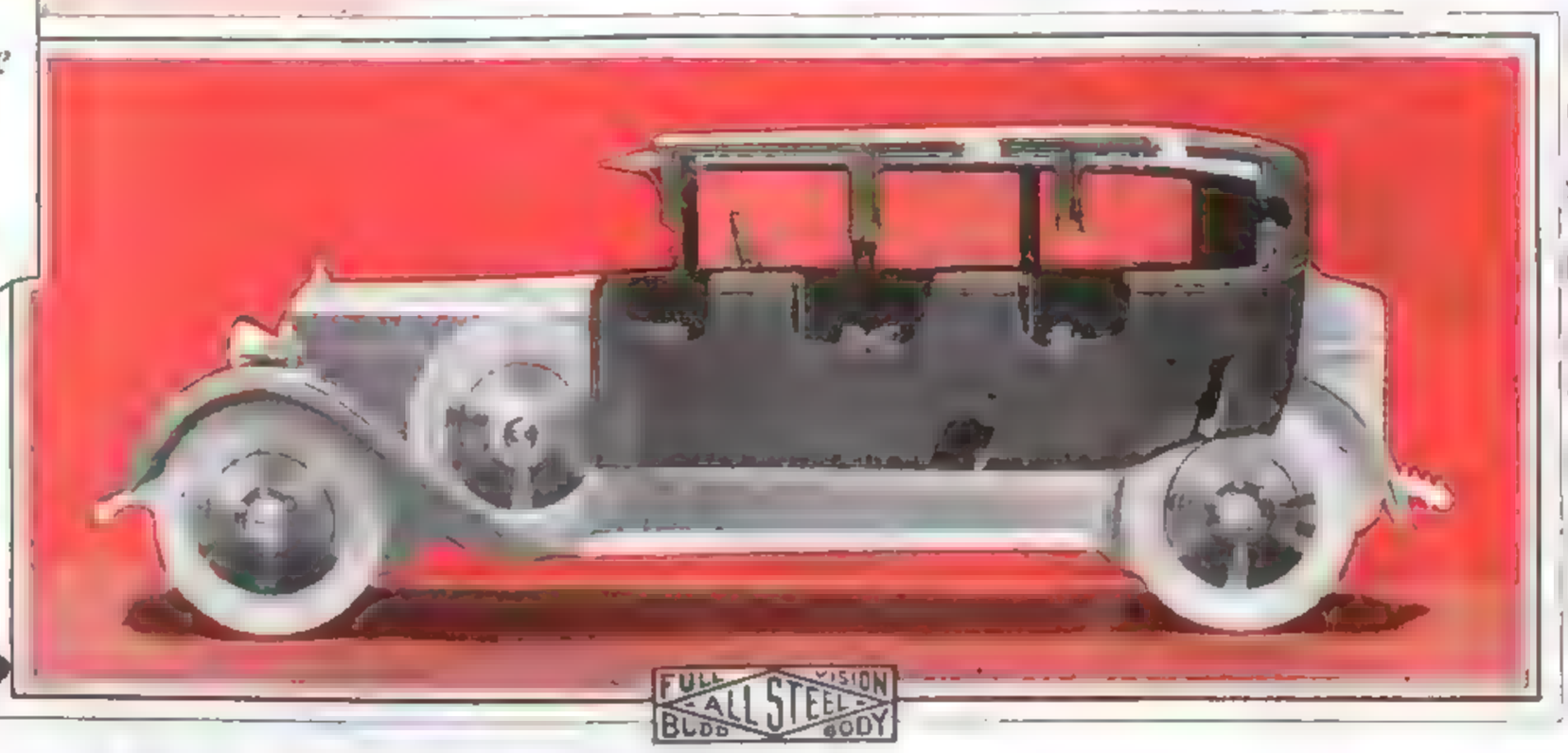

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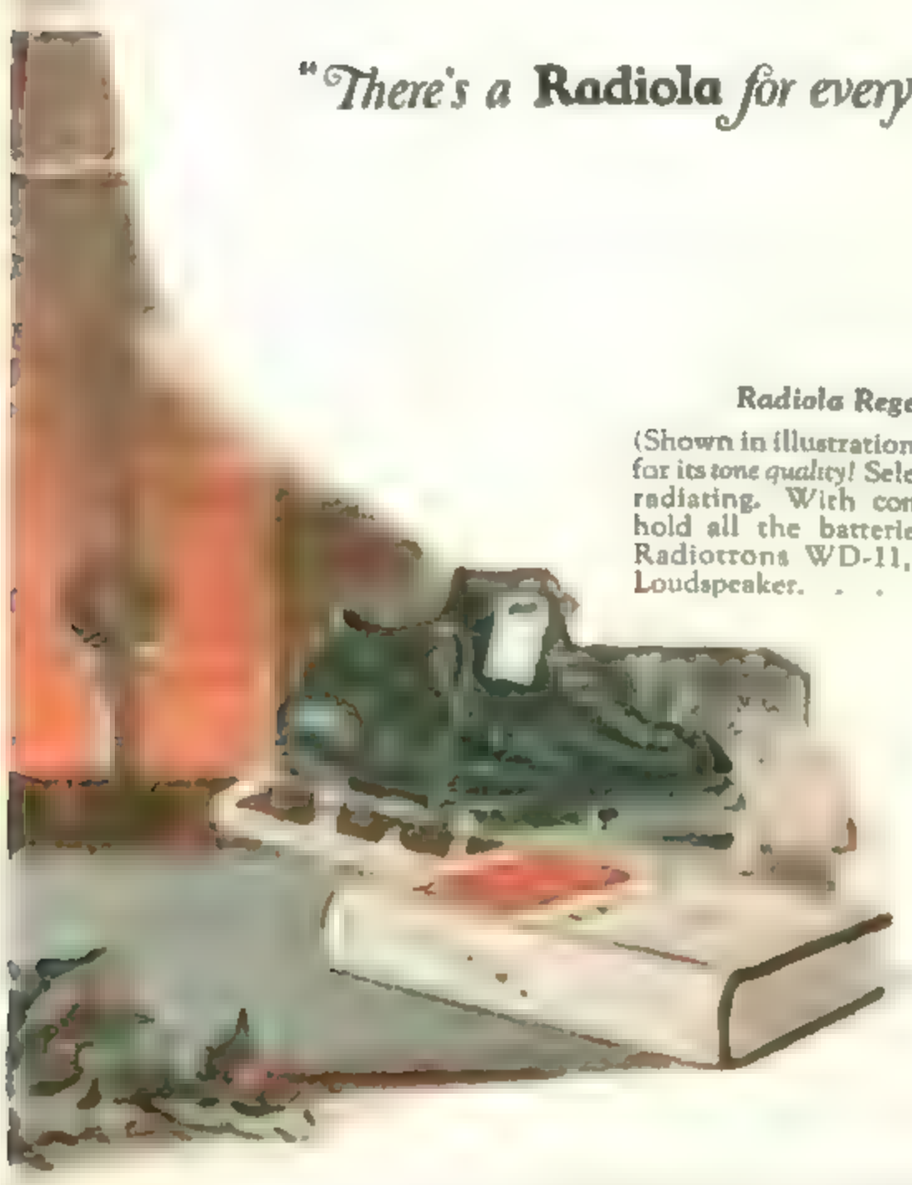

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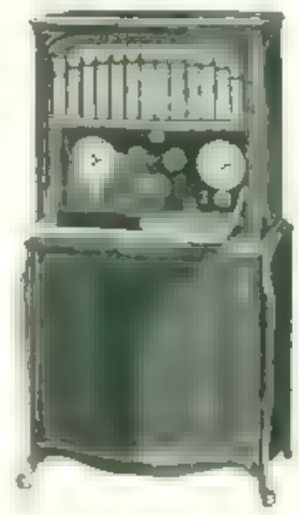

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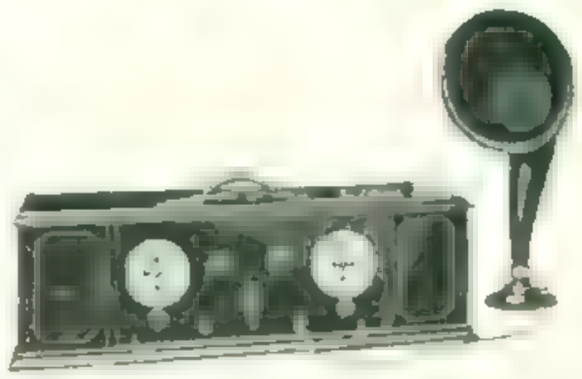

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THE OBOLENSKY PENNON

(Continued from Page 9)

Nevertheless, they had been a bargain; he could sell them for a handsome profit whenever he liked. Would the amateur of tomorrow have to pay through the nose, then, for a wrought-iron gas fixture?

He laughed a little at the fantastic idea and looked at his watch. It was already three in the morning. He yawned, resolved to smoke a final cigarette and then go to bed. But even while he was admiring his inlaid panel and his candlesticks, the cigarette slipped from his fingers, and he went to sleep in his chair, a whimsical smile on his lips, dreaming of the distant future when America should be an ancient country in its own right.

It was the year of our Lord 2424, but it didn't occur to Grosvenor that this fact was in any way remarkable. Why should it be? Was it remarkable that the month was August or that the day was Wednesday?

To be sure, his surroundings struck him as quaintly unusual; but for this there was a different reason. It wasn't a question of the date, but of the place. He was a noted connoisseur and collector—a specialist in what was known as the Flivver period of medieval America—and he was now treading, for the first time, the hallowed soil of Jonesboro, Connecticut. Hallowed? Well, just as you please; but for at least a couple of centuries people had called Rome the Jonesboro of Italy and Athens the Jonesboro of Greece.

And yet in spite of himself his mood was not entirely academic. In vain, during the air voyage from London, he had assured himself that he was coming merely to visit a historic town, to pay his tribute to Depôt Square and the Jonesboro Cathedral, and perhaps to buy a few items for his collection. But in his heart he knew that there had been another motive; it had seasoned his journey; it had thrilled him as he disembarked at the landing station; and it still blurred his horizon at this very moment, while he stood staring at the window of an antique shop. Incidentally, he had been staring at it for perhaps ten minutes, while a steady stream of excursionists passed behind him.

One of them said cynically, "Well, so far I haven't seen anything that we couldn't beat right at home in Sweden!"

At length he turned to walk away; but on the instant, and before he had taken a single stride, he found himself face to face with the girl of his visionings. And although he loved her, she was the last person he had wanted to meet on this particular expedition.

It rather compromised him.

"Why—why, Eleanor!" he stammered awkwardly.

She was even lovelier than he had remembered her—and they had parted hardly a fortnight ago. In the depth of her eyes, the soft and sturdy molding of her chin, the wealth of her black hair, the sweetness of her lips, the shadowed rose of her complexion—in all these details she surpassed the most extravagant of his reveries and made him catch his breath. But hang it all! She was interfering with his judgment again! She was smiling at him, but her expression was enigmatic.

"Why, Mr. Grosvenor! When did you get here?"

With an effort he recovered his poise.

"Why I just came in from London on the eleven o'clock local. Beastly crossing too. Three mortal hours. . . . Is your father well?"

Her eyes clouded slightly.

"Yes—and no. Of course he isn't exactly getting any younger. . . . But what ever brought you to Jonesboro? I thought that sight-seeing was your pet bugaboo."

Grosvenor was recessive.

"I never said that, did I? All I said was that I'd hate to live in the middle of a circus."

Still smiling faintly, she adjusted the gold buckle which fastened her robe.

"Well, who wouldn't? But does everyone in Rome have to live in the middle of the Forum? Jonesboro's overrun with tourists naturally. And this summer it's worse than ever on account of the new excavations—the medieval Fire House, you know, and Masonic Hall." Here she had to move aside for a personally conducted party, hot on the trail. "But daddy and I live in the residence section; we never see the trippers unless we come downtown. Ugh! Hop Sing's Hong-Kong and Housatonic Tours! Bagalovitch's Czecho-Connecticut Tours! Ibrahim's Turko-Travels! Oh, they're a nuisance! But after all, haven't they come to see something beautiful? And do you expect me to be ashamed because my family's lived for seven hundred years in one of the most famous places in the universe? Well I'm not! I'm proud of it!"

"You always did misunderstand me," said Grosvenor, downcast. "It wasn't just that Jonesboro is a byword, like Mecca or Lhasa; there was something else. I mean, I certainly would hate to live in a tourist center; but apart from that, I've got my own homes; and ordinarily a woman goes where the man lives, and not ——"

"Oh, don't!" said Eleanor imploringly, and there was a nervous silence. "You—you were looking in the window, weren't you? Did you see anything special?"

His laugh was explosive.

"Yes, fake antiques."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Really? Why this is one of the shops I always loved to look into. Of course I don't know the first thing about it, but ——"

"Oh, I don't mean to say some of the stuff isn't genuine; but, for example, look at that *réveil-matin*."

"Look at what?"

"It's that fat little clock in a metal case. The ancients called it an alarm clock. They could set it to ring at any hour they liked. They ——"

Eleanor was bewildered.

"But what was there alarming about it? And what did they want to be alarmed for?"

"Well, most of the authorities say it was a children's toy; but both Polykranas and Stavoropolo think it was a boudoir ornament. It was to warn the hostess a few minutes before her dinner guests arrived. Anyway, this one's only a crude copy of a twentieth-century McGrath and Ginsburg, or maybe a late Waterbury. Look at the feet! Why they're practically pointed! And the case isn't nickel at all; it's nothing but platinum. And yet they've got the consummate gall to ask seven hundred for it. Why, it isn't worth two hundred and fifty!"

She sighed wistfully.

"It must be wonderful to know all about these things. But please don't tell me that that darling *planche à savonner* isn't real! I just couldn't bear it. I've begged daddy on my bended knees to buy it for me, but it's too expensive. Fifteen hundred dollars! But isn't it adorable?"

"H'm!" said Grosvenor. "Not bad at all. Yes, that's probably an authentic *planche à savonner*. The medieval name for it was washboard. Yes, I should say it was about 1900 or 1950. The zinc's in fair condition, too, and it's got the corrugated soap rack. Yes, it's a good piece." And he flattened himself to allow a party of Poles to continue their march.

Miss Heath beamed with pleasure at her own artistic discrimination, but Grosvenor was meditative. From the beginning, of course, he had known that her father had only a modest fortune, but it distressed him afresh to realize that a washboard was beyond his means. Poor Eleanor! Why Grosvenor himself had no less than six of them, to say nothing of one perfect three-piece set, with tub and wringer intact. And he considered them not only as drawing-room decorations but also as gilt-edged investments.

"But what's that thing next to it?" she asked. "That silvery thing that looks like an old lap organ."

"Oh, that's another fake," said Grosvenor indulgently. "It's a cash register. It's what the grocerymen and butcherymen used to count on, just the way the Chinese used an abacus and the Indians used a knotted string. But this is a modern reproduction; about 2050, I should think. You ought to get Stavoropolo's book on cash registers and adding machines. It reads like a novel. I've got a beautiful specimen myself; picked it up in Cairo for four thousand dollars. It's an absolutely verified Dayton, about 1915, and ——"

Here he broke off abruptly. He hadn't meant to boast; he had merely forgotten that she was poor. But in the next second he forgot her entirely, for in turning away from the cash register he caught sight of something across the street. It was in the window of another antique shop—a smaller shop, but with a suggestion of severe exclusiveness.

"Holy cat!" exclaimed Grosvenor. "Come!"

And he dashed across the street. When she reached his side he was busy with a microscope and the proprietor was fluent.

"Yes, sir," the proprietor was saying, "it's the original Obolensky Pennon, and there isn't a single flaw in the pedigree. I've got all the documents and they go with it. It was acquired by Sergei Obolensky, about 2160 or 2170, and his executors sold it to the Louvre for forty thousand dollars. In 2295 at the Louvre sale it brought ninety thousand. Aoki bought it, and when he died in 2337 his widow sold it to Higgins for a hundred and ten. Higgins sold it to Czartoryski for a hundred and seventy, and at the Czartoryski sale in 2403 it brought an even two hundred thousand. Houlahan bought it; and I got it from him for exactly two hundred and twenty-five, and you can have it for two hundred and fifty—and cheap at that."

Grosvenor, without a word, gestured to Miss Heath to come closer. What she saw was a faded yellow pennant of curious texture, bearing an inscription so nearly obliterated that it conveyed no meaning whatsoever to her. It read:

".XC.SE .Y D.ST."

But when she touched it Miss Heath trembled with excitement.

"Why—why it's felt!" she gasped.

"Yes, madam," said the dealer, "and one of the sixteen known examples of the lost art of felt making. Why, do you know what the British Museum paid for the Rothschild Dip, or Derby? Sixty thousand pounds!"

Miss Heath was alternately pale and flushed. She touched once more the luscious surface of the Pennon. Felt!

"It's worth the price, all right," said Grosvenor, with a sigh; "but let's look at something else. Hello! By Jove, is that a genuine mustache cup, or only a shaving mug?"

"It's a mustache cup," said the dealer.

Miss Heath, tearing herself away from the Obolensky Pennon, gasped again.

"Oh, it's—it's—oh, did you ever see such a perfect gem? I'd give my very soul to have that! How much is it?"

"Six hundred dollars," said the dealer. "But please notice that it has the gilt locomotive and the full legend—Birthday Greetings to Dear Papa."

Miss Heath sighed regretfully.

"I'm afraid it's too expensive. But—oh, I just love it!"

Grosvenor looked at her and sighed even more profoundly.

"That isn't a bad paper cutter, though," he said. "What are you asking for it?"

"Only three hundred and fifty, sir, and it's a genuine nineteenth-century souvenir of Niagara Falls. Solid celluloid, sir; the female figure carved on the *poignée* represents the Maid of the Mist, who was the patron saint of the Falls, wrapped in a banderole. And you'll observe that just below the efflorescence is the original peephole, with view of the Falls. At three hundred and fifty I actually lose money on it, but I'd like to see you have it."

"I'll take it," said Grosvenor curtly. "Please wrap it up."

"And this *porte-cure-dents*, sir? I guarantee it. It was dug up in Kennebec County, Maine, four years ago. The classical term, as of course you know, was 'toothpick holder.' Are you familiar with the famous Chicago Mail-Order Catalogue of 1918 in the National Museum, sir?"

"I ought to be," said Grosvenor with a dry laugh. "I paid thirty-six hundred dollars for the photographic facsimile of it. And how could a collector get along without it? It's his Bible."

"Quite right, sir. Well, in the Catalogue you'll find this item described in the most intimate detail: 'Nifty toothpick holder in heavy Hohenzollern silver; cunning little chick in appealing attitude, with open beak, and feet resting on life-size wishbone, of which the biggest end supports frosted silverino receptacle which contains approximately eighty-four toothpicks, or one week's supply for an average family of four. Chick and wishbone are strikingly true to nature; chick is one and fifteen-seventeenth inches tall. Holder is elegantly engraved with dainty wreath of forget-me-nots and motto: Help Yourself!' I'd let it go for two hundred."

"All right," said Grosvenor shortly. "I'll take it. But that's all for now. I may come back later."

He had suddenly become apprehensive. He wondered if Eleanor thought that in buying those two knickknacks he had deliberately made a grand gesture to flaunt his wealth. As a matter of fact, he had bought them because he wanted them, and because the prices were reasonable. And he had wanted the Obolensky Pennon, too; but in the last few months he had spent far too much money, and it was a question whether he ought to sink another quarter of a million so soon.

On the sidewalk she looked at him with starry eyes.

"Wasn't it absolutely gorgeous?" she said, subdued. "And I touched it! I don't suppose I'll ever have a chance like that again as long as I live! To touch a piece of felt! And that mustache cup! Why I'd arrange a whole room around it! Well, I've got to thank you for a wonderful experience and I do."

He surveyed her outstretched hand and side-stepped a delegation of Rumanians who were hurrying after their guide.

"Why ——" She smiled. "Why, I'm saying good-by."

It was only a fortnight ago that they had parted forever. That was in Australia. She had refused to marry him unless he consented to live in Jonesboro, and although he had never seen Jonesboro, he had balked at the mere idea.

"But when you're so crazy about collecting antiques," she had said, perplexed, "and when Jonesboro's one of the show places of the whole world ——"

"But, my dear child," Grosvenor had retorted, "even if I were crazy about catching trout, would I want to live in an aquarium?"

She had been very obstinate.

"But daddy's getting old, and he's lived in Jonesboro all his life, and so did all his ancestors, and he wouldn't be happy anywhere else. And I couldn't leave daddy, ever! So ——"

So that after several racking interviews they had parted forever. Then Grosvenor, after a few days of torture, had flown to Jonesboro to—well, to see Jonesboro.

"Oh, look here," he said lamely. "It's no fun going around alone—I mean, I've got a guidebook, of course, but if you could spare the time—oh, I know it must be a terrible bore for you; you must be absolutely swamped with people inflicting themselves on you, but ——"

She frowned, and he knew what she was thinking. She thought that his last sentence contained another adverse criticism of Jonesboro as a place of residence. She was remembering that unlucky word of his, "circus."

And he had meant only to be polite and sympathetic.

"I'd disappoint you," she said tardily, "because, really, I don't know anything about the historic monuments at all."

"Oh, please!" he said. "Be charitable. And won't you have lunch with me first? Please."

She wavered.

"Why ——"

From his pocket Grosvenor brought out a small gold box filled with capsules.

"Sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid I can't offer you very much variety. They're all Series F, Division 6, Variations 5 to 34."

"Oh, but I like French cooking!" she said. "Let me see, if I could have *hors d'oeuvres, filet de sole Marguéry*, a lamb chop with *pomme soufflées*—that's all in F 6, isn't it?"

"Right-o! Go on." And he stepped into the nearest doorway to avoid a personally conducted party of Arabs. One of them was saying, "Gosh! We got a bigger oasis than this right to home. Ayop! Right in Djilen."

Miss Heath went on. "Why, a green salad, and then coffee."

"No dessert?"

"No, thanks."

"The nearest I can come to it," said Grosvenor, after consulting his table of menus, "is F 6—32. Only you'll have to take Roquefort cheese with it. Is that all right?"

"Oh, certainly. And thank you very much."

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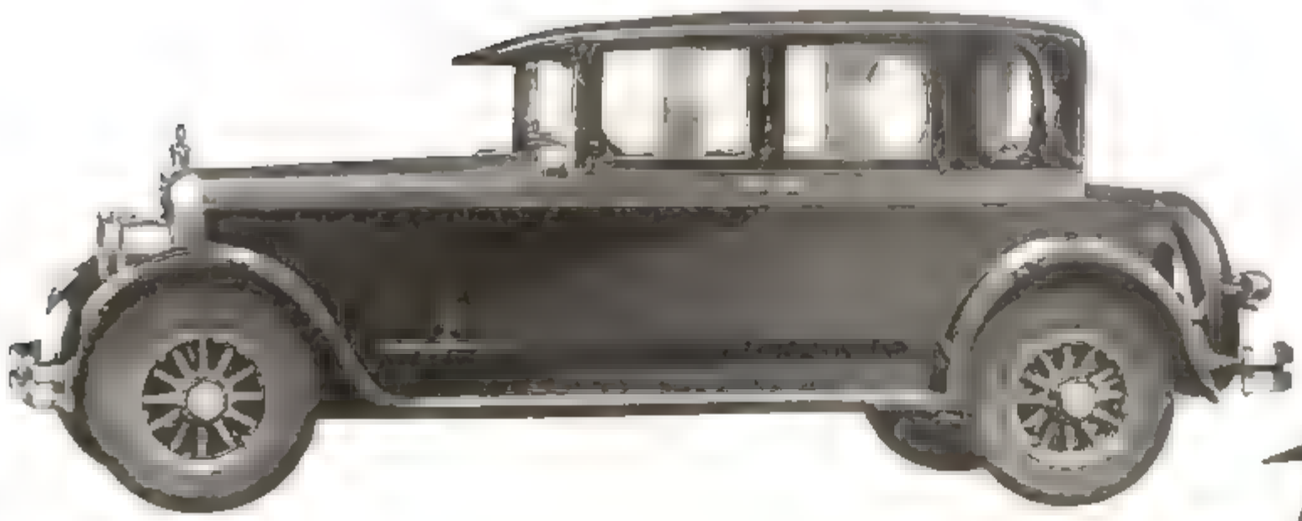

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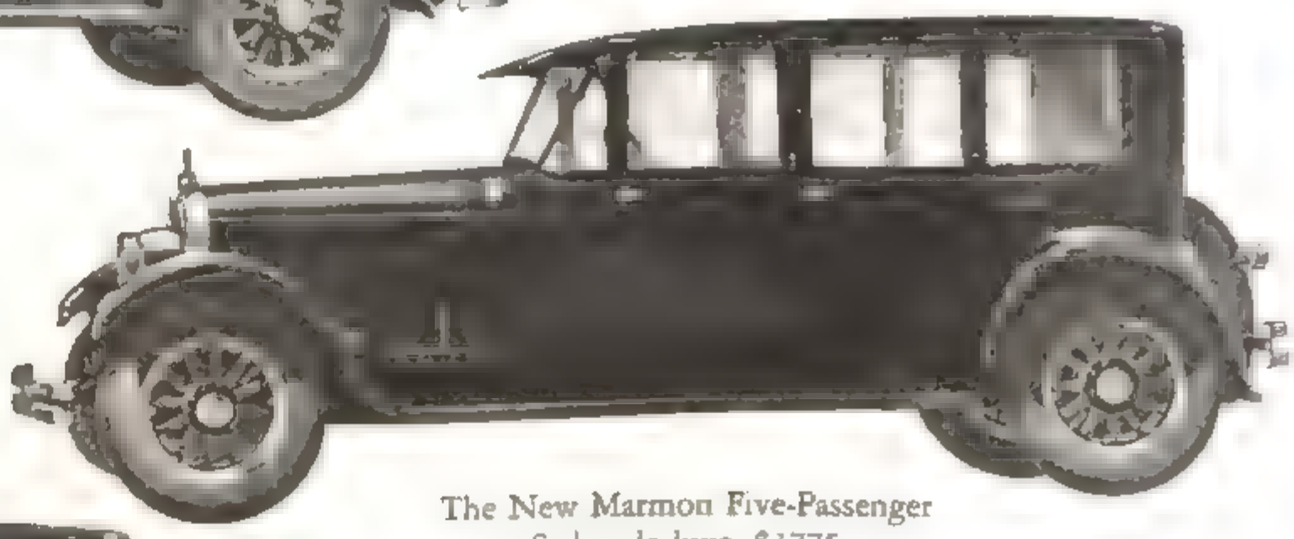
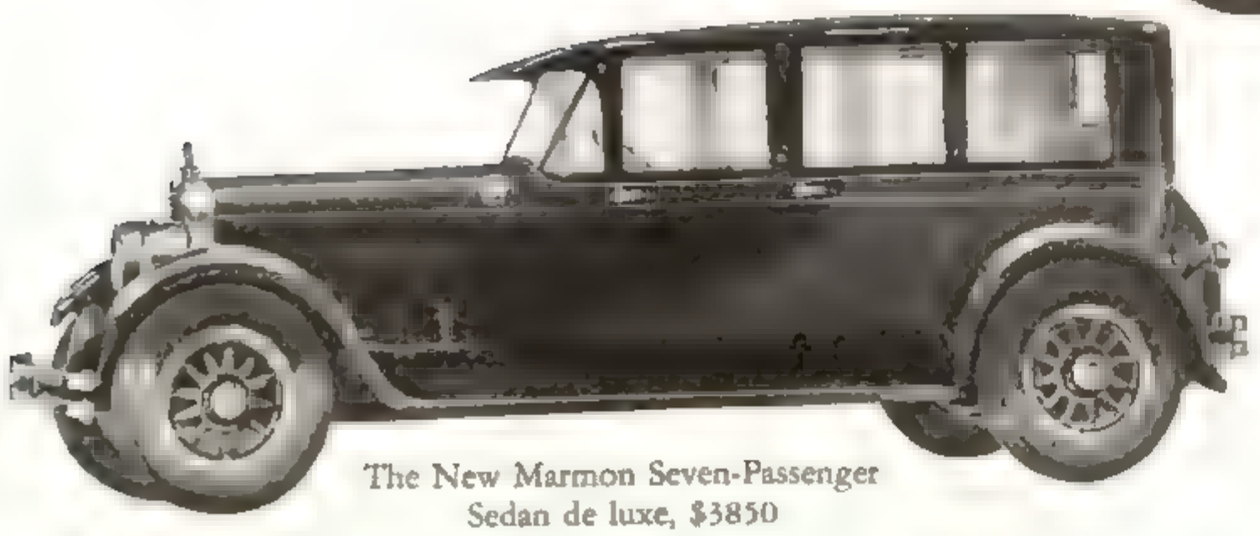


The New Marmon Five-Passenger
Sedan de luxe, $3775

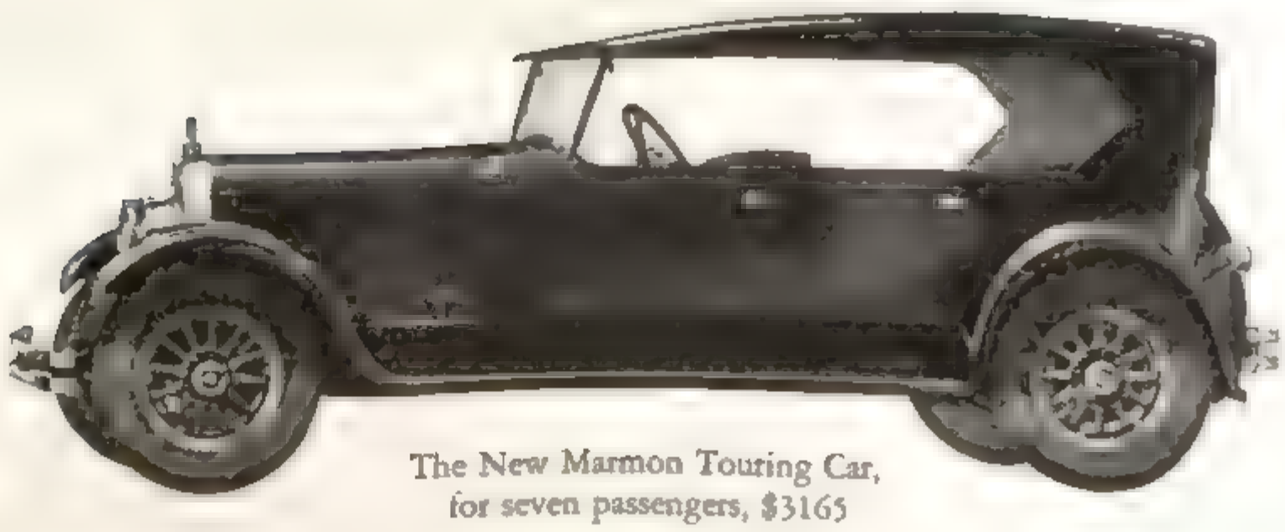


The New Marmon Seven-Passenger
Sedan de luxe, $3850

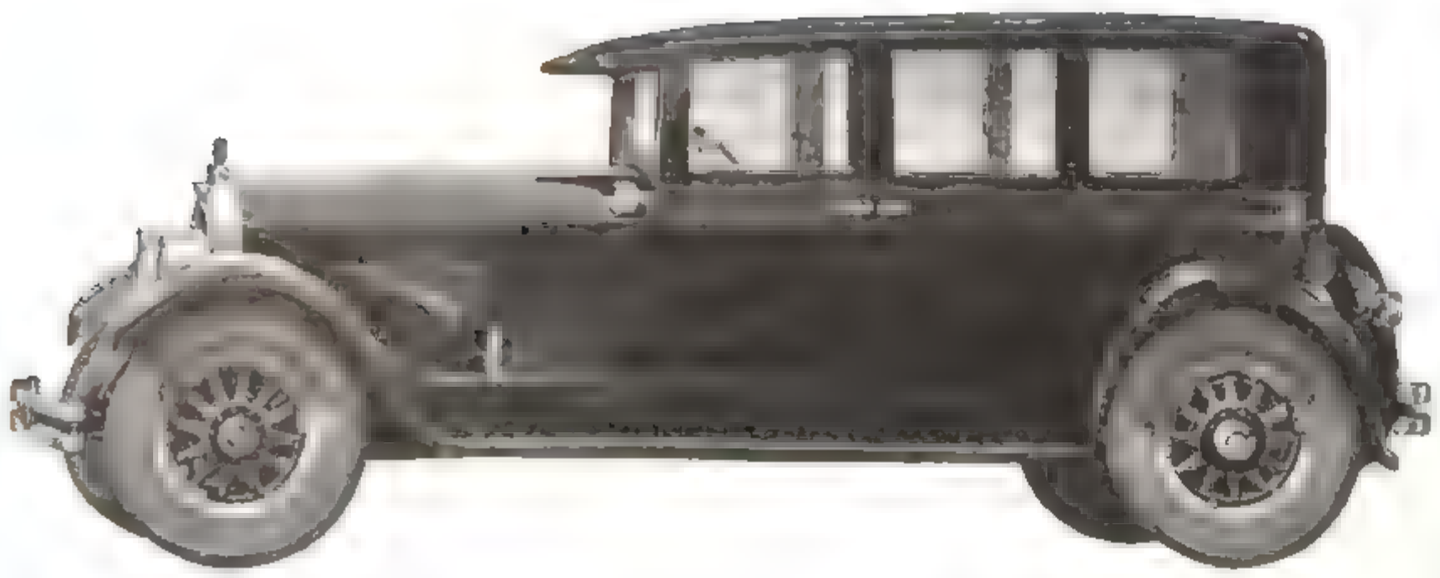
The New

The New Marmon Roadster, $3165

The New Marmon Phaeton,
for five passengers, $3165



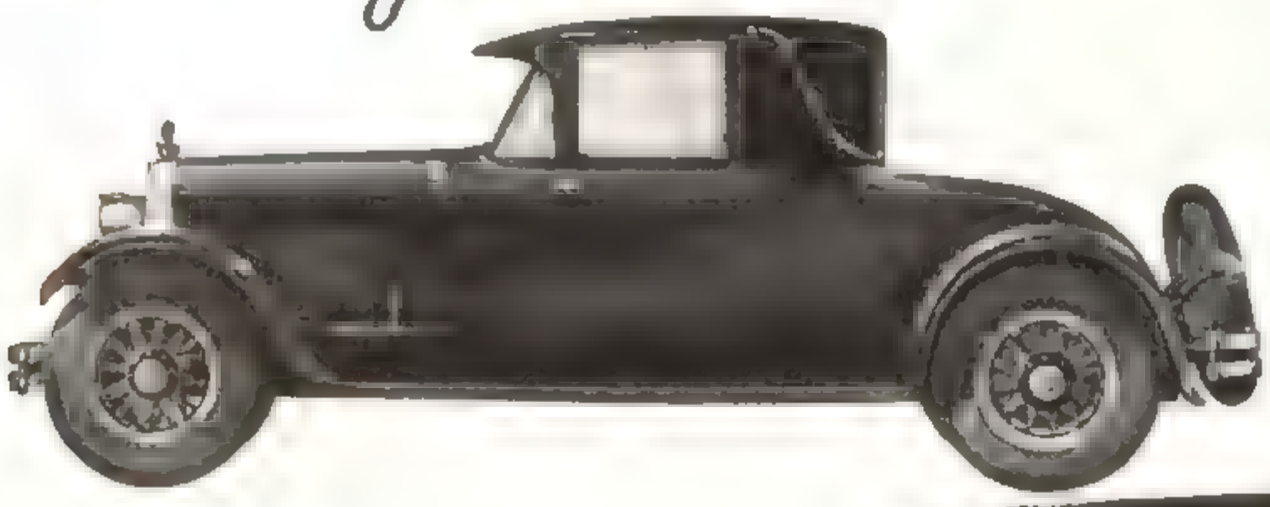
The New Marmon Touring Car,
for seven passengers, $3165



Only $130 more than an open car—*The New Marmon Sedan*, a full-sized, four-door Sedan, for five passengers, abounding in luxurious detail, $3295

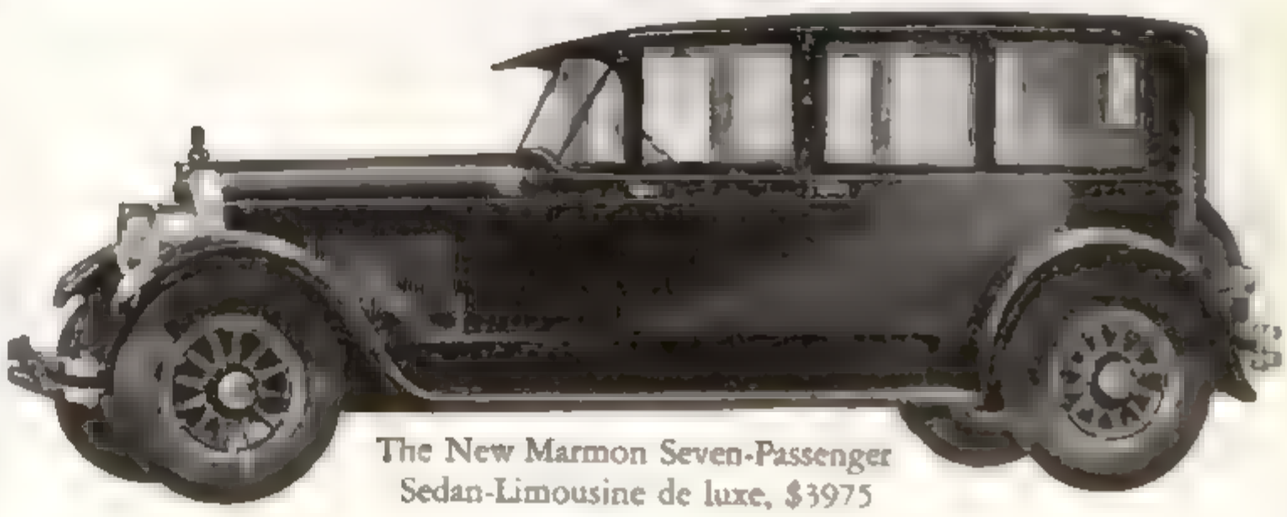
MARMON

"It's a Great Automobile!"



The New Marmon
Coupe de luxe, $3455

The New Marmon
Five-Passenger Sedan-
Limousine de luxe,
$3900



The New Marmon Seven-Passenger
Sedan-Limousine de luxe, $3975

WHATEVER your motoring habits and inclinations may be, there is one particular model of the *New* Marmon that completely meets your personal requirements. ¶ Upon the inherent goodness of the Marmon chassis, the greatest custom tailors of motordom have lavished unstinted charm and beauty in ten different body styles. ¶ In one of these *New* Marmons you will find a pleasant and practical realization of your fondest motoring aspirations. ¶ And, regardless of which model you choose, time will prove that . . . "It's a *Great* Automobile!" ¶ *All cars equipped with full-size balloon tires* . . . All prices f. o. b. Indianapolis. Government tax extra.

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Established 1851 · Indianapolis, Indiana

For an ideal screen program—a thoroughly enjoyable movie evening—

You must have good Comedy

Most of the leading theatres select all or part of their comedy entertainment from *Educational Pictures.*

If your favorite theatre is not showing *Educational Pictures,* you are missing much of the screen's best fun. Ask the manager why. And we would be glad to have you write to us, giving the name of the theatre.

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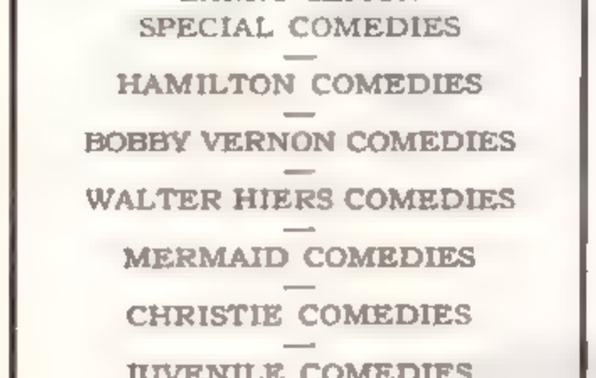

Executive Offices
370 Seventh Avenue
New York

(Continued from Page 125)

Miss Heath swallowed a capsule. Grosvenor swallowed a capsule. He returned the box to his pocket. They had lunched together.

"Now then," said Grosvenor persuasively. "lead on."

She directed him into a narrow street, lined with strange crumbling structures dating from the twenty-first and twenty-second centuries; near the end of the third block she stopped unexpectedly.

"Shut your eyes—tight!" she said. "And take my arm. We're going to turn left. Don't look until I tell you to. I want this to be a surprise. . . . Here we are! Look! Depôt Square—and full of those darned Persian tourists, as usual. But now what have you got to say about my Jonesboro?"

Grosvenor's jaw dropped. He had, of course, examined countless photographs and paintings and engravings of this celebrated spot; but even so, he wasn't braced for the utter magnificence which burst upon him and overwhelmed him. For Eleanor had brought him directly opposite the numbing splendor of the Murphy Block—about 1895—that triumph of sheer beauty of proportion unaided by any art of ornament except the cast-iron cornice with the shamrock design. Yet the transition from the mellow hue of medieval brick to the soft tones of the weathered iron was so exquisitely graded that he could not agree with Stavoropolo and call the cornice an anomaly.

And then his eyes, roaming to the right, fell upon the remains of Mudgett's Hardware Concern, hardly less famed than the Colosseum and the Sphinx. Mudgett's Hardware Concern, with its four pilaster strips, or counterfeit columns, and its inimitable false front, giving the impression of two stories where there was but one! Haloed by poems, it was; a picture of incomparable grandeur. And to the left there rose in calm austerity, unique and silencing, the superb Tin-Roofed Trio, the triple jewel of the Flivver period—the Racket Store, Mulligan's Garage and Tony's Pantatorium, built at uniform height and dominating, in the center of the square, the archaic Stone Horse Trough. No wonder that pilgrims came from the frontiers of the earth—no wonder!

Miss Heath plucked his sleeve.

"But look!" she said.

"Good Lord!" said Grosvenor, and wet his lips. "Good Lord!" Unconsciously, he had been standing within ten feet of the Negro Boy Hitching Post, ascribed by all the best authorities, including both Polykranas and Stavoropolo, to the master sculptor, Pat O'Hara.

His thoughts fled backward to the era when Jonesboro was modern. He was a sage historian and an eager student of ancient literature, especially the advertisements, so that he could easily visualize the Square as it must have appeared in the twentieth century—the women in their one-piece bathing suits, or in their more formal costumes of glove silk, and the men in their dinner coats, or perhaps their dollar underwear; he could visualize the shoeleggers, or smugglers of the period, darting out from ambush to peddle their illicit wares; he could see the happy youths and maidens dancing the minuet on the cobblestones in front of the Racket Store. They danced to the music of the jazz, but the jazz was an instrument that was still in controversy. Polykranas held that it was somewhat like a bass drum, but Stavoropolo claimed that it was more like a flute.

Time ceased to affect him. He was stunned and held speechless. The ages had descended upon him and crushed him, so that when, ages afterward, he heard a voice which spoke his name, he had to struggle toward it as if through fumes of ether to the outer air.

"Would you rather see the Cathedral next, Mr. Grosvenor, or the Arena?"

"Let's—let's see the Cathedral," said Grosvenor dazedly.

"Did you say you had a guidebook? Because I've told you over and over again how ignorant I am."

"Yes, I've got one. Which way do we go?"

He had no sensation of walking—he was too exalted; but when his brain cleared he was alternately gazing at the façade of the World's Eighth Wonder, and reading from his book.

"Ancient First Undenominational Church of Jonesboro, constructed 1872-3 from plans by the illustrious Peleg Eastman. It ceased to be used as a place of worship in 2150. Gentleman visitors are therefore not obliged to remove hats.

"In approaching the edifice the well-informed tourist will first notice the pointed doorway with the angles corbeled in the shouldered arch and a pierced quatrefoil in the head. He will also notice that all sashes, doors and blinds bear the unmistakable touch of Perkins and Gilkey—this was Si Gilkey of Jonesboro Mills, not to be confused with Hank, his cousin, who entered the firm after Si's death from epizootic in 1888, and built the buggy sheds in that year. Close attention should also be paid to the gable end with corner buttresses, a triplet with a string course under it, and over it a quatrefoil opening with three sunk windows quatrefoiled. The spire, which is in the purest Connecticut Valley style, has the visible squinches connecting the angles of the square tower with the octagonal broach spire, and also has an Illinois flamboyant lightning rod. The leads and gutters are by Jim Fogg and Son, who also leaded and guttered the Murphy Block and Tony's Pantatorium."

Side by side, they entered the glorious old church. For more than three hundred years it hadn't been a consecrated edifice, yet Grosvenor instinctively doffed his hat. And in the same moment he mentally anathematized the hundred or so of Tibetan sight-seers who already thronged the nave; he would so infinitely have preferred to be alone with Eleanor in the friendly dusk.

He gazed at her, and all at once was swept by a new and poignant emotion. The solemn atmosphere of the church unfolded him and made him acutely sensitive to his own littleness of soul. He tried to speak, but words failed him, and to conceal his weakness he glued his eyes to the manual:

"The pews are partly Perkins and Gilkey—Si, not Hank—and partly Loud and Lougee. The Loud and Lougee pews are distinguished by the fact that they were not planed underneath. Of the six lancet windows four are undoubtedly the work of the Woonsocket Glass Corporation, Inc., and the two others are twentieth century decalcomania. Note particularly on the first column to the left, in the gospel ambone, the Honor Roll of the Sunday-school Infant Class of 1882, painted in gilt on a rococo pine plaque. The reed organ, or melodeon, which is conservatively valued at three million dollars ——"

Slowly Grosvenor closed the book.

"Eleanor!" he said under his breath. "Eleanor!"

"Yes?"

The mighty spell of Jonesboro was upon him and he knew that resistance was futile.

"I—I didn't know it would be like this!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when I said I couldn't stand living here. You see, I—oh, there's no use trying to explain. I was just a fool. Only now I've seen what it's like."

"Sh-h-h!" she said. "Seen Jonesboro? Why, you've hardly begun. Have you seen the excavations? Have you seen the old hostelry—Kum-On Inn? Have you seen the Arena—what they used to call the Jonesboro Bearcats' Ball Park? Have you seen ——"

"I don't have to! I've seen enough to realize that Jonesboro can't be spoiled. No, not by all the tourists that ever lived! I was wrong! I'd rather be here than anywhere else on the globe. It's an inspiration. No, I can sell my villas in Warsaw and Honolulu and Calcutta and London and Rome and Paris and Leningrad and Melbourne and Shanghai; and my storage warehouses in New York and Berlin and Vienna and New Orleans and Budapest and Bukharest and Teheran and Geneva and Madrid and Tangier and Grand Rapids, and I'll build us a little cottage here in Jonesboro just big enough for us two and my collection—just a simple little love nest about the size of the Grand Central Terminal. That is, if—oh, Eleanor dear, if you still think you could possibly marry an idiot like me!"

For reply, she lifted her face to him, and in the dim shadow of the gallery they kissed each other.

Some minutes later, Grosvenor said, "Do you know what I'm going to give you for an engagement present, dearest?"

She shook her head.

"No; tell me."

"That mustache cup, and the washboard too."

Her eyes closed as though she were faint.

"Oh, it's almost too wonderful to be true."

Reverently he kissed her eyelids.

"Yes, dear," he said tenderly. "You don't seem to realize even yet how rich I am. And for your wedding gift you're going to have the Obolensky Pennon. I swear it!"

She swayed against him.

"Oh, my prince! My Croesus! My sweetheart!"

The dawn came through the windows and Grosvenor stirred uncomfortably in his chair.

"That's not at all bad," he said disjointedly. "What price the egg beater? And that's rather a good folding bed. I won't pay a cent over thirty thousand though. . . . Hello!"

He sat bolt upright. He rubbed his eyes. He yawned. Then he became rigid, and for perhaps half a minute he sat motionless, staring straight out before him at the inlaid panel on the mantelpiece. Then he began to smile vacantly.

"Good Lord!" said Grosvenor, half aloud. "Who knows? And would it be any funnier than what I'm actually buying? Norman frying pans and kitchen tables and Béarnais back scratchers?"

Gradually, however, his amusement diminished, and for an hour he sat in sober reflection. At the end of that time he had made his decision. And at eleven o'clock he wrapped the panel carefully and tucked it under his arm.

Eleanor received him in the Heath's sitting room. He wasted no time in coming to the point.

"Eleanor," he said abruptly, "you know I always admired you for insisting on staying with your father. It's what you ought to do. He needs you. I just didn't think I could live anywhere but here. But I've changed my mind. Have you changed yours?"

She put one hand over her heart as though to restrain it.

"Why—how do you mean?"

"If I said I'm willing to go back to America now?"

She came to him slowly. Her eyes were soft with tenderness and disbelief.

"Are you quite sure you could be happy, though, in just a little village, without any of the lovely things around you that you've always had in Europe? Are you sure?"

"There isn't anything in all Europe," said Grosvenor unsteadily, "that's as fine or as sweet or as lovely—as what there is in Jonesboro. That's you!" And he swept her into his arms.

Somewhat later, while he was in the midst of telling her his plans—how he would build her a Colonial mansion and how they would study the Colonial period together and make pilgrimages together to collect the proper furnishings and fittings, so that all should be harmonious as well as antique—suddenly he remembered what he had brought her.

"It's an odd sort of an engagement present," said Grosvenor, "and maybe you'll think it's a joke, but it isn't."

It was a wooden panel about the size of a sheet of commercial stationery; it was exquisitely inlaid and gilded, and it bore a tiny coronet and an inscription in Gothic lettering.

"Why, it's—it's awfully pretty!" said Eleanor helplessly. "But what is it?"

"Well," said Grosvenor, "in 1600, or so, the young Count of Levallois was a kind of speed maniac and a bit eccentric, and he hated to have anybody pass him on the road. So he had this panel on the back of his cabriolet. It's his family motto. It says: Keep Your Distance." He laughed reminiscently. "And it isn't so very different from the Obolensky Pennon, at that. That's why I wanted you to have it for my first gift."

She glanced up at him.

"The Obolensky Pennon? What's that?"

Still a few minutes later he said, "What chance have I ever got to tell you—if you keep looking at me like that and making me want to kiss you all the time?"

Westinghouse
Paneled Loving Cup
Coffee Set

Westinghouse
Table Stove

Westinghouse
Curling Iron

Westinghouse
Manda Lamps

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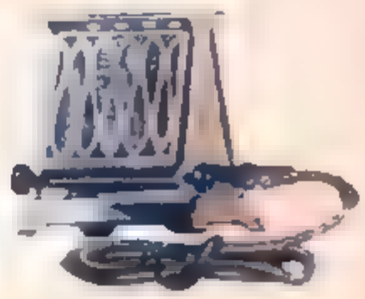

Turnover Toaster

Westinghouse
Waffle Iron

Westinghouse
Junior Cabinet
Electric Range

Let This SANTA CLAUS Present Your Gift

Let this Santa Claus, just as he smiles at you from this page, present your gift and the Christmas greeting that goes with it. He will add to the appreciation of the Grecian Urn Percolator Set, the useful Waffle Iron, or any of the other beautiful, practical Westinghouse Appliances you may select.

Worthwhile gifts every one of them—the table appliances so helpful each day at meal time, the convenient Cozy Glow, the Electric Iron, the Warming Pad for the emergency. And surely *she* understands the superiority of the Westinghouse Curling Iron!

Quality is evident throughout the Westinghouse Line, from the artistic *design* of each individual appliance to the *durability* that prepares them for hard daily usage.

It will pay you to shop early—where they sell Westinghouse Electrical Appliances.

Santa, a novel figure, just six inches tall, is specially constructed to hold in his hands your personal gift card. He is given free with each Westinghouse purchase to make the actual presentation for you on Christmas Day.

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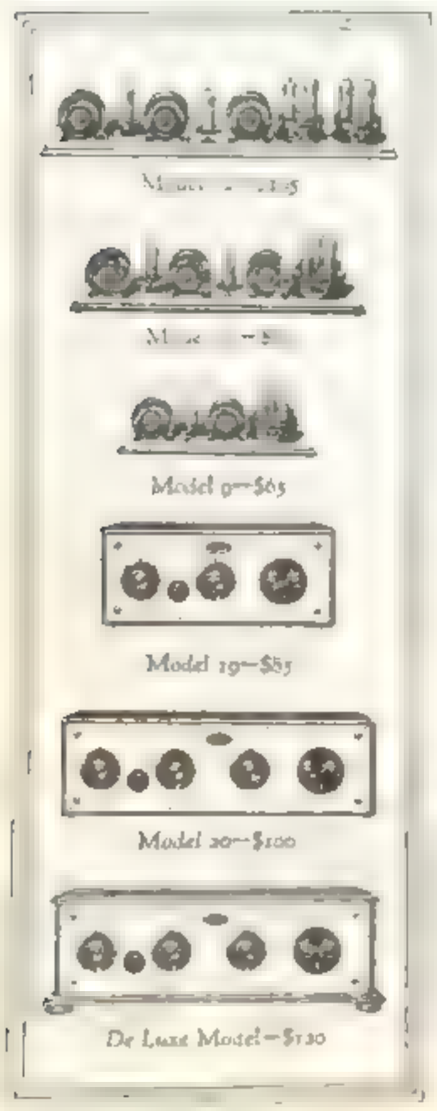

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ATWATER KENT Radio in your home will assure you countless evenings filled with joy.

You will find ATWATER KENT Receiving Sets and Loud Speakers well within your means. To fully appreciate their many advantages, see the new Models at any radio dealer's.

Note the materials used in their construction; the best that money can buy. Feel how smoothly the dials turn; that's but one example of their master workmanship. And then listen to the remarkable reception. Note the ease with which you can bring in stations, with ample volume, even from a distance.

For selectivity, distance, volume, clear reception, simplicity of operation and beauty of design, ATWATER KENT Radio is unexcelled.

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Bring out the best from any set

AN ATWATER KENT Loud Speaker will add to the enjoyment of your radio. Its faithful reproduction of sound, clear and full in volume, enhances the value of any set and completes radio satisfaction.

Its quality is as fine as the best materials and master workmen can make it. Its design, correct in every detail, is a triumph in loud speaker production.

You need an ATWATER KENT Loud Speaker to bring out the best from your set.

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 27)

merchandise for export. Furthermore, there was the urgent need among the peasantry for new implements.

Now was born the soviet trust. It was the first procedure borrowed from the capitalistic order. The existence of a trust in a communistic system seems at first glance to be a paradox. When you analyze the soviet trust you find that its only resemblance to the kind of combine that flourishes elsewhere is in name.

Nor is it related in structure to the type of trust that prevailed under what constituted a monarchial socialism in Germany before the World War. The Teutonic potash and dye trusts, for example, represented the last word in intensive organization for service at home and penetration abroad. Behind them was the efficient and industrious German worker, and sponsoring the idea was the imperial government, which included a royal stockholder in the person of Wilhelm Hohenzollern himself. They were privately owned and were state trusts solely in the sense that the German Government aided and protected them in every possible way.

The soviet trusts, on the other hand, express a segregation of industries operated by and for the government. They have been given corporate form and some degree of responsibility in that they have boards of directors appointed by the Supreme Council of People's Economy. There are no stockholders. The owner is the Soviet Government. Each trust—there are 439 in operation—is supposed to produce its own overhead as well as a profit. The majority do neither. Some industries, such as the metallurgical and textile, are divided into a series of trusts.

The trust is the producing unit. The selling agency is a so-called syndicate. It means that every trust has one or more syndicates that do the merchandising of the output. Sometimes a group of trusts is also called a syndicate. Here you have merely the first link in an interlocking system which ties up all production and selling. It is as close knit as the interlocking system of political control through which the members of the political bureau are also members of every organ or group, national and provincial, that makes for soviet power.

How the System Works

This is the way it works: The Metallurgical Trust must buy its raw material from the Iron Ore Trust, regardless of the fact that the ore can be bought more cheaply from Sweden or Germany. The Textile Trust is obliged to purchase its machinery from the Heavy Machinery Trust, although the same equipment can often be obtained for one-half the price in Germany. If the Linen Trust has a surplus of supplies, the Cotton Trust is called upon to take it off its hands. So it goes. All this juggling—I have merely given elemental instances—results from the desire of the Soviet Government to make a good fiscal showing for propaganda purposes. By making a good paper fiscal showing it strengthens its position with the masses and at the same time manufactures material for the campaign for a world revolution. Put to the acid test of profitable business procedure, the whole system is fallacious.

The financial side is equally fantastic. If by some miracle a trust achieves a real surplus, it is frequently placed to the credit of a sister organization with a deficit. It is the old business of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul and just another illustration of how each phase of Bolshevik business estranges every sound economic element.

The visible power behind the soviet trust system is the Supreme Council of People's Economy, which is longer on title than on permanently constructive action. Perhaps the best parallel with it is the War Industries Board which operated in the United States during our participation in the World War, in that it allocates raw material and coördinates production. Under it each plant maintains independence of operation with strict government supervision, and in this case, ownership. The manipulation that I have pointed out is done at the behest of the Supreme Council of People's Economy, because the wires that operate it are pulled in turn by the political powers that rule the roost at Moscow. They constitute the invisible force that dominates industry.

At the head of the Supreme Council of People's Economy is one of the most hated individuals in all Russia. He is F. E. Dzerzhinsky, superterrorist of the earlier Bolshevik day and the man who organized and ran the Cheka, which put fear as well as the knife into the heart of all who opposed the red advance.

Dzerzhinsky is a Pole. Like most of his professional revolutionary colleagues, such as Lenine, he not only has a cultural background but is soft-voiced and aloof. His associates refer to him as a puritan. Judging from his record as killer, it is difficult to see just where this comes in. It is said of Dzerzhinsky, and also of his colleague Jacob Peters, known as Peters the Terrible, that during the two years following the Bolshevik counter-revolution he got writer's cramp from signing death warrants.

A story is told that at the beginning of the American relief intervention an American worker was standing in front of the Savoy Hotel in Moscow when his attention was drawn to an attractive little girl. He spoke Russian and engaged the child in conversation. Finally he asked her who she was. Her naive reply was:

"My father is Jacob Peters. When he does not like anybody he shoots him."

A Top-Heavy Bureaucracy

All of Dzerzhinsky's previous activities have not been confined to terrorism. When the Cheka had completed its first bloody toll he became People's Commissar for Transport and got some order out of the well-nigh incredible chaos that prevailed on the railroads. With the exception of Trotzky, he is the one practical man in the entire Soviet Government. The task of making Russian industry possible under the existing system is the hardest he has ever undertaken, because, being a strict party man, he must bow to that inexorable thing in Russia which is party discipline. The soviet cause is greater than any industry.

Allied with the Supreme Council of People's Economy is the State Planning Commission, more frequently referred to as the Gosplan, which is a contraction of its Russian names. It is a general planning agency for the whole country, divided into a number of sections, including agriculture, statistics, foreign trade and industrial budget, each of which works out a scheme for the particular branch of the national economy for which it is responsible. Its plans, however, must be ratified by the Council of Labor and Defense, which is the direct link between the political bureau and the agencies that carry out its commands.

I refer to the Gosplan because it is one of the many organizations that comprise the top-heavy Bolshevik bureaucracy. Every activity, however trivial, is supervised by a board or a committee. This leads to an almost endless officialdom, which is a constant drain on revenue. In this bureaucratic type of administration, with its political ramifications, lies one of the chief obstacles to soviet industrial regeneration.

The general unsoundness of the industrial fabric on the organization side is matched by a lack of cohesion in the labor element, which, when all is said and done, is the vital factor. With the advent of the New Economic Policy and the deployment of industry into trusts and syndicates, a change was made in factory supervision. The collegium was scrapped because the workmen's control was found to be demoralizing. Another concession was made to the capitalistic system by the introduction of a factory manager. This centralized control.

The factory manager, however, must first of all be a good communist, which means that ordinarily he knows little or nothing about the business he supervises. To safeguard output a specialist, working under the factory manager, is introduced. He is usually a member of the bourgeoisie, since most efficient factory direction in the old days was by the middle class. He knows his job, but when things go wrong he is made the goat. If some progress is attained, the factory manager gets the credit. The principal business of the factory manager, let me emphasize, is to keep up the communistic fences in the institution. He runs the factory committee and presides over

(Continued on Page 133)

Midwinter at an engine terminal on the New York Central Lines. A giant Pacific type locomotive leaving the round house for a night run on the main line.

Ready for the Winter

New York Central Lines carry one-tenth of the commerce of the country. Upon their efficient performance through the winter depend the comfort and welfare of millions of people.

Food, fuel and other necessities—the raw materials of industry—must be kept moving hour after hour in all kinds of weather to prevent the slowing up of industry and human suffering. Reserves would quickly vanish if the railroads failed.

New York Central Lines have made ready for the winter. Reserves of cars and locomotives, standing idle all summer, are now being called upon to move the crops, fuel supplies and raw materials. Box cars for grain, open cars for coal, special refrigerator cars for perishable products—a quarter of a million cars bearing the familiar mark of the New York Central Lines—are moving over the country. Road beds, bridges, signals—all are ready for the demands of winter.

And 175,000 men of the New York Central family, on 12,000 miles of lines from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic Coast—the men who operate the New York Central Lines—they, too, are ready for the test. They have a tradition of public service to maintain—a tradition that has grown up through nearly a century of railroad achievement.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

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WEED *Chain-Jacks*
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THERE is more than the Christmas spirit in the giving of WEED CHAINS and WEED BUMPERS. Their very purpose is suggestive of a regard deeper than that expressed by an ordinary gift. They carry the thought of real consideration for the welfare of the one who receives them.

Your garage, auto accessory or hardware dealer has WEED Safety Products, any one of which will make a most acceptable gift for the car owner. WEED CHAINS are packed in a particularly handsome holly bag for Christmas presentation.

Look for the St. Nick WEED poster on door or window. When you find it, there's the place to buy the present he will appreciate most.

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STANDARDS OF SAFETY FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS

WEED PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 131)

all workers' meetings. No day in a soviet industrial plant is complete without at least one conference in which the proletariat air their views about something.

This mania for meetings, by the way, extends to every activity in Russia, as this story will show. I was invited to dine one night at the house of a foreign correspondent in Moscow. At seven o'clock that evening my host called me up and asked me to meet him at a certain restaurant. The reason why he could not entertain me in his home was that his cook had gone to a meeting of her neighborhood union and had telephoned that she would be occupied there until late at night.

This leads to another reason why Russian industry lags. It is the tyranny of unionism. There is a so-called professional union for every line of work. It includes maids, waiters, and even the most menial servant. The American closed shop is a philanthropic institution alongside the Russian. Every worker, male or female, is unionized under compulsion. The strategic offices, as always, are held by good communists. Thus the union becomes the agency for the further consolidation of political power.

With Bolshevism came an eight-hour day for factory workers and a six-hour working day for office personnel. The six-hour day was decreed because the Bolsheviks insist that what they call brain work must not be subjected to a longer strain in a twenty-four-hour stretch. This does not mean that the trust, syndicate or other employer gets eight or six hours of labor—far from it.

According to the Russian code, every office or factory must provide its workers with tea and matches. As everyone knows, the Russian is not only an inveterate cigarette smoker but also an almost incessant consumer of tea. A man or woman cannot smoke and drink, and work at the same time. Hence at least an hour is lost through these relaxations. It ordinarily takes a Russian half an hour to get started on his job and an equal amount of time to get ready to work. You can now see how much net working time results. As a crowning detail, let me add that any worker who remains overtime is fined by his union.

The loss of time due to tea drinking is no new handicap in Russia. No matter how important a task may be, it has always had to give way to tea. As in England, it is a ritual; but the British, happily for the employer, only indulge once a day. Not without humor is this incident:

In 1913 the agent of an important American factory in Moscow went to Petrograd to talk over a vital change of policy with the Minister of Agriculture. When he returned his chief asked him how he had fared. The man's answer was:

"We did not reach the problem at all, but when the session closed I was only two glasses of tea behind the minister."

Mistreated Machinery

To get back to Bolshevik time wasting, life in Russia is one succession of holidays, with attendant street demonstrations. Every event in Bolshevism must be noisily and elaborately observed. Workers are ordered out for the inevitable parades just as if they were soldiers under discipline. It is all part of the perpetuation of communist power. Half a day is usually given to prepare for a demonstration and a whole day is required for recovery.

The constant soldiering on the job reveals another of many paradoxes under Bolshevism. In the Soviet Square in Moscow is an imposing shaft which commemorates the much advertised dictatorship of the proletariat. On it is this inscription: "Those who do not work do not eat." If this were true, industrial Russia would die of starvation.

To waste of time is added complication of procedure. There are eighteen categories of labor in Russian industry. Presumably they range from the raw hand to the factory foreman. Actually, as both cost of production and output show, there is very little difference in skill.

This lack of technic goes with a carelessness little short of criminal. One reason for the depreciation of equipment in most Russian factories is not failure to renew, but chronic indifference to ordinary requirements. This extends in every direction. A group of farmers bought a tractor from the American agents in Russia. After some time had elapsed a complaint was received that it would not work. Upon investigation it was found that not a drop of oil had been put in the machine from the day it went into service! It is a typical case of neglect of machinery.

One of the outstanding paradoxes in this alleged industrial Utopia is the prevalence of strikes. You would naturally think that in a communistic state such unrest would not exist. As a matter of fact, there were as many strikes during 1923 and part of 1924 as ever existed during any twelve months preceding the war.

The principal grievance, of course, is inadequacy of pay. The cost of production is so high and selling machinery so inefficient that, despite the incessant drain on the budget, the trusts are unable to increase the wage scale.

Behind the pay grievance is a protest far more searching and significant. The workers, inspired by Trotzky, are demanding democratization of the Communist Party. The contention is made that the big seven have no real kinship with the man on the workbench, save in flamboyant phraseology. They demand, as someone has well put it, "A real dictatorship of the proletariat as against the autocracy of the party leaders."

At this point it may be well to dispose of another happening scarcely in keeping with the ideals of communism. It is embodied in the 1,300,000 unemployed, who make a pitiable spectacle as they clutter the thoroughfares adjacent to the labor exchanges. The wide unemployment results from the inability of the syndicates to merchandise their wares profitably and keep the wheels of the trust machines going.

High Production Costs

We can now proceed to the all-important matter of production costs, where you find nationalization at its worst. According to Bolshevik accelerators of opinion otherwise, press agents—industrial efficiency is from 75 to 80 per cent of prewar. Such, however, is not the case. Costs have soared to almost unbelievable heights in the face of the fact that wages average 67 per cent of 1913.

Nor can this excessive overhead be laid to temperament or tea drinking. It is due to inefficiency, duplication of effort, lack of interest on the part of the workers, and, what is more vital than all this, the absence of free competition, which stifles individual initiative. Once more you have the fatal indifference which makes for soviet dead level.

The first disclosure is that, viewing the industrial situation as a whole, one pood of output costs 11.10 kopecks today, whereas the cost in 1913 was 5 kopecks. Take the case of the miner in the Donets basin. In 1913 one man mined 2063 poods of coal. During 1924 the output for the same period was 1100 poods. In factory production the spread is even wider. Taking 100 units as as index of output, you find that this amount cost 98.75 rubles in 1913, while the same quantity of production today costs exactly 280 rubles, or nearly three times as much. In another instance—electrical machinery—a unit of production that cost 28 rubles before the war now costs 103 rubles.

I have merely given some isolated examples. Here is a concrete case: In 1923 the Heavy Machinery Trust started to build tractors. The first cost exactly 12,000 rubles, while the rest ranged from 5000 to 8000 rubles apiece.

Including the tariff, you can set an American tractor down in Moscow for approximately 2000 rubles. This tells the whole story

Not all high-placed Bolsheviks labor under the delusion that industry is approaching the prewar standard. During my stay in Moscow, Dzerzhinsky engaged in a newspaper controversy which revealed the situation in striking fashion. As a preface to this episode, let me say that Dzerzhinsky is imbued with a strong sense of candor just like Trotzky. The frankness of both these men has frequently made them the target for attack, especially in the case of Trotzky.

Early in July, Dzerzhinsky wrote an article for the Pravda, one of the leading Moscow newspapers, in which he called attention to the deplorable lack of efficiency and the corresponding high cost of production in Russian factories, and especially those engaged in making heavy machinery. One worker wrote a reply in which he took issue, maintaining that in the Kolomna works, which are part of the Gomza, or Heavy Machinery Trust, labor efficiency is from

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Dzerzhinsky countered with a second article, riddling the criticism. Among other things, he said:

"Figures clearly show that the efficiency of the single Russian workman has on an average decreased to nearly 39 per cent of the prewar standard. In March, 1913, the labor cost of 100 rubles' worth of production in heavy machinery was 27.37 rubles, while in March, 1924, the same production cost 108.57 rubles.

"Those who maintain that our factory efficiency is near or above prewar make the mistake of taking isolated examples of individual workers. The output of the factory as a whole must be the test. All of us—managers, workmen, the entire state of workers—are faced by a problem of the greatest importance and urgency. It is to establish a basis which will enable us to increase wages and decrease the cost of our production. The only solution is to increase the effectiveness of the workmen."

The inevitable consequence of this excessive increase in production costs is that many trusts are lamentably behind in wages. On June thirteenth last four trusts owed their workers 12,200,000 rubles in pay. It was subdivided as follows: Metal Trusts, 7,000,000; Coal Trust, 4,000,000; Sugar Trust, 750,000; and Wool Trust, 450,000.

The total amount of wages due the workers in all the Russian trusts on July first approximated 70,000,000 rubles.

In connection with this wage default is an interesting example of soviet inconsistency. Under the law every employer must pay his help or go to jail. When a private individual happens to skip a week he is promptly landed behind the bars. When the state becomes an employer, its agents, such as directors of trusts and syndicates, are immune from punishment.

Since we have touched industrial finance we may as well round out the chapter. I have already explained how a surplus in one trust is employed to balance the deficit in another. Hence it is impossible to get an exact line on what the actual earnings are. That the soviet production is far from self-supporting is indicated by the amount of budget appropriation extended by the government to the nationalized industries between October 1, 1922, and September 25, 1923, the latest available figures. It aggregated approximately 95,763,000 rubles. The principal subsidizing was done in the metallurgical industry, which got 36,000,000 rubles. The Coal and Petroleum Trusts received a total of 42,715,000 rubles.

Sources of Capital

The two principal sources of capital are state appropriations and bank loans. The state has already gone the limit in endowment, and the banks will suffer hardship if they must continue to subsidize production as in the past. One of the biggest needs of soviet industry therefore is capital. Whence is it to come? In view of the expropriation of all their properties, it is not likely that foreign investors will risk any more money in Russia until they have been indemnified for their losses and feel that the moral sense in Russia has been restored.

The moment you probe into the soviet selling system you find out why there is such a shortage of cash. A foreign agent or concessionaire in Russia sells his raw products to the state enterprises usually on a basis of one-third cash and the remainder on from six months to one year's credit, secured by soviet banks. The state institution, on the other hand, must sell to the Russian coöperative on from three to five years' credit, with no initial cash payment. This is because the peasant demands long-term credit. Thus the state labor, material and output are tied up over a lengthy period with no income at all. Since the Russian coöperatives do business loosely, they are constantly trying for even longer credit terms.

The whole soviet selling machinery—and I now have reference to the merchandising of the industrial output—is out of gear. The duplication of effort in the factories, which piles up production costs, has its counterpart in merchandising, as this concrete illustration will show: In a certain agricultural area four government syndicates were trying to sell plows at the same time. The proper procedure would have been to allocate this district to one syndicate and let it, with a single overhead, clean up all the business. Instead of one overhead there were four. When competition does exist in Russia it is the wrong kind.

Apropos of selling is the prize example which shows how the Soviet Government does business. In order to keep the wheels going it pays a trust the difference—it is really the loss—between the cost of production and the selling price. Take the case of a reaper. At present cost of operation it stands the manufacturer 250 rubles. It must sell, however, for 175 rubles. The trust gets the difference of 75 rubles. It is nothing more or less than a premium on factory slacking.

Here is another instance which shows how excessive costs impede progress: An Englishman who had a concession to build a number of apartment houses in Moscow was able to purchase his cement from a Nepman—the name given to private individuals doing business under the New Economic Policy—at one-third the price charged by the Cement Trust—this, too, despite the fact that the Nepman had to buy from the trust himself. The Nepman could undersell the Cement Trust because he handled the product swiftly and efficiently, whereas the trust subjected it to endless duplication in handling and transport.

Now you can see why the government has put the screws on the New Economic Policy. The private dealer, with efficient selling methods, not only corraled 85 per cent of the retail trade but had begun to get his hooks into the wholesale as well. With free competition, a few well-organized companies could import merchandise and put the state syndicates out of business.

Straight Talk

To round out this section on selling costs I have only to point to the appalling difference between the income from the confiscated properties in 1913 and today. Before the war, what the Bolsheviks call the nonlaboring element—that is, the landlords and factory proprietors—produced 2,000,000,000 rubles a year. During 1923 they yielded 100,000,000 rubles. In commenting on this discrepancy, Comrade Vladimiroff, of the Commissariat of Finance, said in a budget speech:

"A more laughable figure could not be conceived. Revenues from nonlaboring population before the war amounted to over 2,000,000,000 rubles. They will yield now at best 100,000,000. In this respect, with regard to efficient exploitation of the properties, our progress is extremely slow. The conclusion is that, inasmuch as the necessity of more productive exploitation of these capitals and properties now rises squarely up before us, and further, as taxation possibilities are no longer open in the sense of their further expansion, it is evident that our entire financial and economic policy must be built from the angle of learning in the shortest possible space of time to exploit these revenues and properties profitably."

This brings us to what Trotzky so aptly called the scissors, which expresses the disparity between the price of agricultural produce and the cost of manufactured commodities. Until the autumn of 1924 the difference was catastrophic, as one Russian authority put it. It was entirely due to two things. One was the condition that I have tried to explain—namely, the excessive cost of production resulting from inefficiency, factory mismanagement and costly selling methods. The other was that the price of grain, fixed by the government, was inadequate. Here you have the blades of the scissors.

To understand the price of agricultural products you must know that the principle export of Russia is grain. The government buys it from the peasant and by selling it abroad establishes credits. Naturally, it seeks to buy this grain at the lowest possible rate. Hence the grievance of the farmer, who, until the present crop shortage, obtained the minimum for what he produces and paid—he still pays—the maximum for what he needs

The peasant, despite all Bolshevik protests to the contrary, remains the real goat of Russia. He always pays the piper. If there is a deficit the government imposes a tax on him because his output comprises the only steady production in the land. When the price of manufactured products is shoved up, he is the victim because he is by far the largest consumer. Again, when the government wants to extend its credits abroad it applies the screw on grain prices.

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(Continued from Page 134)

The peasant therefore is caught in a vicious circle from which he cannot escape. No wonder he is a capitalist at heart, and no propaganda will change his creed.

Now for the scissors. You get some idea of the spread at the end of 1923 when I show the increase in the price of a plow. Before the war, measured in units of rye, it cost 30 units. In November, 1923, it cost 140. A measure of salt that cost 14 units of rye in 1913 had advanced to 248 in 1923; textiles from 7.2 units to 63 units; sugar from 6 units to 63 units.

It was this state of affairs that led Trotzky to address the Twelfth Communist Congress as follows:

"Prices for manufactured goods are from three to five times higher than they should be and in spite of this our industry is not commercially profitable. At the same time every private small industrial or merchant, notwithstanding the very unfavorable condition under which he works within the soviet system, continues to operate and succeeds in making a profit."

Thus from the holy of holies issued an indictment of the impracticability of government-controlled economics.

With 1924 came the succession of events that tended to bring the scissor blades nearer together. It was partly due to currency inflation and partly resulted from the temporary operation of the law of demand and supply. Having paid their agricultural tax, and being no longer compelled to dump their produce on the market, the peasants refused to sell any more grain while the available stocks were reduced by export.

During my visit to Russia last June and July the scissors situation was like this: Though the wholesale price of manufactured goods had increased 172 per cent for every 100 per cent of increase in all products combined, agricultural products had advanced only 54 per cent to every 100 per cent of increase in all products. Thus the scissors were far from being closed.

At the moment I write, which is mid-October, there is less disparity between the blades than at any time since 1922. Again you have the artificiality of reason which underlies everything soviet. The price of manufactured goods has not perceptibly declined, but because of the crop shortage agricultural produce has gone up. God, and not man, has been the factor.

Low-Grade Tools

Not only is the soviet manufactured product excessive in price but inferior in quality. While I was in Moscow the secretary of a provincial soviet wrote a letter to the Pravda in which he said:

"The goods for the peasant needs are of bad quality and high price, and do not compare with the German articles which we are sometimes able to get. The Russian-made chisel is thin and breaks easily, while the German chisel is guaranteed against breakage. The Russian borer has thin rings, blunt blades, while the German borers are without these defects. In addition, we can buy the German tools at 40 per cent of the price charged for the Russian. Another objection to the Russian tools is that the same article is priced differently in the various government shops. In the privately owned establishments they are always lower than in the coöperatives. I can illustrate with pincers. In a private shop the best quality is 20 per cent cheaper than in the government establishment."

Analyze soviet industrial production and at once various contradictory factors present themselves. You have in some lines the spectacle of an increasing volume of output ranged alongside a declining market. The law of demand and supply seldom figures in the soviet business scheme. Always there are increasing cost of production, accumulating stocks and rising prices.

This grows out of a system by which production is controlled by program. It fixes prices and regulates exports and imports by quota, which is one reason why it is so difficult to get at actual conditions. To add to the complication, there are no balance sheets as we know them. The textile industry, which has shown the largest profits during 1924, has been, at the same time, the heaviest drain on the state, having incurred the largest relative indebtedness to the treasury or the banks. For all practical, or rather impractical, purposes, these two institutions are one and the same.

Viewing Russian production as a whole, you find that it is approximately 45 per cent of prewar. The smallest percentage of 1923 is in iron ore, where it is 4.4 per cent. The nearest approach to normal is in textiles and oils, where the average is 50 per cent for the whole group. The gross value of production of all the Russian major industries in 1913 was 3,721,300,000 rubles. Contrast this with the 1,196,347,000 rubles which represents the value of soviet production for the year 1923 and you see that there is a considerable difference.

The limitations of space make it impossible to deal with each specific Russian industry. A few, however, must be briefly appraised, and especially those of interest to the United States. Foremost among them is the textile, because before the revolution Russia was the fifth best customer for American raw cotton, which was purchased directly from us, or indirectly through Great Britain or Germany. Prior to the World War the Russian cotton-textile industry was highly developed and the quality of Russian cotton goods, especially prints, won for them the market of Central Asia, China and to some extent Western Europe. Russian exports of cotton print always exceeded the imports. In cotton manufacture Russia occupied fourth place, with a total of about 9,112,000 spindles.

When the Bolsheviks segregated the various industries in 1921 the cotton-textile end was organized into twenty-one trusts. These trusts are regional combines of mills under the central control of the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, which supplies the trusts with materials and markets the output. In these trusts are 180 cotton mills, with an equipment of 6,400,000 spindles and 140,000 looms. The remaining looms and spindles that made up the old imperial industry were lost to Russia when Poland and the Baltic States became autonomous.

At the beginning of 1923 there were 126 trust mills, operating 1,600,000 spindles—25 per cent of the total spindlage—and 5700 looms, or 37 per cent of all in the syndicated industry. During the course of the year there was a curtailment of output, so that by November, out of the 6,400,000 spindles available 1,314,000 were at work. Of the 140,000 looms only 41,905 continued.

Rudzutak, Commissar of Transport

In 1924 a special effort was made to bolster up the textile output, and with some degree of success. Not only was the general production increased but a special drive was made in all the cotton-growing areas under soviet control, principally Turkestan and Transcaucasia, to enhance the crop. At its peak in 1915 Russian cotton production reached 1,500,000 bales. In 1921 this had shrunk to 43,000 bales. The government has now started to reconstruct the irrigation system of Turkestan and this year there was a considerable crop, although only about 25 per cent of par.

With the sale of cotton prints the Bolsheviks have indulged in a characteristic performance. In order to make a market in Persia they sold their goods considerably under the cost of production. Behind the need of a market was the desire to impress the strength and stability of the soviet industrial structure.

The tables were turned on the Bolos, however. Instead of using the soviet fabric at home, the shrewd Persian merchants resold them in India at a price well under that of the Manchester article. Having bought them cheaply they could sell cheaply. Thus Persia and not Russia got both the credit and the profit in the Indian market.

No less significant for America is petroleum, and for two good reasons. One results from the investment of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in Russian oil; the other is that in normal times the Slav product competes with ours in the Far Eastern markets. Though the Bolsheviks have made considerable progress with the restoration of petroleum production, the marketing is handicapped by the artificiality which impairs all red business procedure.

Before revolution and civil war wrecked the Russian oil-producing machine, the Baku and Groznyi fields were among the most important anywhere. Two great groups controlled the industry. They were the Nobels, in which the Standard of New Jersey now has a large share, and the Rothschild interests, which were subsequently acquired by the Royal Dutch-Shell combination. Each comprised a self-contained unit in that it not only produced but refined and distributed. With the advent of Bolshevism all these properties were seized by the Soviet Government and nationalized, which means that they were subjected to further disorganization. With oil as with all other alien interests, save only the International Harvester Company, the owners have been entirely eliminated from the situation.

So accustomed are we to the supremacy of American oil that it is perhaps difficult to realize that in 1901 the Russian output came first, aggregating 50.9 of the entire world output. When we took the lead in 1903 it went into second place until supplanted by Mexico in 1918. Production reached its lowest point in 1920, just before the fields came under soviet control.

Beginning in 1921, the output started up again, largely because many of the wells in the Baku area had been shut in. A shut-in well is a flowing well that has been temporarily closed up. Hundreds of other wells were obtained by the primitive baling process which had been in vogue in Russia for many decades.

In 1922 the Bolsheviks had to increase production because the flowing wells were giving out. A drilling campaign was undertaken by the International Barnsdell Corporation, an American concern which got a royalty on all oil produced. It was an out-and-out contract proposition and not a concession. The company took all the financial chances, I might add. At the time I write the Barnsdell arrangement has practically come to an end.

All the while a considerable reserve of oil was piling up. In 1923, for example, the total output was 38,534,000 barrels of 42 gallons each. In connection with the marketing of the bulk of this supply the Bolsheviks have maintained their usual unbusinesslike procedure. Their one great ambition apparently has been to make a good showing with exports, which have been at the rate of 2,000,000 barrels a year for the past two years.

In order to maintain exports the Soviet Government has put a ban on oil consumption at home. Railroads, industries, and even the lay consumer—oil figures largely in everyday life in Russia—are compelled to use coal and wood so that credits abroad can be upheld with petroleum.

This prohibition is bad enough, but it is only one detail in a distorted operation. Nearly all the oil—it is principally kerosene—sold abroad by Russia during the past two years has been at a price far below the actual cost of production. The cotton-print transaction is duplicated. In consequence, the oil trusts—there are three principal ones—have had to receive heavy subsidies from the government. Yet when soviet officials talk about the progress made in the restoration of industry they point to oil as one of the best examples.

No phase of government control is of more interest than the nationalization of the railroads. I shall deal with it mainly because it serves to present Rudzutak, Commissar of Transport, who is a powerful factor in the political machine that rules Russia.

Rudzutak is a Lett. In the old imperial days he had a minor position for a brief period in the railroad service. Although he never distinguished himself in any way, he was picked to succeed Dzerzhinsky when the latter took over the Supreme Council of People's Economy. Whatever service exists on the Russian railroads today is almost entirely due to Dzerzhinsky, who is a real organizer.

Rudzutak had a peculiar interest for me because he was the first big Bolo I met. I went to see him at his office in a large building once used as a school for the children of the nobility. He is youthful in appearance and does not belie the look, because he is only thirty-seven. A revolutionist in his teens, he spent ten years in exile in Siberia, emerging under the general amnesty declared when the Kerensky government came into office in 1917.

I asked him to tell me something about the Russian railways and he said:

"We are making progress. Our trains arrive on time and we have restored the Trans-Siberian Railway. My idea now is to improve our freight traffic at the expense of passenger travel. The traffic in freight has increased from 10,000,000 poods a day to 14,000,000 poods.

"Our principal difficulty is with equipment. So much of it was lost, stolen or destroyed during the succession of wars in which Russia was engaged that we find ourselves with a shortage of everything. We have begun to build locomotives and we are endeavoring to construct freight cars. Our advance would have been much greater but for the continued scarcity of material. In one detail we have made progress in that we have increased mileage to 63,808 versts. In the czarist days it was 61,259 versts.

"One of our objectives is the electrification of the Russian railways. This was part of the dream of Lenine, who had a big vision for the electrification of the whole country. We have ample water power for it. Electrification, however, would be unwise in the south, where our great oil deposits are located. We also want to convert many of our coal and wood burning locomotives into oil burners.

"Of course, we need money. During the last fiscal year we had a deficit of nearly 70,000,000 gold rubles. Some of this loss, however, came through the operation of foreign exchange. If we could get a large foreign loan we could buy more powerful locomotives, build new bridges and reconstruct our right of way.

"The Commissariat of Transport has no desire to balance its budget. We are willing to operate at a continued loss if through that operation we can increase service and move more freight."

Absence of Moral Sense

Sum up the Russian industrial situation and there is revealed an almost complete lack of sound economic principles. The one clear-cut example of soviet efficiency is the red army, which is due to Trotzky, aided by many of the old czarist officers. To a lesser degree, the railroads have emerged from chaos to something like stabilization because of Dzerzhinsky. These two men stand almost alone amid the general welter of Bolshevik incapacity.

You have seen the state of affairs in textiles and oil. Turn to coal and iron mining, heavy and light machinery, in fact all other branches, and you find production oppressed on the one hand by an abnormal cost and handicapped on the other by inept marketing methods. Up to the present time, and regarding it as a whole, the nationalized industry has been a burden rather than an asset.

Nor can there be a swing back to normal, all mandates to the contrary notwithstanding, until there is a rebirth of the moral sense as expressed in the return of confiscated properties to their rightful owners and operation by them. This would revive competition, and with it expert technical direction and that all-important aid to progress, which is individual initiative.

There could be no more emphatic evidence of the value of private enterprise than in the expansion of retail trade at the peak of the new economic policy. Under the most unfavorable conditions, including excessive taxation, it almost monopolized merchandising. With the aid of every agency that an autocracy can command, nationalized industry and wholesale distribution have not begun to register anything like a corresponding advance.

Again you arrive at the conclusion that Bolshevism and blight are one and the same thing.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia. The next will be devoted to Bolshevism and business.

you darling!

ANOTHER year has slipped by since you last thought of giving her a Hoover.

But *she* has thought of it many times.

As cleaning days come and go she struggles resolutely with the only "tools" she has in her "workshop," your home.

And they are woefully inadequate, wasteful of time and strength.

As she wields her broom foot by foot across the dusty, dirty rugs her arms rebel and her back seems near to breaking.

Yet she tries to greet you with a smile when you come home at night.

In your heart you pay her tribute. "She's a brave little woman," you say.

But why put her courage to such an unfair test?

Why ask her to bear her burdens patiently when they can so easily be lifted?

The Hoover will save her strength.

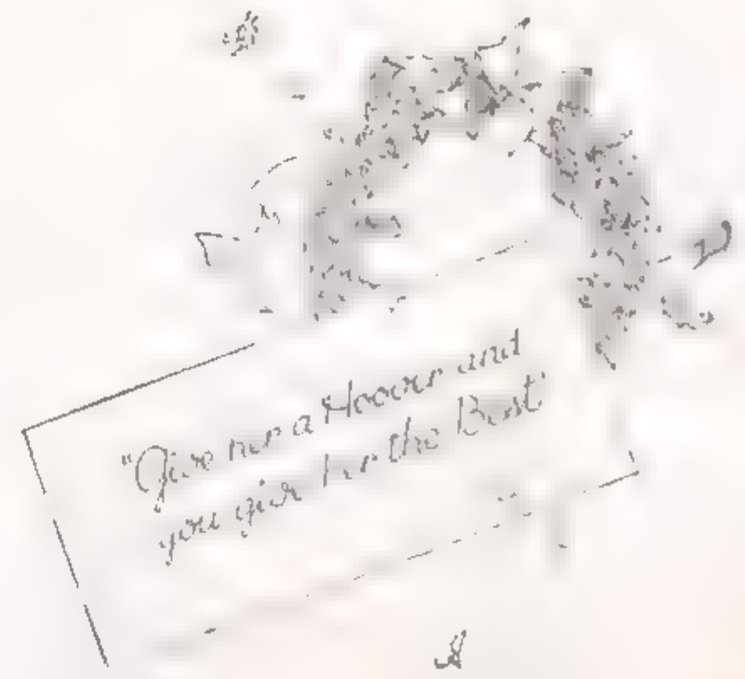
The Hoover will speed her work.

The Hoover will safeguard her pride in a clean home.

You cannot afford to deny her these things for the small monthly payments which The Hoover costs.

Don't disappoint her again this Christmas!

Show her that you really *do* care, and throughout her lifetime your thoughtfulness will be ever in her mind.



THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL

(Continued from Page 35)

studio, had obligingly removed the other half. But it is certain these were burglars and not art collectors.

The beginning of 1898 found me once again in London, this time clearly a resident. My new workshop, although only the upper story of a stable, had its entrance upon the street through the house and distinctly resembled a studio. I moved over, installed myself as comfortably as I was able, disposed my things about and rejoiced in the feeling that I had again a home.

The London of that period, the post-Jubilee London, was at a most interesting phase in its history. It was at the height of prosperity, with all the advantages and disadvantages of such a condition. The boom in gold and diamonds in South Africa had brought enormous wealth to the city, in addition to the riches already there.

Peoples, I have found, like individuals, are often adversely affected by too much wealth. England was no exception. It began to show the detrimental influence. Luxuries assumed proportions theretofore unknown. Hotels like the Savoy and the Carlton began to spring up rapidly. Business tended to become generally lax for want of incentive. Young men, the sons of affluent fathers, were making it a habit to begin their week-ends on Thursday and to end them on the following Tuesday.

In the field of art Pre-Raphaelitism was dying out. Rossetti was dead and the influence of Burne-Jones was waning. People were losing interest in all the exponents of Pre-Raphaelitism. The era of Sargentism was beginning. His art and the art for which the new groups and associations stood, their bold and direct manner felt like the invigorating air on a mountain top.

Tosti and Busoni

My new studio was quite near Pagani's, the famous Italian restaurant in Great Portland Road, just behind Queen's Hall. As all the important concerts took place in Queen's Hall, a table was always reserved for the artists who wished to meet their friends. Here it was that I first met Tosti, the famous song writer of his time, then in his glory. Small and dapper, with his snow-white hair and beard, he achieved fame because Queen Victoria, who was fond of his songs, often invited him to sing before her and a small circle of her friends. His popularity in England was tremendous and he was said to receive extravagant sums for his tunes as well as for the lessons he gave. Some of the members of the royal family were among his pupils. Consequently, he was greatly sought after. To take lessons from Tosti, it used to be said, one had simply to hand over one's bank book and let him help himself. His dress, always in the height of fashion, as well as his manner certainly gave the impression that he helped himself generously. His self-assurance came to border at times on rudeness, as often in life, when we receive more than we are entitled to, it is apt to turn our heads.

And so it was with poor Tosti. The ease with which he earned his money tempted him to spend it freely, even extravagantly. He indulged in unlucky speculation. With the passing of Queen Victoria his songs and his lessons rapidly lost their vogue. He died, I believe, a poor and forlorn man.

At every luncheon and dinner one was sure to meet many interesting people at Pagani's. Sometimes when the artists' table was overcrowded, a number of us would adjourn to the so-called artists' room upstairs, the walls and woodwork of which were covered with autographs and drawings by clever craftsmen whose emotions, when mixed with Chianti, had imperious need of expression.

Here it was that I saw Paderewski again, that ever-gallant gentleman. Then and always he was an idol and a grand seigneur. Always he was fond of company, fond of having his friends about him, a spirit eternally young and eternally popular. I know not how it is now, but in those days his society was always an irresistible delight.

Busoni, too, was a frequent visitor at Pagani's—Ferruccio Busoni, that giant among musicians, who transposed the whole of the organ works of Bach for the piano. In many respects I consider Busoni one of the greatest of living pianists. It may perhaps be recalled that when Liszt died and the music school at Weimar was seeking a new head, it selected Busoni as the successor to Abbé Liszt.

One day, at my studio, Busoni and Paderewski met. Busoni courteously suggested that Paderewski play something for him. Paderewski refused to touch the piano before so renowned a classic among musicians. Whereupon Busoni also refused to play. The result was that with two world-famed musicians present in one room, no note of music could be heard.

Many others were frequent visitors at Pagani's. Ysaye, Caruso, De Pachmann, Kreisler, to mention only a few. Some of them came to my studio near by and would pose for me for sketches, a number of which I still possess. It was a halcyon time, full of music and gayety, high spirits and lively conversation. On the whole, however, I found musicians, with the exception perhaps of a few of the greatest, somewhat touchy and difficult to deal with. Even a man like Ysaye has to be handled tenderly, with kid gloves. Lesser people require even more delicate fabric still. I have often wondered why this should be so peculiar to musicians. Is it that contact with the public makes one lose one's sense of proportion? If so, I should infinitely prefer an art that separates me from the world by the walls of the studio, and in which my personal appearance is no essential part of my artistic equipment.

At Merges. In the Group are Paderewski, His Newly Wedded Wife—Madame Gorska—and His Sister. Below Paderewski is His Aunt, and Next to Her His Only Son, Who Died at the Age of 19

When still in Rome, before I had ever come to London, I had made friends with an English water-color painter, Edward Robert Hughes. Hughes belonged to the school of Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Walter Crane. And though waning, this school still had a considerable following at that time. All these men, including Holman Hunt and others, had never received any official recognition from the Royal Academy. It occurred to a number of enterprising people, therefore, that a gallery which would give those painters an opportunity to exhibit regularly would be favored by the public.

Such a gallery was soon formed. It was called the New Gallery, and for many years was considered an inferior rival to the Academy. It was very conveniently situated in Regent Street, almost in the shadow of the Academy, and the public that came to see the one frequently visited the other also. Burne-Jones was the great attraction of the new institution. This, however, did not prevent other artists, even members of the Royal Academy, from sending their pictures in. I recall one year when Sargent had six pictures at the Academy and four at the New Gallery. J. J. Shannon was a regular exhibitor at both.

There was only one drawback. The management of the New Gallery was in the hands of Charles E. Hallé, a painter of a talent that produced mainly soulful portraits with large eyes, small mouths and other features to match. Hallé was not only the manager of the New Gallery but also the jury. So that while he ran after the big fish, the smaller fry ran after him—to be hung. Paintings by himself were certain of careful consideration and in consequence he had no dearth of sitters.

Thus, every year the New Gallery was a motley collection of sickly Pre-Raphaelites upon the one hand and vigorous Sargents, Shannons, and popular Alma-Tademas upon the other. The public paid its shilling and was amused. Presently the Royal Academy put its house in order and altered its position. It could not go on indefinitely closing its doors to artists who had made names at at the New English Art Club, the International Society or the Chelsea Arts Club. The academic attitude became more lenient toward newcomers, Pre-Raphaelitism was diminishing anyway, and poor Hallé encountered the melancholy experience of finally seeing his gallery empty, nor could the great blue eyes and the brilliantly gilded frames in the center of the main wall—his own canvases—avail him. Artists ceased to send their pictures there, and drifted elsewhere to other societies and exhibitions.

Memories of Gilbert

In the meantime Hughes, I must gratefully record, did much to familiarize me with the artistic life of London during my early days there. Alfred Gilbert, the sculptor, was supreme among the sculptors of those days. Hughes took me to Gilbert's studio one Sunday afternoon, and in Gilbert I discovered one of the most original of all the artists I had ever met. His style leaned toward the Gothic, and his execution was perfect. He had recently moved into a house in Maida Vale, crowded with orders that filled two enormous studios.

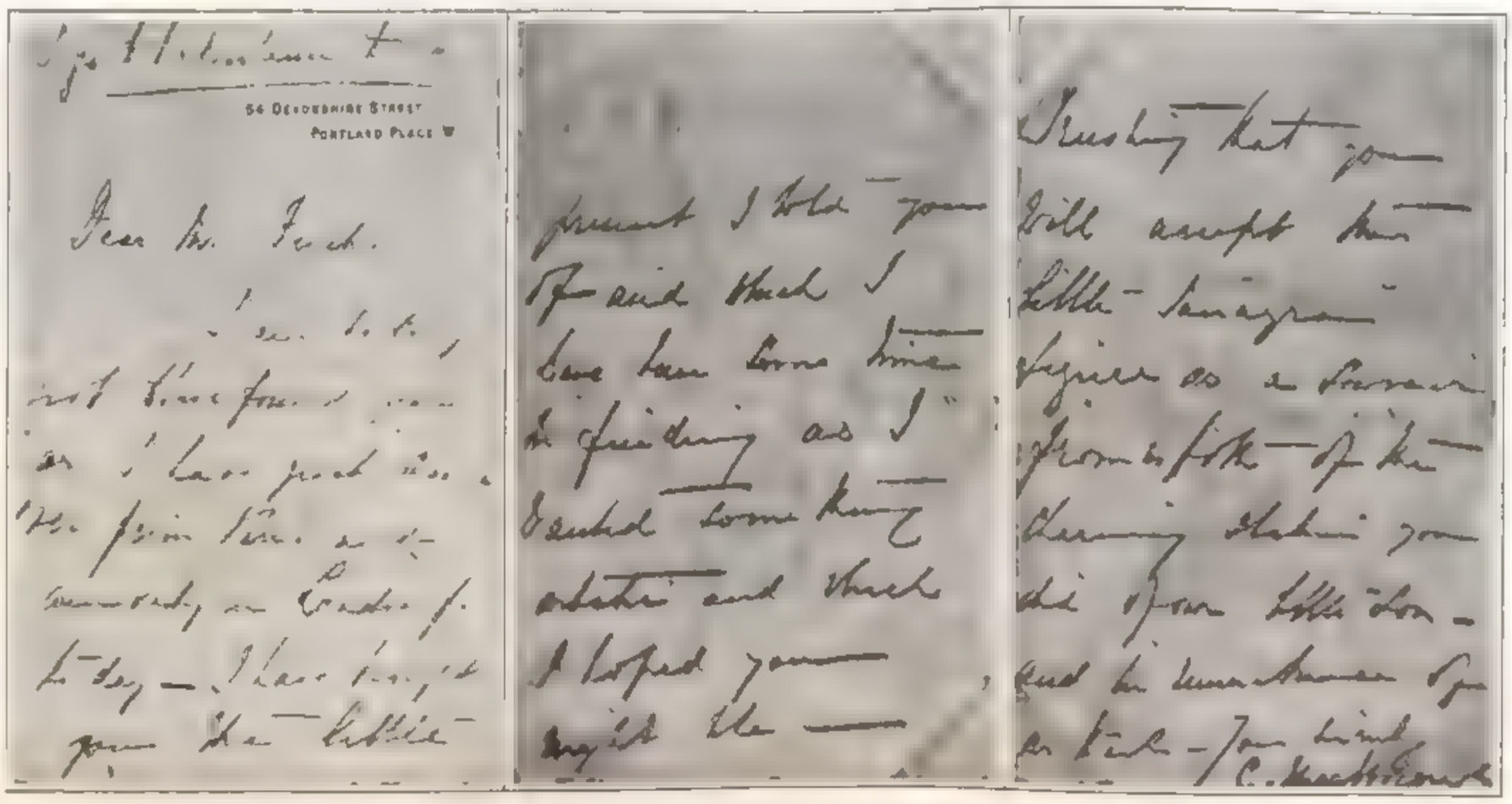
At one and the same time he was making a memorial for the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, which was subsequently place unfinished in St. George's Chapel; and he was also preparing a set of large panels for Lord Rothschild, intended for the great country place at Tring. These were never delivered. He had numerous other orders from which he was unable to disentangle himself. He worked more in the spirit of a Cellini than a Michelangelo. He would lose himself in endless details upon a birthday spoon, which he would finish with exquisite taste, or he would fuss over a decorative chain for a lord mayor or an alderman and would put days and weeks into it, to the neglect of bigger work. The Clarence monument he kept on changing perpetually and never finishing it. And in connection with Lord Rothschild's commission, it is recounted that when Lord Rothschild, who had already advanced him considerable sums, came to the studio to inquire when his panels would be finished, Gilbert, with an engaging smile pointing a finger at the door, said:

"My lord, if my way does not please you, then ——" and he motioned toward the door.

The great millionaire did indeed go out, but he never came back. Nor did Gilbert's panels ever find their way to their destination.

Thus Alfred Gilbert, a man of genius, one of the first in his line, was literally overwhelmed by his

(Continued on Page 145)



The Letter That Accompanied the Gift From the Duchess of Marlborough

"American Flyer" Railroads

and "Structo" Hoisting Toys *and* Autos

"American Flyer" Railroad Equipment

shown in large illustration above

A. Train and Track—No. 1307—Electric 12 wheel engine—an exact copy of the New York Central Electric Locomotive with headlight, automatic reverse, mail car, 2 Pullmans—all electric lighted, 20 pieces of track, length of train 48 inches—track 202 inches—Price $26.00

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C. Automatic Block Signal No 2018—$3.75

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S. Trees—No. 214—Set $1.25
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Show this advertisement to your Toy dealer, if he hasn't got the "American Flyer" or Structo Toys and Autos that you want, and doesn't want to order them, we will ship you any Train, Hoisting Toy, Auto or Equipment illustrated postpaid, on receipt of cash

"WHAT are you going to do this aft?" pipes up Pinkey as the three boys burst out of school on a cold winter day.

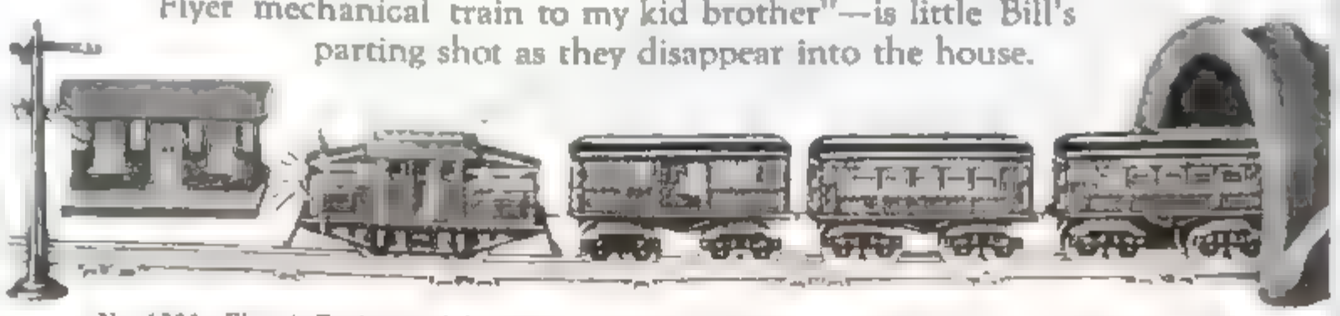
"I'm for going into the house and doing something," is little Bill's immediate response.

"Say, you birds I've got it!" suggests Frank, "C'mon over to my house. I've got my "American Flyer" train and a lot of new equipment; a new station, a new semaphore, you know the big one with the light and track terminal—and a bear of a crossing gate. It's got a light too—Whadda you say?"

"You're on," said little Bill—"I want to be the engineer" yelled Pinkey, and the young American Flyer trio started to Frank's house on the run.

"Gee! Just wait 'till you see all the track I got. I've been adding to it for three years. It almost fills the whole big play room in the attic."

"If I'm not tardy at school, I'll get an "American Flyer" electric train, track and equipment for Xmas, and then I'll give my American Flyer mechanical train to my kid brother"—is little Bill's parting shot as they disappear into the house.



No. 1221—Electric Engine, with headlight, 8 inches; 3 double-truck cars, 6½ inches, 14 pieces of track, semaphore, station, tunnel; rheostat and track connection. Length of train, 31 inches. Price delivered, $12.00

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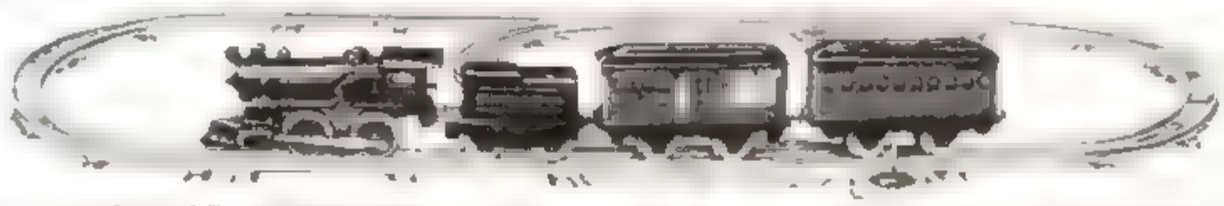
No. 2—Mechanical Engine, with brake and piston rods 6½ inches, tender 4 inches, cars 5½ inches; baggage car has sliding doors; 10 pieces of track; length of track, 103 inches, length of train, 24½ inches. Price delivered, $2.65



No. 13—Mechanical Engine, with brake and piston rods 7 inches, tender 4 inches, cars 8½ inches, baggage car has sliding doors; 12 pieces of track, 2 switches, length of track, 160 inches, length of train, 25 inches. Price delivered, $4.25

"American Flyer" trains and equipment suitable for boys of every age—at all good toy dealers'—New Structo Hoisting Toys and Autos. If you haven't seen the Structo Steam Shovel, Grab Bucket or Lift Crane go to your dealer and ask him to show them to you. The Structo "knocked down" auto and the "Ready Built" are going better than ever!!

Send ten cents and we will mail you Horace Wade's famous story about "The Backyard Railroad" and the beautiful catalog illustrated in color showing the full line of American Flyer trains and Structo Hoisting Toys and Autos

American Flyer Mfg. Co. 2217 South Halsted St., Chicago

STRUCTO
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Loads and Dumps Automatically

Price Delivered $3.75

STRUCTO
Giant Steam Shovel No. 110

Model of
Real "Cletrac" Type Tractor
Trailer In[illegible]—Length Over all 15 in
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STRUCTO
"Ready-Built" Tractor
No. 44

Loads and Dumps Automatically
Height 12 Inches
Length 13 Inches
Width 4½ Inches

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STRUCTO
Grab Bucket No. 52

Powerful Spring Motor
Special Body Raising Attachment
Length Over all 12 inches

Price Delivered $2.75

STRUCTO
"Ready-Built" Contractor's Truck No. 42

WHAT ARE THE

hat wonderful voice may be Santa Claus! . . . for anything seems possible with the new Freed-Eisemann.

It is the Christmas gift that yields unending hours of pleasure—a permanent investment that draws interest every day—every night—throughout the years. . . . It is the final result of careful research and development. Each Freed-Eisemann Receiver is hand-built by master craftsmen and subjected to seventeen uncompromising

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1—An adornment for the home. No loops. No visible wires. No necessity for horns. The new cabinet-type loud speaker rests *on* the receiver

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AIR WAVES SAYING?

tests before it leaves the great plant—Each set carries with it our guarantee of perfect satisfaction. . . . Utterly simple to operate, and unfailing in its performance—it enjoys a patronage unparalleled in the world of radio.

This Christmas, a Freed-Eisemann Radio Receiver. And, take with it our certain promise of *a happy new year.*

Our booklet, "Buying a Radio"—is interesting, non-technical and enlightening. It will help you. And it is free. Write for it.

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7—Subjected to seventeen separate factory tests before being pronounced perfect

8—Backed by an organization of great financial strength and a guarantee of dependability

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Reliable dealers sell the genuine Freed-Eisemann Receivers at listed prices. Beware of imitations offered at cut rates.

RADIO-RECEIVERS

LEAD gives to chinaware its beauty and lustre

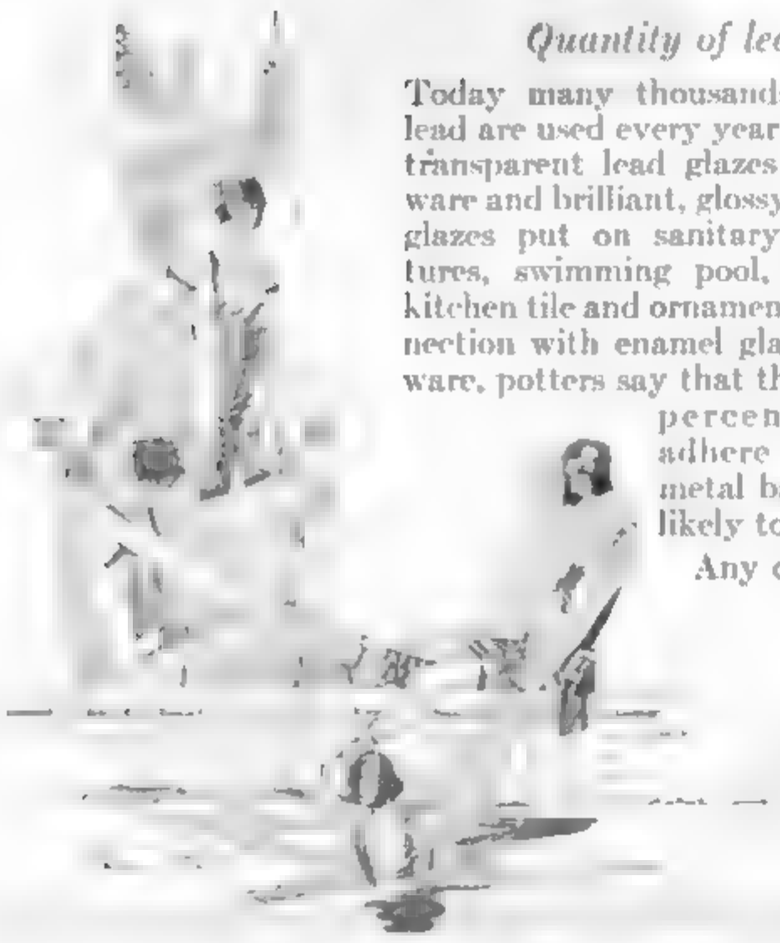
GLAZED china is nothing more than clay shaped in various forms and covered with a thin skin of glaze. It is this thin coating that transforms the rough porous clay body into a beautiful, smooth, lustrous china plate or cup or saucer. And in making this glaze, lead has always been one of the most essential ingredients.

For twenty centuries pottery has been coated with lead glazes. Green pottery made in China during the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.) bore a lead glaze, as did the pottery of the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians. For hundreds of years Europe and every country influenced by European civilization have used pottery made of common clay covered with lead glazes.

At the very beginning of the pottery industry the desirability was recognized of using the lead products—white-lead, red-lead and litharge—in the manufacture of fine chinaware. With the growth of the industry there arose the need for the manufacture of these lead products by companies, such as National Lead Company, from which the pottery maker could depend on getting white-lead or red-lead or litharge of the required purity and fineness.

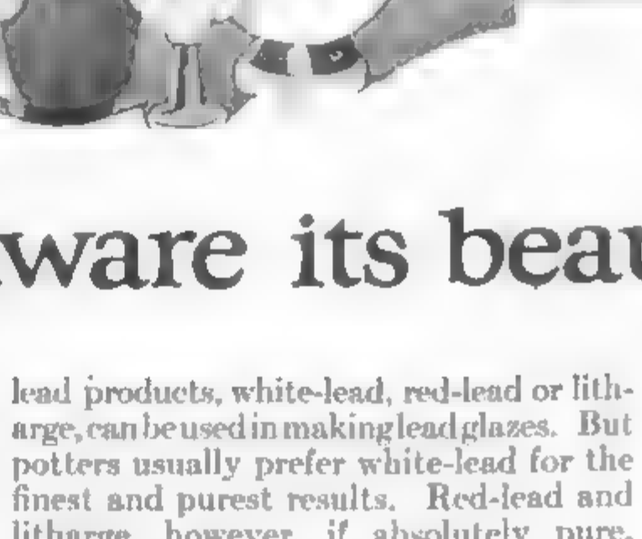
Quantity of lead used

Today many thousands of pounds of lead are used every year in making both transparent lead glazes for fine chinaware and brilliant, glossy opaque enamel glazes put on sanitary bathroom fixtures, swimming pool, bathroom and kitchen tile and ornamental tile. In connection with enamel glazes on sanitary ware, potters say that those with a high percentage of lead adhere better to the metal base and are less likely to crack.



Any one of the three lead products, white-lead, red-lead or litharge, can be used in making lead glazes. But potters usually prefer white-lead for the finest and purest results. Red-lead and litharge, however, if absolutely pure, make just as white a glaze as white-lead.

Makers of fine chinaware will use, as does one manufacturer, as much as 80,000 pounds of white-lead a year and only 1,000 pounds of red-lead. Others in the industry use large quantities of red-lead. They will reverse the above figures and use many times as much red-lead as white-lead.

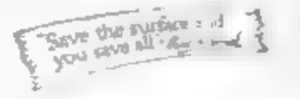


The glaze on this china contains lead. The clay body is covered with the glaze mixture and is then heated to a high temperature to fix the glaze

The use of lead paint

ALTHOUGH lead in pottery is constantly serving and helping to beautify your home, the tonnage of lead used in this way is not so great as that used in paint. Everywhere you go you see *white-lead paint* protecting houses from the attacks of weather. For generations the professional painter has used white-lead to save the surface. From our forefathers' time it has always been the standard for surface protection. Approximately 350,000,000 pounds of white-lead are used on wooden and other non-metallic surfaces each year. *Red-lead paint* prevents rust from eating into and destroying iron and steel.

So long as property is adequately covered with white-lead and red-lead, rot and rust cannot harm it. Property owners are awakening to the realization that paint protection is real economy. Many who never before seriously considered the truth of the maxim, "Save the surface and you save all," are now using white-lead and red-lead to protect their investments.



Producers of lead products

Dutch Boy white-lead and Dutch Boy red-lead are the names of the pure white-lead and red-lead made and sold by National Lead Company. On every keg is reproduced the picture of the Dutch Boy Painter shown below. This trade-mark guarantees a product of the highest quality.

Dutch Boy products also include linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metal and solder.

National Lead Company also makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life. If you want information regarding any particular use of lead, write us.

If you wish to read further about this wonder metal, we can tell you of a number of interesting books on the subject. The latest and probably most complete story of lead and its many uses is "Lead, the Precious Metal," published by Century Co., New York. Price, $3.00. If you are unable to get it at your bookstore, write the publisher or send your order through us.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Ohio St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street.

(Continued from Page 140)

success. Had the Royal Academy, for instance, assigned him a pension, he might have gone on working at the things he loved. But nothing of the sort happened, and finally Gilbert resigned from the academy and permanently left London.

At my first exhibition in the Royal Academy, in the spring of 1898, I was fortunate enough to be represented by three exhibits. First, there was the big group of Mother Love, upon which I had labored so long and so hard in Rome; then there was the figure of General Lord Wolseley in silver; and, finally, the bust in marble of Lady Alice Montagu.

Lady Randolph Churchill, who had seen the bust of Lady Alice, appeared at my studio one day and introduced herself.

"I saw the bust of Lady Alice," she began quite simply, "and I want to ask you whether you would care to make a similar portrait of me."

It need hardly be said that I accepted the commission eagerly. For Lady Randolph was a central figure in the London society of that time. Striking and distinguished in appearance, with black hair and piercing eyes, she had besides a great feminine charm. Her coloring was high and she had dimples in her cheeks and even in her chin when she laughed. This piercing quality of her eyes, not unlike that of the German Emperor, was enhanced by a peculiar droop of the upper eyelid. Her speech, in English as well as in French, was particularly exquisite and seemed to belong naturally to her personality. Hers was a flashing wit and she was famous for repartee. Nor was she less gifted in other ways.

The Winston L. S. Churchill Medal

When I first knew her she was at the height of her career. A widow in the prime of life, enormously attractive, she was virtually surrounded by friends and admirers. Her small house in Great Cumberland Place, decorated with rare taste, was famous for its parties that were crowded by London society. Though lacking in wealth, invitations from her were more enthusiastically received than from the remarkable palaces in Park Lane and Grosvenor Square. That little house was a meeting place for all that was highest in art, science, music, political and social life. The Prince of Wales often dropped in there quite informally for tea of an afternoon, and so did many other members of the royal family, such as the Duke of Connaught and Prince Francis of Teck.

Literary Ventures

Her private and domestic life was no less charming. Her two chief concerns at this time were the upbringing of her two sons, and the quarterly magazine she had just started, The Anglo-Saxon Review. Her oldest son, Winston, left for South Africa when the Boer War broke out, and the letters he wrote, some of which the proud mother read to me during the sittings, already showed quite clearly that here was the promising son of illustrious parents, who would make his mark in his country's history. Already he was gaining both his livelihood and a reputation as a war correspondent. He even wrote a few novels which achieved some popularity.

His brother John, upon the other hand, was almost his antithesis. His ambition was to enter the army. But although Lady Randolph derived an income from some New York real estate in Madison Square, the site of the Manhattan Club, her funds were not sufficient to permit of John's following his bent. He became a stockbroker.

Blenheim Americanized

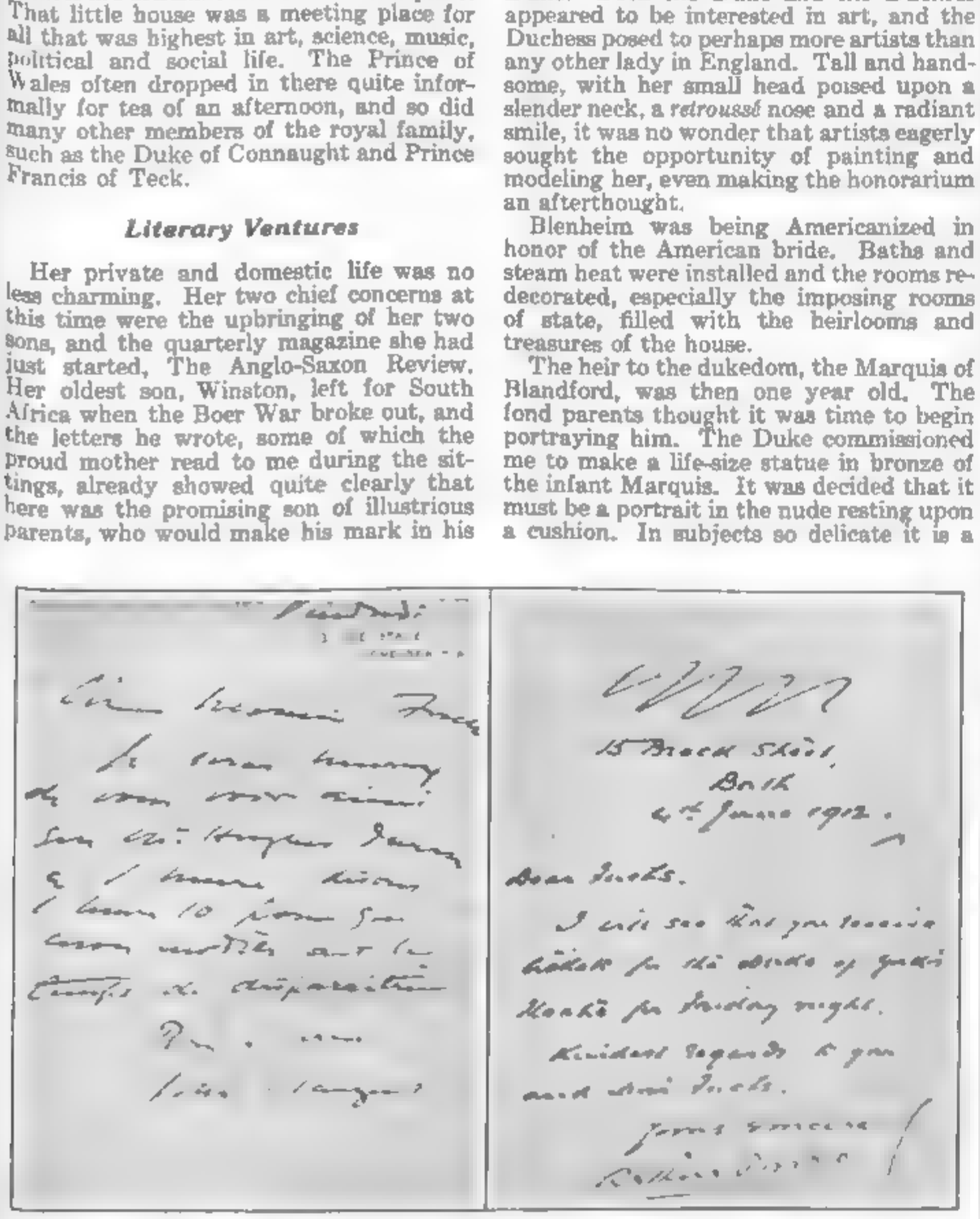
When Winston returned from South Africa his mother commissioned me to make a small medal with the profiles of her two boys, one on each side, which she wore always about her neck. This was considered a novel idea and led to a sort of fashion.

This meant that both the boys were obliged to pose for me. And the characteristics of both emerged markedly in the process. John, the younger, posed with all the resignation of a martyr, which, though not flattering to the artist, at least gave him a chance to work. Young Winston, on the other hand, was restless, full of ideas and impulses, always in a hurry and eagerly anxious to have the sittings over. He was brimming with enthusiasm, self-confidence and plans. Shortly after the war he stood for Parliament and won his seat triumphantly. His history since then is pretty well known.

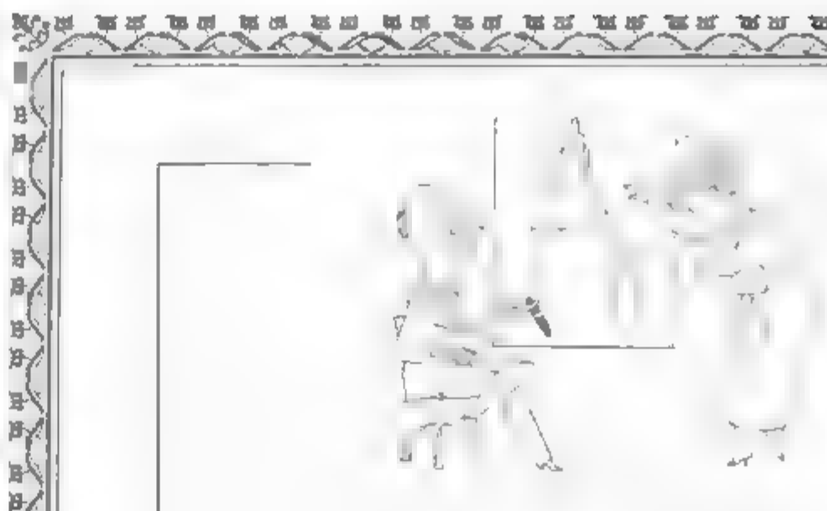
Lady Randolph had a pleasant way of bringing many of her friends to the studio. It was so that I came to meet Paul Bourget, the French novelist, Sir Eric Drummond, the diplomat, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Lulu (Lewis) Harcourt, the Sheridans, the Moreton Frewens and many others. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were among the first to come to my studio. The Duke had recently married Consuelo Vanderbilt, and they spent most of their time at Blenheim, their magnificent country seat near Oxford, which a grateful nation had presented to the first Duke. Both the Duke and the Duchess appeared to be interested in art, and the Duchess posed to perhaps more artists than any other lady in England. Tall and handsome, with her small head poised upon a slender neck, a *retroussé* nose and a radiant smile, it was no wonder that artists eagerly sought the opportunity of painting and modeling her, even making the honorarium an afterthought.

Blenheim was being Americanized in honor of the American bride. Baths and steam heat were installed and the rooms redecorated, especially the imposing rooms of state, filled with the heirlooms and treasures of the house.

The heir to the dukedom, the Marquis of Blandford, was then one year old. The fond parents thought it was time to begin portraying him. The Duke commissioned me to make a life-size statue in bronze of the infant Marquis. It was decided that it must be a portrait in the nude resting upon a cushion. In subjects so delicate it is a



Copies of Letters to Mr. Fuchs From John S. Sargent and Sir Arthur Pinero



OLD LADY: *"Sir, do you realize that if you had saved all the money you have spent for cigars, you might own that office building?"*

SMOKER: *"But I do own it."*

THE firms that write their letters on Old Hampshire Bond might use a cheaper paper. But it is hard to point out what better use they could have made of the small difference in money that is involved.

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Old Hampshire Bond

Monito
SOCKS
The Gift He'd Buy for Himself
THE "gift for him" is no problem to the shopper who knows Monito.
Every man wants socks of style and individuality. Socks that retain their trim fit and absolute comfort. Socks that keep their good looks after long wear and countless washings.
Monito styles numbers 303, 403, 505, 506 and 522 are ideal for Christmas giving. Ask at the men's wear counter for Monito in the Holiday Gift Boxes, holding three and four pairs to the box, and selling for $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00.
Look for the Golden Moor's Head on each pair
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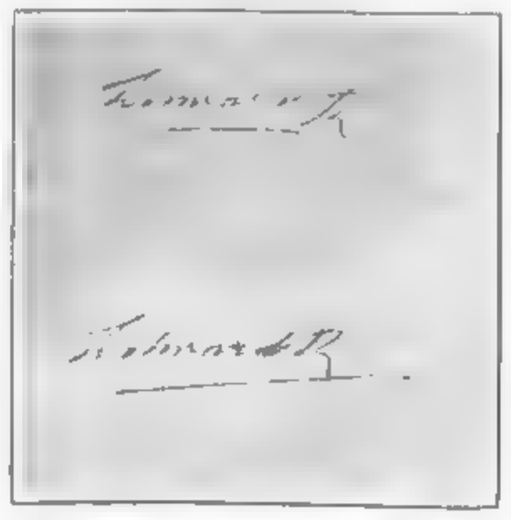
Monito
MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc
HARRISBURG, PA.
Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

question whether bronze is preferable to marble. To my view, the dark color of bronze, even with the lightest possible patina—coloring produced upon the bronze by means of nitric or other acid—cannot compare with the delicate surface of the marble. The Duke's predilection was for bronze, and, the Duchess having left the decision to him, bronze was decided upon when I undertook the commission.

I traveled down with Lady Randolph Churchill upon my first visit to Blenheim, and the gathering was limited to a family party. With the Marlboroughs we found only his two sisters, Lady Nora Churchill and Lady Sybil Grenfell. We arrived late in the afternoon, and when I was shown to my room in one of the wings of the house I realized that I should get all the exercise I needed by merely walking to and from the living quarters—not without a guide. Considering that the steam heat and bathrooms had not yet been quite accomplished I was very comfortably installed, though one still had to content oneself with a flat tub placed upon a blanket in the center of the room and a bucket of water for the bath. The comfort of the open fire, however, was rich and abundant. A well-stocked forest upon the ducal estate supplied ample fuel, and huge logs diffused a glow of heat as well as light.

When I reached the drawing-room and perhaps it was the distance that made me late—I found the rest of the party already assembled. It is conceivable that I may have committed some breach of etiquette unwittingly. Or perhaps I presented too timid an appearance, since at that time I had not yet learned that confidence in oneself suggests the same attitude to others. Possibly I mispronounced some English word in my foreign accent in a ridiculous manner or perhaps my unfashionable clothes contrasted too markedly with those of my host. In any case, no sooner had I entered the drawing-room than suppressed laughter surrounded me. Every effort of the Duke's and Lady Randolph's to be serious and to relieve my embarrassment only made things worse, and the giggling continued.



Autograph of King Edward VII

A Trying Dinner

To my relief dinner was announced, and the party being so small, I was seated next to the Duchess. In her effort to ease my embarrassment she let a whole course pass before addressing me. When she spoke to me again and began asking technical questions concerning bronze and patina, her obvious effort to be serious again produced shouts of laughter from the other ladies, and the more they laughed the more fiery red was my face. It was one of those moments when one looks about for a convenient earthquake or a handy avalanche, and regrets ever having left the solitude of the studio.

Since then I have learned to join in the laughter, even if it is against myself. Later on I had other occasions to enjoy the hospitality of Blenheim. Perhaps my clothes and my pronunciation had improved. In any case, the laughter was not repeated, and I was glad, after all, that there had been no earthquake or avalanche when first I craved them.

When the bronze of the Marquis of Blandford was finished I received one of those slips of paper which, although so small, mean so much in our civilization. I trust the Marlborough family were as satisfied with me as I was pleased with them.

Several months later, upon returning to my studio from abroad, I found a small box with a kindly note from the Duchess of Marlborough, which read:

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* I am so sorry not to have found you, as I have just come over from Paris and am only in London for today. I have brought you the little present I told you of and which I have been some time in finding, as I wanted something artistic and which I hoped you might like.

"Trusting that you will accept this little Tanagra figure as a souvenir from us both of the charming statue you did of our little son, and in remembrance of our thanks,

"Yours sincerely,

"C. MARLBOROUGH."

So exquisite was the little Tanagra figure that I decided eventually to give it a home where it would be safe from the vicissitudes of an artist's life.

Lady Randolph Churchill's venture into magazine publication did not turn out as successfully as she and her friends had hoped. Perhaps she had more stress upon the covers than upon the contents. Each number was bound in a copy of some sumptuous specimen of bookbinding and formed a unique item to collectors of bindings. Only about twelve numbers, I believe, were issued altogether.

Interesting Acquaintances

Her kindness, however, was continuous. Through her I met various other members of her family, including her two sisters—Mrs. Jack Leslie and Mrs. Moreton Frewen. Mrs. Frewen was the mother of Clare Sheridan, since then celebrated as a foreign correspondent, but at that time only a child of about twelve. But already she differed markedly from other girls of her age.

She showed evidence of her many gifts even then. Her visits to the studio were always welcome, and she never developed the stage of what is called the flapper. For a young girl, her outlook on life was rather serious, and despite her good looks she was never in any sense spoiled. Notwithstanding her many social engagements after she was introduced to society, she still found time for reading, writing and artistic effort. Quite close to the Frewen country place at Brede, in Sussex, was a pottery which G. F. Watts, the painter, had erected near his studio. There Mrs. Watts was wont to model, bake and glaze some unusual decorative panels and specimens in pottery. And in that studio, too, Clare Sheridan was in the habit of spending all her spare time, and often she produced some quite original pieces of pottery herself. That evidently was the source of her first training in art.

The family of her future husband, Wilfred Sheridan, I met at about the same time and have known as long. The South African War in 1900 took Wilfred's elder brother. Wilfred himself grew up to be a splendid chap, fortunate enough to marry Clare, but only to fall, alas, in the late war.

Among Clare Sheridan's relations by marriage whom I came to know were Mrs. William Hall Walker, whose family donated the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, and the famous Lulu Harcourt. Lulu (Lewis) Harcourt was a universal favorite with gods and mortals. Coming from an illustrious family himself, tall and strikingly handsome, he married an heiress, Miss Burns, a niece of the late J. Pierpont Morgan. He entered politics, of course, and it was a proud day for Sir William Harcourt when he could introduce his son into Parliament. There young Harcourt quickly rose to cabinet rank and became a valued asset to his party.

It was a pleasant experience to contemplate his happiness. His country seat, Nuneham, near Oxford, which had come to him in a dilapidated condition, he soon converted into one of the show places of the region. His herbaceous gardens were a thing that experts came to see, and it was considered remarkable that he knew the common and botanical names of every plant and shrub in them. To crown his happiness there came a son and heir, and also a marquisate for the son to inherit. In addition to that, moreover, another Harcourt, a bachelor, possessed of many of the heirlooms of the French family of Harcourt, died and left them to his famous English relation. His cup of happiness seemed complete.

Together with his love for art he had the gift of friendship. He came often to my studio and I had the pleasure of painting both him and his wife. At the church at

(Continued on Page 149)

Ware NEUTRODYNE Receivers

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."
—Burns

AS a Christmas Gift, there are few things other than radio that can contribute so much of all that is worth while to the varied interests of family life. For the young folks, sprightly dance music, news of all the big events in outdoor sports; for their elders, enlightening talks on current events, educational courses, political news, musical programs of the finest character; and for the old and the "shut-ins" a contact with the world outside that brightens their lives beyond measure.

Folks listen in delighted amazement at the naturalness and tonal beauty of every selection heard on the Ware Neutrodyne. So natural is the reproduction, in fact, that the singer or instrumentalist seems to stand in flesh and blood before you—a playing, singing, living presence. And the youngsters with a tingle in their toes say that they never heard such dance music as their Ware brings them. Purity of tone, simplicity of tuning, ability to get the station desired, and to exclude others, give the owner of the Ware Neutrodyne the deepest satisfaction.

There are three types of Ware Neutrodyne receivers—the T with three tubes, one reflexed; the X with four tubes, one reflexed—both operating on dry cell batteries; and the W with five tubes, not reflexed, operating on a six volt storage battery. The reflexing of the T and X is worked out on a new principle applied only to Ware Neutrodyne Receivers, giving the full equivalent of an additional tube. Models TU, XU, and WU, with the same circuits, respectively, as T, X and W, are standing cabinet models with inbuilt loud speakers.

Regardless of the price, all Ware Neutrodyne Receivers have the same beautiful tone quality; the difference between them being a matter of range and power.

To appreciate the Ware you must see and hear it, which you can do at the leading phonograph or radio dealers'. We will gladly tell you who carries it in your neighborhood. Catalogue with full descriptions will be sent on request.

Type T—10½" high, 14" wide, 13½" deep. One stage radio frequency amplification, detector; and two stages of audio frequency amplification. Operates loud speaker. Without accessories, $65.

Type X—8½" high, 21½" wide, 10¾" deep. Two stages radio frequency amplification, detector and two stages audio frequency amplification. A double-scaled volt-meter indicates voltages of both A and B batteries. Operates loud speaker. Without accessories $150.

Type W—8½" high, 21½" wide, 10¾" deep. Two stages radio frequency amplification, detector and two stages audio frequency amplification. A double-scaled volt-meter indicates voltages of A and B batteries. Operates loud speaker. Without accessories $175.

Type TU—Same circuit as Type T, in brown mahogany or walnut standing cabinet, 34½" high, 18¼" wide, 18¾" deep. Loud speaker built into the cabinet. Without accessories, $150.

Type XU—Same circuit as Type X, in brown mahogany or walnut cabinet, 44" high, 27½" wide, 18¾" deep. Loud speaker built into the cabinet. Without accessories, $275.

Type WU—Same circuit as Type W, in brown mahogany or walnut cabinet 44" high, 27½" wide, 18¾" deep. Loud speaker built into the cabinet. Without accessories, $300.

MAKE IT A WARE THIS CHRISTMAS

Ware

RADIO CORPORATION
529-549 WEST 41st STREET
NEW YORK

Type XU *Type W* *Type TU*

MOST makers of closed cars are giving you Collins & Aikman Plush upholstery. Its beauty is charming—its durability assuring.

COLLINS & AIKMAN CO.
Established 1845
NEW YORK

COLLINS & AIKMAN
MAKERS OF PLUSH

(Continued from Page 146)

Nuneham is also a memorial which he commissioned me to make for his father—Sir William Harcourt, who sleeps in such close proximity to the son who was his pride and joy and who has carried on the work to perpetuate his name and memory. The memorial occupies the space on the main wall in the chapel which Lulu transformed with such exquisite taste from a ramshackle old building into a gem of beauty. It is but a few steps from the main building and adjoins the little graveyard with its quaint moss-covered tombstones testifying to days gone by.

Indeed, those first three or four years of mine in London were exceedingly busy ones. Interesting people were constantly coming to the studio. Aside from the musicians, such as Paderewski, Busoni and Ysaye, of whom I have spoken, there were many others.

Sir Arthur Pinero, the dramatist, who had come to see the bust of Forbes-Robertson, posed for his bust too. He was at that time at the height of his fame, and his pieces were playing all over the country as well as in America. His The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell was starring, The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, and The Gay Lord Quex were considered masterpieces of stagecraft.

Of Portuguese origin, his sharply marked, clean-shaven face and bushy black eyebrows gave him an aquiline appearance. His forehead, as the phrase is, extended all the way to his neck, and altogether made him an easy subject for caricaturists. With all that, he was always faultlessly dressed.

Being often a guest at his house, I had opportunity to observe his working habits. He was accustomed to take an early dinner when engaged upon a play and to retire to his study until the early morning, with a light meal somewhere in the small hours. Of mornings he slept late, and upon arising he would take a long walk before his next bout of work. His constant companion upon these walks was a charming girl, his stepdaughter, whom he treated as though she were his own.

A letter from Lady Pinero from the time when Sir Arthur was fully occupied with writing may be of interest:

"*Dear Mr. Fuchs:* I wonder whether you and your sister would care about coming and sharing our plain family lunch next Sunday at 1:15 or 1:30 sharp. *No party*—only just ourselves. We cannot entertain or give any functions whilst Sir Arthur is writing, and as he is very, very busy and will be for a short time longer, it's hopeless to try and give any parties.

"My husband so enjoys seeing a friend to lunch—therefore if you are both disengaged on Sunday do walk round and eat our simple meal. My husband must rest at 3 o'clock. I am sure however you won't mind this? I don't rest and we can chat on.

"Sincerely yours,
"MYRA PINERO.
"Nov. 24th."

He took the labor of posing for his bust as seriously as everything else. Many of the stage stars of that period came to see him at my studio. The two Vanbrugh sisters, of whom Irene was by far the more gifted, often would come in. And with Irene would come her husband, Dion Boucicault, whose art in producing a play already assured half its success.

Pleasant Musical Evenings

Sir Squire Bancroft, the actor-manager, was another friend of Sir Arthur's who sometimes drifted in—if one may speak of so grandiose a figure drifting. With his white hair, his jet-black and highly polished mustache, his black-rimmed monocle, high collar and stock, and flat-brimmed silk hat, he presented the last word in dandyism. A lifelong friend of Sir Arthur Pinero's, he would come in to relieve the sitter of the tedium of posing and to take him out for walks.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, manager of His Majesty's Theatre, was another personage of the theater I came to know about this time. So ably did Sir Herbert manage his theater that not even his own acting could ruin his productions. Spectacular, and never neglecting the detail and pageantry of his productions, he was always careful in the selection of his actors—with the exception of himself. His daughter, Miss Viola Tree, must also have presented some problems to him in the casting of her vis-à-vis, since in stature she took after her father.

Another of Sir Arthur's friends whom I came to know was Sir George Alexander, proprietor of St. James's Theatre, where so many of the Pinero plays were first produced. The popularity of Sir George closely approached worship, and even in his worst failures he could always count upon a solid pit and balcony and a crowd of maidens anxious to see him emerging from the stage door. I have often wondered about the reason for this worship. The shape of his face was irregular, having nothing of the symmetry of feature which so often helps to make a stage star. His dress in private life was on the careless side rather than otherwise. Yet upon the stage he presented the exact reverse of all these things and was popular for his stage looks as much as for his acting. Unlike Tree, he never seemed to bother much about the technical intricacies of acting. He had no school for the cultivation of tragedy and pathos connected with his theater; he needed none of those things; he simply was.

Frank Schuster, brother of the banker, Sir Felix Schuster, was another figure of those days in London. Though a bachelor, he kept a delightful house with an especially built-in music room in the oldest, most aristocratic part of London, Westminster. Every Friday night he had a dinner for the privileged few friends, and music for all the rest who came in afterward. His musical evenings became celebrated. So great a mark of distinction was it to perform at those musicales that one could be sure of hearing only the best of the talents. It was there I first heard Fauré, organist of the Madeleine, and some of his songs, famous since then, were just beginning to be appreciated in England. I have often heard Fauré since, for I never fail to go to the Madeleine whenever I am in Paris. Schuster's musicales were more sought after than even those of Mrs. Ronalds, another well-known musical hostess, because Schuster, it seemed, could select better audiences and better artists.

A Fortunate Money Lender

But no musical host or hostess in London at that time exceeded the exclusiveness and magnificence of Mrs. Sam Lewis, in Grosvenor Square. Sam Lewis was the most successful money lender of his time—a veritable prince of money lenders. His dealings were confined almost entirely to the aristocracy. Whenever a young man of a great house would find himself temporarily embarrassed by misfortune upon the turf or at cards, he would go to Sam Lewis and make his bargain with him. How well old Sam knew how to conduct his business is proved by the fact that when he died he left an estate of about four million pounds sterling—some twenty million dollars. He had his good points too. If ever a poor artist or musician came to him for a loan of a few hundred pounds, and Lewis was convinced as to the truth of the story, he would present the man with the money.

His house in Grosvenor Square was a gorgeous mansion. To the right of it was the Spanish, and on the left, the Japanese embassy. Three houses farther on lived Lord Farquhar, the Master of the Royal Household, and next was the town house of the Duke of Portland. The interior of the Lewis home was in perfect taste, decorated entirely by Frenchmen. The walls of the rooms were paneled in carved wood in the periods of Louis XV and Louis XVI some of the panels removed bodily from French palaces. Every piece of furniture was a genuine antique. The table service was of solid silver and Sèvres porcelain. The servants, giants all of them, wore an awe-inspiring black livery. The butler in the entrance hall receiving a visitor gave the impression of ushering one in to the Prime Minister.

Lewis had as his hobbies the turf and poker. But the one great hobby of Mrs Lewis was music. She was a short lady, extremely stout, and though ambitious had a reputation for kindness. Nightly during the season she could be seen at the opera in Covent Garden in her box, and there was no mistaking her, because of her size and the magnitude of her jewels. At her own house she had frequent concerts, and as her music director, a Viennese pianist, was a friend of mine, I was sometimes asked to these performances. There was no rarer treat in London. She had her own particular quartet, all musicians of great distinction, who had to practice weeks ahead.

It Picks You Up *Like a bit of Good News*

New Swiss Beverage Now Giving Vital, All-day Energy to Thousands

Make This FREE TEST

That afternoon fatigue—that 3 p. m. or 4 p. m. waning of energies. Here is nature's way to overcome it.

A splendid "night cap" that "picks you up" while you sleep

If you feel run down by 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, if you sometimes lack the energy to carry you through a busy day, there is now a natural way to build up lasting vitality and endurance.

Swiss Discovery

It lies in a new *double action* food beverage from Switzerland. One that picks you up instantly in a natural way without drugs.

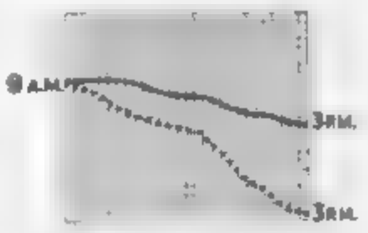
Used for 30 years abroad, it is now recommended in America by over 20,000 doctors. For sleeplessness, fatigue, weak digestion, malnutrition and for those too, whose strenuous life requires more than normal energy.

Lasting Effects

Ovaltine is not a mere stimulant. It is fundamental in what it does for you. For it builds you up in nature's way.

Its first action is its instant nutritive stimulation. One cup has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract. This is its first effect—it picks you up at once.

Its second action is its unique power to digest 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods in your stomach. This too makes all the foods you eat more nourishing. *(And authorities will tell you that most fatigue and waning energy are due to digestive unrest or sleeplessness, even though your digestive unrest is not serious enough for you to be conscious of it.)*



Which is your energy curve? Are you as active at 3 p. m. as at 9 a. m.?

Take It at Night

Many now drink Ovaltine several times a day for its natural stimulation. But to feel its fullest effects, we suggest that you take it before retiring at night. For a cup at night brings sound, natural sleep, quickly. This is why. It digests at once. And this quick nutrition quiets the nerves. Digestion goes on efficiently. Sleep comes. Sound, restful sleep! And as you sleep, the nourishment of Ovaltine and its action on other foods in your stomach build up your strength and vitality. In the morning you will awaken completely revived. You have a new sense of freedom from fatigue. Buoyant strength to carry you through the day without a "let-down."

A Sample Sent Free

It is truly remarkable how quickly Ovaltine can improve your daily energy. Just three nights use will prove a revelation. You will like to drink it too, for Ovaltine has a delicious nut-like flavor.

Ovaltine is sold in tins of 4 sizes by drug stores for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it without cost we will send a 3-day introductory package free. No cost or obligation. Just send in your name and address to—

THE WANDER COMPANY
Dept. 1124, 37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body

Enjoying those Old Scenes anew

For what it makes you remember—the "pictures" recalled by a dear old tune—as well as for the cares it makes you forget, you'll appreciate the Straube. It is the perfect companion for *every* mood. It gives you just the music you want, whenever you want it.

No matter if you've never played a note, you can play the Straube. And you'll *enjoy* playing it. You'll enjoy expressing yourself in the music, playing it as you feel it. And it responds so quickly to the controls at your finger tips, is so easy to pedal, that every moment at the Straube is fascinating.

Its voice will become dearer every day—for tone is the glory of the Straube. Master craftsmen, who put their hearts into their work, build enduring quality into the Straube. It is truly a *finer* player piano, worthy of your home. Hear it at your dealer's. Let him explain the various exclusive features, including the Melo-Harp and the Patented Pendulum Valve.

Straube Player Pianos are nationally priced, f. o. b. Hammond, Ind., as follows:

Arcadian Model . $750
Imperial Model . 675
Colonial Model . 625
Puritan Model . . 595

The Patented Pendulum Valve, Heart of the Artronome Player Action.

Any Straube dealer will accept your used instrument as part payment for a new Straube. Convenient terms can always be arranged.

Send for Catalog, Free. Illustrates and describes the various models of Straube player pianos [for foot power or electrical operation] and pianos. Explains the exclusive features of the wonderful Artronome player action, which may be had only in Straube made instruments.

STRAUBE PIANO CO., Hammond, Indiana
Dept. E

Straube
PLAYER PIANOS

For the performance she would provide each of them with a priceless Stradivarius or Guarnerius. And if the program demanded a soloist, she would select either Kreisler or another artist of equal rank.

Sometimes not more than four or five people would be invited to such a performance. The audience, however, consisted largely in herself. In a dark corner in the far end of the room she would sit apart drinking in the wonderful music. At times she was perfectly content to invite some great artist to perform for her alone, without any other audience, and pay him, so it was said, possibly a thousand pounds for his appearance. Whether it was the size of the fees or the appreciation they met with, artists were eager to perform before her and to give her the best of themselves.

In these tastes of Mrs. Lewis her husband did not share. His success on the turf was sufficient for him. After his death, at the beginning of this century, when his will was opened, it began with the words:

"I took it from the lord, I leave it to the poor."

He bequeathed one million pounds, no less, to the hospital fund which King Edward, as Prince of Wales, started upon the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The balance he left to his widow for life, with a reversion to the same benefaction. All London was dumfounded. The King sent Lord Farquhar in person to express his sympathy to the widow, and his gratification at the bequest. He desired that every consideration be shown Mrs. Lewis in London thereafter. People of all ranks went out of their way to fulfill the King's desire.

In due course Mrs. Lewis was presented at court. Upon that occasion an equerry was sent to bring her in one of the royal coaches to the palace and to conduct her into the presence of their majesties. Had she appeared more soberly attired, that presentation might have gone far toward establishing the general good will she craved all her life. But perhaps she was ill advised. In any case, she made her appearance in a somewhat extravagant costume overburdened with jewelry. Thereby she exposed herself to much criticism and even ridicule. Subsequently it was announced that she was about to marry a young officer of the Guards. Her marriage did not tend to expand her former life. Her solitude rather increased than otherwise, and when she died, she was as much alone as in the days when her first husband was still living.

With Paderewski at Morges

In the spring of 1899 Paderewski was in London, and with his usual bonhomie, cordially invited me to visit him at Morges, his summer home near Lausanne, in Switzerland. An invitation from Paderewski is something few people could resist. I was no exception.

I arrived at Morges about the middle of September and found my host in his usual high spirits. He had recently married Madame Gorska and an atmosphere of joy pervaded the place. The house itself, as simple and unpretentious as one of the smaller French châteaux, was beautifully situated on the Lake of Geneva and surrounded by gardens perfectly kept. In one of the drawing-rooms was a collection of pianos, which the manufacturers had sent to him after his various tours when he had played upon their instruments. A large staircase winding along the walls left an open space in the center, through which streamed the light from above. The house was staffed with his own Polish servants, including a cook who prepared the national dishes, served at every meal.

There were other visitors, mostly members of the family, among them Hugo Gorlitz, Paderewski's manager. The house not being large enough to hold all the guests, Gorlitz and myself tenanted a little cottage near by upon the estate, but we all took our meals at the family table.

It was in many ways a memorable visit. Paderewski, with those about him for whom he cared, was radiantly happy. Indeed, I have never seen anyone more boyishly delightful, and this radiance he had a faculty of conveying to others. In the mornings he would appear in white flannels which he wore all day. That, however, was never in the early morning, for in those hours the master was not to be disturbed. At about twelve o'clock he would begin practicing upon his piano, hours which gave me occasion for making my sketches of him. After lunch we would take long walks or drive until dinner, at a fairly early hour, for the meal was only a prelude to a merry, delightful evening. We would improvise games or theatricals, and sometimes his son, then still living and gifted in writing, would provide some amusing skit for us to play in. Some evenings there would be cards or dancing, with Paderewski playing the tunes.

It would be idle to attempt to describe Paderewski himself in these circumstances. Everyone knows him and knows enough of him to be convinced that he is one of those supermen who would be great in whatever they might care to undertake. People of his sort inevitably improve upon closer acquaintance, because only then one comes to realize the multitude of gifts and human qualities which go to make up a truly great man.

Even then the Paderewski house already contained many of the efforts of those who had tried to perpetuate his features in marble, bronze or paint. Of these the portrait by Alma-Tadema, even, did not seem to me successful. And to the best of my knowledge Alma-Tadema had painted only two portraits, one of his doctor and the other of Paderewski, which I saw. Another friend of Paderewski's, a certain Doctor Nossik, who could paint, write and sculpt, did a medallion of the musician during my stay at Morges which I considered good. But for the most part the efforts to portray Paderewski appeared to me ineffectual. And the most recent of them seem the least successful, not to say libelous. Not long ago I saw some busts of him in plaster, and if Michelangelo's phrase that "Clay is life, plaster is death, and marble is the resurrection," be true, then I hope that there will be no effort made to change those heads from their present plaster stage.

A Captivating Personality

The reason for my view, if I may state it, is that most of his portrayers seem to depict him too slavishly. Paderewski, the essential man, like his forerunner, Chopin, so far transcends the frame and features which first meet the eye, that too exact a copy of his small chin and broad cheek bones, and such folds and wrinkles as he may have acquired with time, in reality belie the real Paderewski. In a portrait of him, to my mind, there must be mystery, because mystery envelops the entire personality of the man and his music. Every feature in his face ought to convey that high sensitiveness which is the chief charm of his art. From the very moment he sits down at his instrument, before he ever touches it, the whole room is drenched in an atmosphere which is almost inexpressible, because it is so mysterious. That is what distinguishes him from all other musicians. There may be and I believe there are better performers, performers more even, more forceful and perhaps even more brilliant, but no one else radiates that inexplicable charm which takes hold of us the moment we come in contact with him.

First of all, it would seem to me, an artist in reproducing the features of Paderewski must stress the great forehead with the two marked eminences over the eyebrows, said to be the storehouse of music. Then there are the eyes, so captivating with their dreamy look, and peculiar for their combination of dark color and light lashes, with the lids so prominent that they give an effect of the impenetrable when they are really meant to look kind. An emphasis laid upon the sensitive mouth and the small mustache turned in at the corners would, I think, complete the picture of the man who is so remarkable a combination of knowledge, determination, patriotism and sublime poetry. Of all the likenesses of Paderewski that I know, perhaps the one by Burne-Jones comes nearest to the idealization that one would wish to see handed down to posterity.

The visit to Morges had brought me delightful restoration after a busy and preoccupied London season. Previous to that, soon after I had finished the portrait bust of Sir Arthur Ellis' younger daughter, she had become engaged to be married. I naturally sought an opportunity of showing my gratitude for a hospitality always so cordial, and by way of a wedding present I decided to make for Miss Ellis a small medal with her father's portrait attached to a little chain as a bracelet. At the wedding reception my little gift was displayed, and shortly after, Sir Arthur conceived the idea of having several more medals struck from the dies I had made and to insert them in small gifts, such as ash trays, inkstands, paper knives

(Continued on Page 152)

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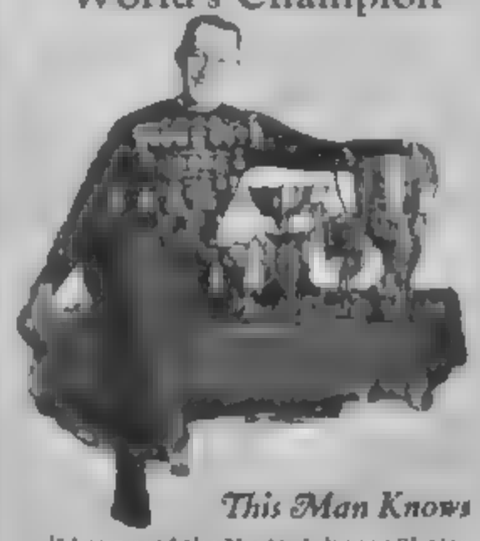

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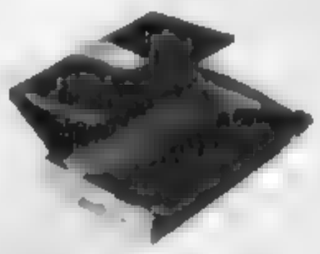

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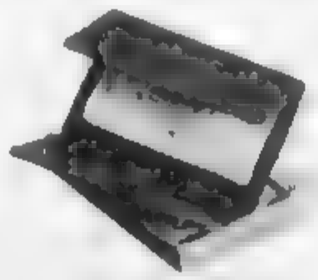

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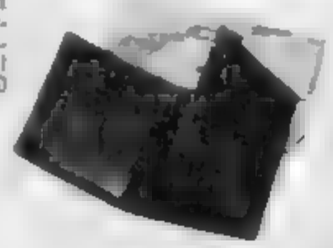

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(Continued from Page 150)

and cigarette cases. These objects he distributed to members of the royal family, the royal household and friends where it was the habit to exchange Christmas gifts. This small specimen of my work it was that first came to the attention of King Edward, then Prince of Wales.

One afternoon in June, 1899, the Prince, accompanied only by an equerry, came quite unannounced to my studio. My surprise and happiness to see him thus walking in at my door need, I think, hardly be described. And he began with his usual genial affability:

"Mr. Fuchs, I saw your medal of General Sir Arthur Ellis; in fact, I see it every day on the ash tray he gave me for Christmas. I think it a happy idea and a good likeness. Do you think you could make a similar one for me?"

"I am almost sure of it, sir," I answered. "If your Royal Highness could grant me a few sittings."

"I will, and you can begin now," said the Prince. "If you have your material at hand I can give you half an hour."

It need hardly be said that I had, and without delay he mounted the model stand and sank into what I hope was a comfortable chair. I offered him a cigarette, apologizing for its quality, but he took it and smiled. I watched the expression of his face to see whether the smile would change after the first puff.

"How long have you been in England?" he inquired. I told him, and took occasion to add how happy I was in his country and that I owed my presence there to the little incident of the visit of Miss Ellis to my studio in Rome.

"Is my pose right?" he asked. "You must tell me, if it is not."

"I will, sir," I assured him, "but for the sculptor a motionless pose is not so essential as it is for painting."

Captain Holford, the equerry, had in the meantime seated himself in the far end of the room, maintaining entire silence. Once the Prince was at ease in his pose, he began to address the equerry, who immediately came forward.

"You must remind me, Holford, to give Mr. Fuchs another sitting before I leave for Marienbad."

Observing that the Prince was no longer smoking, I interrupted my work and ventured to offer him another cigarette.

"Thank you very much," he smiled. "I think I had better smoke one of my own, which are milder."

The Prince's Graciousness

But I am glad to say that was the only occasion when I was unable to offer my august sitter a smoke to his taste.

Presently he remarked, "When you get to a point where you feel you can make a pause, please let me know."

The only reply in such a case was to assure him that that point was then and there, and I immediately laid my tool aside. Whereupon he descended from the stand, came over and looked at my work and then began with his customary urbane smile: "I should like to ask you a delicate question. But I must tell you first that recently I had some unpleasant experience with an artist"—and he mentioned a well-known name—"who kept on drawing advances from me without ever completing his work. In some cases he never even started it. How much will this medal cost?"

For a moment, I own, I was embarrassed. Finally I told him, "Your Royal Highness' visit and graciousness have somewhat bewildered me, sir. If I don't express myself as I should wish, I trust, nevertheless, that my answer will not be taken amiss. I should have liked to beg of Your Royal Highness that I be permitted to pass over the question of money altogether. All my life it has been embarrassing to me. Your Royal Highness' gracious visit has brought something into my life like sunshine which no amount of money could have procured, and I think this should be more than ample. But since I am asked a direct question I should suggest that"—I mentioned a certain sum—"would be paying me royally."

Perhaps my answer still had a foreign note about it. In any case, the Prince laughed heartily and said, "We shall never again have occasion to discuss this subject."

Then, asking for a sheet of paper, he wrote two autographs with a date—A. E., September 9, '99—and he asked me to choose one for the reverse of the medal. "Do you think you could finish the medal by that time?" he asked.

"It will be my most serious endeavor, sir," said I.

Then he said, "I am going to Marienbad soon. I shall try to give you another sitting before I leave, but should I not be able to do so and you desire anything, you will write me."

He offered his hand. The equerry followed his example, and ere I was aware of his intention, had anticipated me to the studio door leading into the corridor and opened it. At the entrance, in a state closely verging on collapse, my old housekeeper was waiting to do her part in gracefully honoring our royal visitor. The sturdy cob drew up with prancing step, both gentlemen quickly entered the brougham, they bowed again, the Prince smiled; instantly the rubber wheels rolled silently over the asphalt and the clang of the horse's hoofs faded into the distance.

Royal Simplicity

Before leaving for Marienbad the Prince contrived to give me another sitting, and upon that occasion he commissioned me to make a marble bust of Miss Edvina Knollys, daughter of his private secretary, Sir Francis, later Lord Knollys. The name Edvina is a combination of the three names Edward, Victoria and Alexandra, her royal godparents. The bust was to be a Christmas gift for Sir Francis, and a surprise, which made the arrangement of sittings difficult. Lady Knollys, however, was in the plot, and helped by bringing the child whenever she could.

As before, the Prince came accompanied only by a single equerry, and both were in civilian dress. Unlike the custom of the German Emperor, the Prince never wore uniform or decorations except upon state occasions. He drove about town in a brougham drawn by a single horse, with no footman on the box. In public his equerry would maintain the etiquette of silence, except when addressed. In private, however, the etiquette between them was not quite so rigid.

After his cure at Marienbad, which lasted three weeks, the Prince returned to England to inaugurate the shooting season. On his way through town he gave me an opportunity of showing him the work I had done in the meantime. The idea of distributing gifts with a small medallion of himself inserted in them pleased him greatly. To use it the following Christmas he had about one hundred more of the medals struck off with the reverse in another form. He also spoke of a medallion in marble which he desired me to make in memory of his brother, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and subsequently Duke of Saxe-Coburg, which he wished to place in the little church at Sandringham. In all these things he took keen interest in even the smallest details. As his brother's portrait was to be in the uniform of an admiral, an office he had held prior to ascending the throne of Coburg, the Prince himself explained the particular uniform and decorations he desired.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Fuchs. The third will appear in an early issue.

B'AR STORIES

(Continued from Page 14

one of the sheets so as to spread it wide open. At that exact moment a large kindly looking black bear stepped out from the cover of a bunch of underbrush so close that the end of that white sheet fairly brushed his bearship's whiskers. With a snort of fear the bear turned in his tracks and tore through the trees in one direction while daughter and mother hotfooted it the other way.

The direction taken by the bear led him past the tree to which the horse had been tied, and, as every horse seems to have a horrible fear of bruin, the animal with a frightened snort set back on the rope, which broke under the strain. Swinging short round he headed for the ranch, passing the two females as if they were standing still, the buggy rocking and swaying like a ship in a gale. A later study of his trail showed that bruin himself made quite as good speed in the opposite direction.

When a bear does get the taste of mutton or beef fully developed he must be killed. The grizzly seems unusually fond of such diet and is generally very hard to trap or kill. He has an amazing cunning in evading the most skillfully prepared deadfalls and traps and keeping out of sight of hunters.

In the Chelan National Forest, in Washington, one large grizzly killed no less than thirty-six head of cattle and more than one hundred sheep. Every cowboy and sheep herder in the region was after his scalp, but without success. Finally a government hunter employed to kill predatory animals was sent to the scene with instructions to get this bear at any cost. With all his experience it took this man with a pack of trained dogs two full weeks to run him down and end his devastating career.

During the same year thirty-seven bears with proclivities for beef and mutton were killed in that state, every one of which upon examination showed a stomach content of one or both of these meats, mute evidence of their depraved appetite. Incidentally government hunters are required to examine the stomachs of all animals killed or trapped by them in order to determine and record the foods they are living on.

Caught in His Own Trap

Many years ago in Southern Utah a Mormon boy set a bear trap at a carcass which showed signs of having been visited by bear the night before. With a trap artfully concealed by grass leaves and earth, and the chain tied to a good-sized log for a clog, he stood for a moment to see if everything was in proper shape to welcome Brother Bruin with open arms. Satisfied with his inspection he started toward his horse standing not far distant.

In some way as he stepped off, his spurs caught together and locked, throwing the boy flat on his face, his right arm striking the pan of the trap with such force as to spring it. Fortunately he wore a heavy shirt and a leather coat with sheepskin lining. This muffled the crushing force of the trap jaws so that no bones were broken, but with one arm caught above the elbow—and that the right—he was unable to spring the trap sufficiently to release it. He worked for two hours in an agony of fear. Sweat blinded him and the grip of those steel jaws caused him intense suffering.

Finding it impossible to release his arm he managed finally to get the heavy trap and chain swung over one shoulder. Thus encumbered he started toward his horse, intending to swing the trap from the saddle horn by means of the chain and then in some way get into the saddle himself and thus get home. The horse, however, was only a half-broken colt, and when the boy and his clumsy-looking load came near he took one wild look at him, jerked back on the reins with which he had been tied to a tree, broke them short off at the bit, then, head and tail high in the air, as the boy afterward expressed it, "tore off out of sight like a bat out of hell."

At daylight the next morning the plucky lad fell in a pitiful heap at the gate of a ranch house about ten miles from where the accident occurred. His arm was a terrible sight and for some days it was a question whether or not it could be saved. He fully recovered eventually, except that he never had the full use of the injured member.

A Distant Husband's Demise

Forest rangers are constantly receiving letters from persons seeking lost relatives. A few years ago the body of an old prospector and trapper known in the region as J—— S—— was found by a ranger in one of the national forests in the high Sierras of California. The body had been terribly mauled and torn by bears and perhaps other wild animals, and all the evidences pointed to a fight to the death with an old mother bear and two cubs. Nothing was found in the man's effects to lead to the location of his friends, and absolutely nothing of his past or home ties was known in the region. The body was duly and officially viewed by a coroner's jury, which decided he had been killed in a bear fight, and he was buried near where found. Naturally the case got into the local papers, from which it was widely copied. Some weeks later the ranger who found the body received a letter from a woman in a Midwest state, of which the following is an exact copy:

"*Kind and Respected Cir:* I see in the paper that a man named J—— S—— was atacted and et up by a bare whose cubs he was trying to git when the she bare came up and stopt him by eatin him up in the mountains near your town. What i want to know is did it kill him or was he only partly et up and he from this place and all about the bare. I don't know but what he is a distant husband of mine. My first husband was of that name and I suppose he was killed in the war but the name of the man the bare et being the same i thought it might be him after all and i thought to know if he wasn't killed either in the war or by the bare for I have been married twice since and their ought to be a divorce papers got out by him or me if the bare did not eat

(Continued on Page 157)

A Grizzly Just Coming Out of his Den in the Early Spring

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The Messiah Hallelujah Chorus —*Handel*	BROCKWAY
Around the Christmas Tree —*Arr by Logan*	KMITA
Fantasie F Minor —*Chopin*	LEVITZKI
Troika —*Tschaikowsky*	RACHMANINOFF
Polonaise A Flat Major —*Chopin*	GODOWSKY
Moment Musical —*Schubert*	DOHNÁNYI
O Promise Me —*De Koven*	DE KOVEN
Norma Fantasie —*Leybach*	GERDTS
Valse —*Durand*	GERDTS
Kiss Me Again —*Herbert*	HERBERT

THE silent or player piano which you now own will entitle you to an allowance on the purchase of an Ampico. This exchange privilege and convenient terms of payment place your Ampico within your immediate reach—this Christmas. Foot-power models $795. Electric power models $985 to $5000. With freight added. Uprights and grands.

The AMPICO

THE AMPICO CORPORATION
437 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

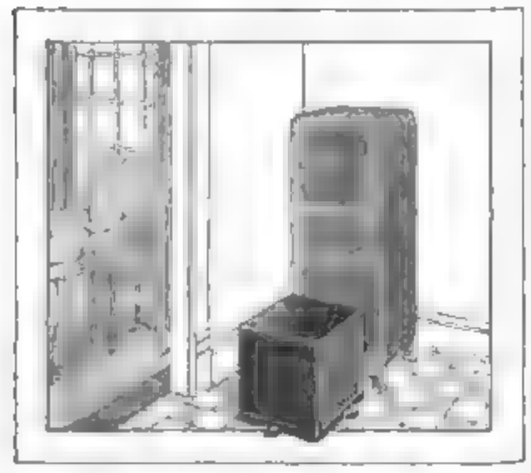
Nokol installed in a coal-fired water heater.

And now Nokol cuts as much as 40% from the cost of Automatic Hot Water Service

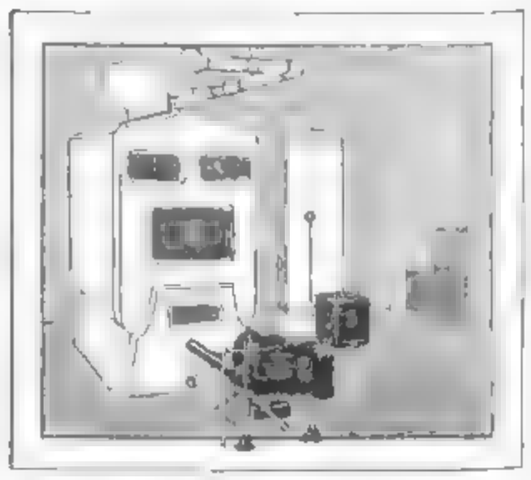
Thousands of Nokol Owners, having experienced Nokol comfort and economy in the heating of their homes, are now installing another Nokol—for Hot Water Service. The 4-inch Nokol can be installed in either a coal or gas-fired water heater, and converts any water heater having a tank into an Automatic Hot Water System. It offers the most economical hot water service known. Its fuel cost is less than that of coal, and as much as 40% less than that of gas.

NO COAL
NOKOL
Automatic Oil Heating for Homes

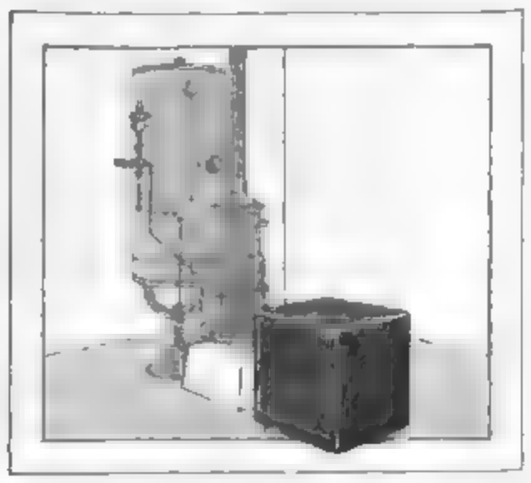
Five years ago next month the first Nokol advertisement appeared in The Saturday Evening Post. This advertisement marked the birth of a new industry—that of Automatic Oil Heating for Homes. Since that time, because of the successful service it has rendered, Nokol has become a nationwide institution. In these five years such remarkable progress has been made through Nokol research that Nokol stands today as far in advance of all other heating systems—coal or oil—as it did when Nokol was first announced.



Nokol for the Small Bungalow. The 4-inch Nokol is especially adapted to the heating plants of the four or five room bungalow. Above is shown an installation in a Radiator-Boiler in the kitchen.



Nokol for Apartment Buildings. Nokol can be installed in the heating plant of the largest residence or the apartment building of 100 rooms or more. Above are two installations in one basement, one in the heating plant and one in the water heater.



Nokol for Hot Water Service. Nokol can be installed in any water heater having a tank. Above it is shown installed in a gas-fired heater of the automatic type.

Nokol is the most economical heating service of which we know. In many of the 20,047 Nokol-heated homes Nokol has paid back the original cost of installation in actual dollars and cents. Its fuel cost is less than that of hard coal. Its fuel cost is also, to the best of our knowledge, far less than that of any other oil heater.

Have a Nokol installed in time for Christmas. It is the ideal gift of comfort for your family and your home.

Nokol dealers are now established in practically every large city in the United States. New dealers are being added as rapidly as men of proper standing in their communities apply for the franchise.

AMERICAN NOKOL COMPANY
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Nokol is tested and listed as standard by Underwriters' Laboratories and bonded by the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York.

(Continued from Page 153)

him all up. If it is him you will know it by having six toes on the left foot. He also sings base and has a spread eagle tattooed on his front chest and a ankor on his right arm which you will know him if the bare did not eat up these parts of him. If alive don't tell him I am married to J—— W—— for he never liked J——. Mebbe you had better let on as if i am ded but find out all you can about him without him knowing anything what it is for. That is if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did i don't see you can do anything and you needn't take any trouble. My respeks to your family and please ancer back.

"P. S. Was the bare killed. Also was he married again and did he leave any property worth me laying claim to?"

In the Western mountains they build deadfall traps for bear which are very effective. A small roofed-over pen about four feet wide and six or eight feet long is built of large logs. At one end is a heavy thick gate, or deadfall, which slides up and down in grooves made by setting two logs upright in the ground and far enough from each other to allow the gate to drop freely. The gate is weighted down by placing one end of a couple of heavy logs on top of it, the lower ends resting on the roof of the pen. Frequently a number of huge stones are laid on top of them to add to the weight.

This gate, or fall, when pushed up is held in place by a rope attached to a lever inside the pen, which in turn is kept in place by a large figure-four-trigger affair, on the end of which is attached a bait of some kind, preferably a can of honey or some thick sirup. Such a bait will attract the wariest bear on earth. This trigger and bait are placed at just such a distance as to coax the bear about halfway into the pen. When the bait is disturbed the figure-four trigger at once falls to pieces and the heavily weighted gate comes down, and if everything works out all right the bear is crushed beneath it, generally with a broken back.

In Wyoming a trapper having built such a deadfall pen raised the gate, braced it up with a short section of heavy log while he placed the long logs on top of the gate. He then loaded these logs from one end to the other with the heaviest rocks he could lift. Then he crawled inside the pen, placed the long lever in position as part of the trigger to hold up the door, set the figure-four trigger, and backed out, leaving only the attaching of the bait, a can of honey, to the end of the trigger to complete the job.

A Deadfall That Worked Too Well

With the short section of log still in place as a prop to prevent the gate from dropping down upon him, the trapper again crawled inside, carrying with him the can. After pouring some of its fragrant contents upon the ground inside the pen he fastened it carefully and securely to the end of the trigger. The lifting power of the long lever when everything was set just barely raised the gate from the supporting section of log standing in the groove of the door far enough to free it from the weight. In some way one of the trapper's long legs struck this prop, causing it to fall down, but in such a position that it lay across the threshold of the pen, partly inside and partly outside. Its fall so startled the trapper that he made a quick turn to see what had happened and in doing this in some way he touched the can of honey hanging upon the trigger. It worked only too well, for it fell to pieces as it should, and that heavy gate, weighed down with two long logs and half a ton of rocks, slid down the groove with the frightened trapper's body half inside and half outside the opening. The whole thing took but two seconds, but in those two seconds the trapper afterward said he lived ten years. Fortunately for the man, the piece of log lying across the opening was thick enough to save his body from the full crushing effect of the gate, but at the same time it pressed so closely against his back that after he recovered his breath, which had been completely knocked out of him by the blow, he found himself held tightly by the pressure of the gate, a helpless prisoner. This happened about an hour before sunset.

For several hours he struggled to escape from the rough embrace of that gate. He tore the clothes from his body in his fight to get loose. The opening was just wide enough so neither his hips nor his shoulders could pass through. The rough-hewed log doorsill under him and the equally rough gate at his back gashed his flesh cruelly, but the mental anguish he was suffering was far worse

Completely exhausted, he finally realized his utter helplessness. He had little hope of any human relief until the next day, as his partner had gone to town that morning and was not likely to return until late that night, if then. He realized also the situation he would face should a bear happen along, for in his struggles and twistings with one waving leg he upset another open can of honey left outside to smear everything around with its contents to attract the victim. His legs and shoes as well as the ground about him were soon well smeared with the sweet, sticky mess. He felt sure his partner would hunt him up when he returned, and as he knew of his intention to set the trap he would probably come there the first thing, so he quieted down and, worn out with his struggles, actually dropped off to sleep.

Human Bait

How long he slept he knew not, but he was awakened by the loud sniffs of some animal which he knew to be a bear which, attracted by the delightful odor of honey, had come to investigate matters. A marble statue could not have lain more quietly than did that trapped trapper, while the bear with an awfully rough rasping tongue licked every last drop of honey from the ground, and the man's recumbent body on which honey was smeared from the tips of his shoes up those long legs as far as the sweet stuff extended. In his struggling a rather wide section of bare legs had been exposed between the tops of his shoes and what was left of his trousers.

"That poor fool's socks got loose with his kickin'," chuckled the ranger who told the story, "an' worked down while his overalls worked up, leavin' about two feet of hairy calves and legs smeared with honey on which that there bear's long rough tongue, lappin' it up, done some grand old massagin' that sent thrills and shivers and ticklin's chasin' each other up and down his anatomy that like to wrecked his whole future."

The bear, resenting the furious waving of the legs he was working on, calmly placed one huge decorated paw on them to hold them still. Eventually, having licked both man and can absolutely clean of honey, bruin betook himself off and left the trapper—almost a raving maniac by this time—to spend the rest of the long, long night alternately cursing his luck in the very choicest of profanity and again praying for daylight and the coming of his partner. About eight the next morning his partner reached the scene and found him a half-frozen physical and mental wreck. One might suspect from these little incidents of the chase that bear hunting was not always a one-sided game.

Last year a party of men in a Western town made up a party to hunt bear. Among them was the principal of the local high school, a man of sedentary habits not at all used to camping, and morbidly afraid of bears. He was anxious to have the outing, however, so went with the crowd. All day long the men scouted for bear sign and at night they sat about the camp fire and spun wonderful bear stories until the professor had cold chills.

Returning to town he was met by a friend. "Been bear hunting, I hear."

"Yes," replied the prof.

"What luck did you have?" the friend asked

"Best luck in the world"—earnestly. "We never saw a single bear"

The average hunter seldom realizes the tremendous power a good-sized bear possesses. Let alone, ninety-nine out of a hundred bears will do their best to escape from the sight of man and are no more dangerous than a friendly dog. Wounded, they are quite another animal. There are exceptions to this, however.

In Southern Montana just outside the Yellowstone National Park the Forest Service has a summer ranger station on Hell Roaring Creek in the Absaroka National Forest. The region is infested with bears, especially grizzlies. The station is seldom used during the middle of winter, but there is always a good supply of food left there in case the winter game patrol of two men should happen along. Year after year the grizzlies broke in the cabin door of ordinary one-inch stuff and wrecked its interior. Before leaving in the fall the ranger built a door out of hewed lodge-pole timbers cut down with an ax to a thickness of about four inches. This was fastened to strong crosspieces of the same material, the whole spiked together with huge eight-inch wire spikes. The door was closed and fastened with a section of heavy log chain run through a hole in the door and one of the house logs, and locked with a first-class padlock. Due to the shrinking of the timber and the impossibility of drawing up the chain real tight and snug there was some play to the door which allowed it to open about two inches. When the ranger returned in the spring this door was a total wreck. By the marks of teeth and claws it was evident that the bears had clawed and gnawed at it until they could get through. They evidently worked their paws through the slight opening that was made, then crowded their huge bodies against the door and by main strength tore off pieces of the hewed boards until they could get their sharp noses through and put their powerful jaws to work. The part of the door that was left was covered with the deep scars from claws and teeth.

An Impromptu Foot Race

This cabin had but two openings—the door and a low window on one side formed by a single four-pane sash hung by hinges at the top and fastened with a stout peg. Returning to camp one afternoon the ranger unsaddled his horse at the cabin and took him off some distance to stake him out. Turning the corner of the cabin as he came back he saw the hindquarters of a bear just turning the other corner. Without stopping to count the cost he pulled his heavy automatic and fired a shot at the bear, certain that whether he hit or missed the effect would be to hasten the bear's departure from the vicinity. With a snarl of rage, however, bruin in the shape of a huge grizzly turned like lightning and charged at the man. That individual turned quite as quickly and hot-footed it along the side of the cabin. A glance over his shoulder as he turned the corner showed the grizzly slipping around the other corner.

There was no kind of shelter within reasonable distance, so the ranger loped along the side of the cabin and on around, intending to dodge inside when he came to the door, slam it in the face of the bear, and have the laugh on him. To his horror, when he came to the door he found he had carefully locked it that morning when leaving. Naturally he had very little time to study over his next move, but he kept up some heavy thinking as he hustled along in a second round with the bear. He knew that the heavy plank shutter had not been placed over the window and as he turned the corner again and saw his pursuer still on his trail he decided his one chance was to make a headlong dive through the window, glass and all, and trust to the animal not following him that far. The window was low and the ranger made a most successful dive. The bear ran by, but as it came around on another lap the ranger, who had grabbed his rifle from the peg on which it hung,

This Bear Trap Had a Cow in It, When Found in Western Colorado

Human Nature Is So Awfully Human!

The world believes in the man who believes in himself—and who doesn't hesitate to say so. The world backs winners and worships success. The world may sympathize with the under dog, but it puts its money on the top one. All of which is but another way of saying: "Appearances *do* count."

Every time you pay for engraved stationery, when plain printing is cheaper, you admit the business value of appearances. But what about the appearance of your *office*? Does it *look* like the home of a flourishing, prosperous business? Or does it place you at a disadvantage among those of your competitors who realize the dollars and cents value of "better offices"?

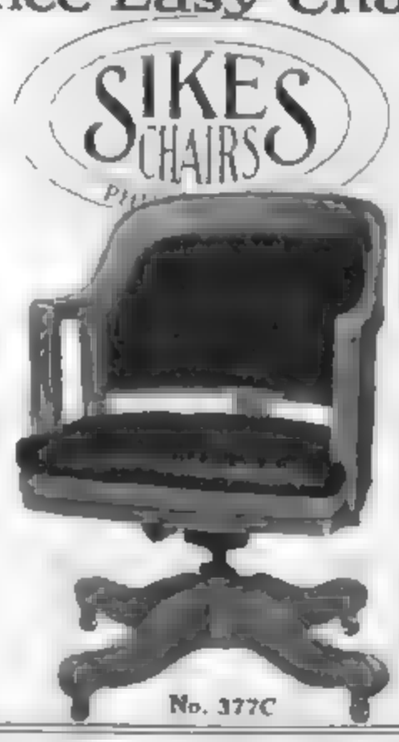
Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs are made for the "better offices." The comfort of Sikes Chairs promotes that bodily ease which is essential to the highest mental efficiency.

About Sikes Chairs is that impression of solid dignity which cannot be counterfeited by surface finish alone, but bespeaks *worth* in materials, design and workmanship.

There is a Sikes dealer near you (name on request) Let him show you Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs in finishes and models and at prices to fit your needs.

Sikes

Office Easy Chairs



SIKES COMPANY

CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

"America's Finest Christmas Gift—

America's Finest Wardrobe Trunk"

Valuable Trunk Book FREE

Write for "Wardrobe Trunk Packing Simplified." It gives much valuable information on uses of Wheary Cushioned Top Wardrobe Trunks. Sent FREE.

WHEN you choose a Christmas gift you think first of the person who is to get it; the pleasure of receiving the gift is the main thing in the giver's mind.

Just imagine the satisfaction and delight of the person who gets, for Christmas, a Wheary Cushioned Top Wardrobe Trunk; you couldn't give more pleasure, nor a better trunk.

You can afford to buy the trunk; prices are not too high—but it would take a lot more money to pay for that much pleasure and usefulness in other ways.

Wheary Cushioned Top Wardrobe Trunks, embracing fifty models and sizes, all of them moderate in price, are sold by leading Department Stores and Luggage Shops everywhere.

Buy a Wheary Trunk—"America's Finest"—this Christmas.

WHEARY-BURGE TRUNK CO.
Offices: Racine, Wis.; 295 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

WHEARY
CUSHIONED TOP
Wardrobe Trunks

pumped three loads into the bear's side, killing him almost instantly.

On the Routt National Forest, in Colorado, Ranger Ray and Forest Supervisor Peck while riding over the mountains ran across a mother silvertip and three small cubs.

The mother ran off, followed by two of the cubs. The third, instead of remaining with the family, climbed a small tree, and the men decided to capture it. While one stood guard against the mother's return the other shinned up the tree, armed with a heavy gunny sack he happened to have tied to his saddle. The cub was caught and crowded into the sack and then the two beat it for a ranch about seven or eight miles distant as fast as their horses would carry them.

This ranch belonged to Mr. Fred Alispaw, who for many years was in charge of the elephant herd of the Sells-Floto Circus. Although retired from the circus game Mr. Alispaw was still interested in wild animals. Especially did he hunger for a bear or two on which he might practice his arts as an animal tamer. Among the other circus plunder brought to his ranch were a strong cage and a number of steel chains used in controlling wild animals of various kinds.

Alispaw received the two forest officers with open arms. A heavy collar was placed about the cub's neck and one of the chains fastened to it. Then the cub was pushed into the old cage, the chain passed out through the bars and fastened to a stout post so the door could be opened and the cub let out of the cage during the day for handling. The cage was placed at some distance from the cabin under a tree. That night, however, old Mamma Bear paid the ranch a visit, whipped a whole pack of dogs, tore that fancy circus cage to bits, broke the chain in two as if it were a cotton string and, followed by her offspring, left for parts unknown. Neither of them was ever seen again.

The interesting fact is that although the cub was carried several miles in a heavy sack on the back of a horse, the mother was able to follow and rescue him. Was it that wonderful nose of hers, the instinct such animals possess, or did the youngster send out a frantic call for maternal help over some animal radio system which his anxious parent picked up with her keen ears?

How to Rout a Bear

A most amusing bear story is that of two old prospectors, Miller and Volkmer, in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon. They were camped in an old cabin at the foot of Salmon Mountain. While Volkmer was out deer hunting, Miller remained behind to watch over a pot of beans cooking in the fireplace. Lying on the bunk at one side of the cabin he fell asleep. A rattling of the pots on the hearthstone awoke him to the realization that a large black bear had wandered into the cabin through the open door and was busily engaged in investigating the contents of the camp kettle holding the beans.

Miller rose to his feet and, standing on the bed, made a wild jump for one of the pole rafters above him, caught it, and drew himself up to safety just as the bear reached the side of the bunk. They had laid some shakes on the rafters, making a shelf on which their surplus food supply had been stored. Among this plunder was a fifty-pound sack of flour and a gallon can of kerosene. The bear meantime was sitting up on his haunches, gazing with wide-open mouth at the man above. Miller had no weapon of any kind, but, aggravated by the bear's actions, he cut the sack open with his pocketknife and began pelting him with flour, thinking to blind the brute or frighten him out of the cabin.

This only irritated his bearship, which proceeded to claw the blankets of the bed into ribbons and otherwise make himself decidedly obnoxious. By the time Miller had thrown about half of the flour at his visitor below, the bear was in a rage. Also from black he had turned to a white bear. By this time it had become quite dark, it being long after sunset. Looking round for additional weapons Miller espied the kerosene can. Near it was a tomato can full of beans. He grabbed this and pelted the bear with handfuls of them, but only to increase the animal's rage.

By this time Miller was quite as much fussed up over the situation as was the other occupant of the cabin. Then it occurred to the man to see what effect a quart or two of kerosene would have on bruin. Unscrewing the cap of the kerosene can he filled the tomato can, and by waving one of his long legs at the bear caused him to stand up on his hind feet and grab for the waving foot.

Miller then deftly poured a quart of the liquid full into the face of the party below, much of it getting into a very wide-open, red and hungry-looking mouth. The effect of the kerosene was so instant that Miller quickly dashed another canful over the bear.

Then he had an inspiration. He pulled a match from his pocket, struck it, and dropped it fairly on the bear's shoulders as he passed beneath. The scheme worked beautifully. Flames quickly enveloped the animal's body and with a snort of fear he dived through the open door and down the trail, a flaming torch.

A Four-Footed Meteor

Just about this time the partner was riding slowly back to camp and, turning a corner around a huge rock, bear and rider met. The horse turned on a pivot to give the bear full right of way, which proceeding unloaded his rider right in the path of the oncoming torchlight parade. The bear was in too much of a hurry to turn out, but clawed his flaming way over the prostrate body of the gold seeker and passed on down the trail, leaving a bewildered party sitting on the ground trying to figure out whether a meteor had struck him, some fiery chariot from heaven had passed by, or just what had happened to him. Meantime Miller in the devastated cabin was having a lovely old time whipping out the fire that was started in the bedding strewn about on the floor.

One need not go to the Far West to find plenty of bears. The mountains in the Shenandoah Valley region of Virginia seem to be fairly overflowing with them every fall—mostly black and brown bears of the kindliest disposition if left alone.

The state of Pennsylvania has been very active in protecting the bears in that state, restricting hunting to proper seasons and limiting the number one hunter may kill. This protection began in 1905, and at that time bears were decreasing in every part of the state and seemed likely to become almost extinct.

The state game warden began a systematic plan of catching bears in pen traps in districts where they were plentiful and transporting them to other regions where they were turned loose for stocking-up purposes.

Due to this sportsmanlike system, bears have increased all over Pennsylvania. It is estimated by the state game commission that in 1922 more than forty thousand men enjoyed the thrills of a bear hunt in that state, killing altogether more than five hundred bears. Certainly not a bad investment for its citizens, considering it furnished these men amusement, healthful out-of-door sport, and here and there some thrills and excitement, for no well-conducted bear hunt was ever pulled off that didn't have some excitement in it somewhere and somehow. It just naturally belongs there, that's all.

At first they allowed hunters to use steel traps and deadfalls. Frequently hunters failed to visit these and in consequence captured animals starved to death or died of their injuries. Also there were several instances where persons accidentally stepped into steel traps and were severely injured. Many horses and cattle, dogs, and so on, were also injured in this way.

The law now allows the use of rifles only. Shotguns are not to be used in bear hunts. This was because so many bears were wounded and died without being recovered by the hunter.

One of the greatest attractions in the Yellowstone Park is the bears of all kinds, sizes and ages, with a wide range of temperament. They furnish the tourists more real thrills and hair-raising—to them at least—incidents than all the other varied attractions of that wonderland. The girl who hasn't had herself photographed standing on her tiptoes and gingerly handing a piece of candy or meat to a bear likewise on his tiptoes has had her trip through the Yellowstone Park for naught. To see the bears feeding at sunset at the garbage dump near one of the great hotels is the event of the day. Garbage dumps as a rule are not part of one's regular tour. But in the Yellowstone it's the popular resort for everyone.

Send 20c for the famous Peter's assortment package—plain—almond—croquettes

The neighbors said "Wonderful" *Peter said* "Wait"

He had indeed done a wonderful thing—he had found a way to blend milk and chocolate.

But Peter knew that his job was not finished. The big task he had set for himself was to create a *perfect* blend.

And he experimented a long, long time before he got the distinctive, delicious flavor he wanted.

But he did get it—the *Peter's* perfect blend! That is the secret of its astonishing success.

That is why *Peter's Milk Chocolate* is a favorite all over the world today, for its fine, rare flavor—the greatest food confection ever developed.

Inside of the next ten minutes—at any drug-store, candy store, or news-stand—you can test the results of Daniel Peter's efforts for yourself.

Not just milk chocolate!

Made today just as Daniel Peter finally made it in his little Swiss kitchen fifty years ago. The same combination of the world's choicest cocoa beans, roasted to just the right degree of perfection, with sugar and fresh creamy milk.

If you haven't tried *Peter's Milk Chocolate*, you should, for it's different—distinctive—*good*. You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

PETER CAILLER
KOHLER SWISS
CHOCOLATES CO., Inc.
129 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

I enclose 20 cents for the Peter's assortment package.

Name

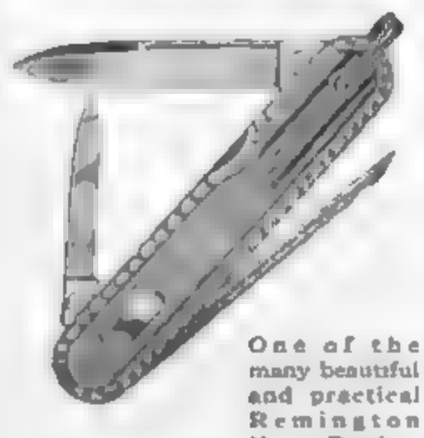
Street

City State

There is a Remington Pocket Knife to meet every taste and every need. Knives for men, for women, for boys, for girls. For sportsmen, farmers, mechanics. For the home, the office, the car, the shop. Gold handles, pearl, stag or Py-rem'-ite—and every combination of blades at a wide range of prices

Remington POCKET KNIVES
The Acceptable Gift for Everybody

REMINGTON UMC



One of the many beautiful and practical Remington Vest Pocket Knives

Remington Scout Knife "Official Knife —Boy Scouts of America."

REMINGTON has established a new *confidence* in knives as Christmas gifts—a confidence that has grown day by day for four years, since Remington started making pocket cutlery.

Any knife may glitter on Christmas morning. But what people realize is that beneath the surface in a Remington Knife is that unseen thing—*quality*—for which the name Remington has always stood.

Whether it's a husky camping knife or an ornamental vest pocket knife, there is a feeling of assurance about a *Remington Knife*—the Remington precision, the Remington steel and the century old Remington way of doing things right.

When you give a Remington Pocket Knife, you are making a gift whose *quality and value* are beyond question—a gift of lasting satisfaction.

Remington Arms Co., Inc., *New York City*
Established 1816

Remington

FIREARMS—AMMUNITION—CUTLERY—CASH REGISTERS

TIME IS MONEY

(Continued from Page 21)

headed for Petroville together the thing might blow. You go to the Corby House, get a room, and call yourself Jimmy Clancy."

All the way into Petroville Wallace was oppressed by a feeling of uneasiness. If Judd by any chance happened to mention to the Corby people this picturesque incident, it would spoil everything. Still, there wasn't much chance of that; Judd would believe that Davin had gone back to Detroit, and consider it just an episode. Besides, Judd hardly ever went to Petroville, and the Petroville oil magnates, if they happened to be in Sarnia, put up at the big hotel, the Huron House. He determined to say nothing about this incident to Hard, for he realized that it had been a foolish play, considering what was at stake.

The scheme progressed quite nicely. Jimmy Clancy had been furnished with money, and also schooled to pick out as a job one difficult of obtaining.

When Ted Corby heard from his housekeeper that the young man in Room 28 had left out a pair of running shoes—by accident, for they had been put away when he went to confirm the information—he knew that the slim, weasel-eyed youngster was a runner who had come into Petroville ostensibly looking for a job, but in reality looking for a race. No doubt he had heard that the oil men were easy when it came to foot-racing.

So Corby had a confab with Jimmy Clancy, and hooked up with him.

"It'll take a month, my boy," he said. "They've got to get used to seeing you about, working at something. I've got to get you a job. What can you do?"

"Nothin' but run."

"Could you lead a horse from a buggy to a stall in the stable?"

"Guess I could."

"That'll do. I'll put you into the hotel stables to help the hostler."

So Clancy soon merged into a Petrovillite; and Wallace smuggled him once or twice at night up a back stairs of Hard's hotel, where they made their plans.

Once Clancy told Hard that Corby and Gillespie had driven him out in the very early morning to the half-mile race track, where he had shown them a trial against the watch. The trial was satisfactory.

Wallace went about his painting job, and Hard made no move.

Then one evening down in the flat where the boys used to run, the stable boy, Jimmy Clancy, peeled off his boots and, running in his socks, beat a fair boy for a two-dollar stake. Then he beat another boy—just beat him, that was all. Then, on the second evening from this, Jimmy was challenged by Tom Gowdy, who was part Indian, and was probably next in line to Jack Wallace as a runner in Petroville. He offered to run Clancy for twenty dollars.

But Jimmy ducked; twenty dollars was too much money, and Gowdy probably too good.

Of course Corby was pulling all these strings—getting his man into the limelight. And as Jimmy was part of the Corby House entourage Corby backed him against Gowdy. There was quite a gathering down in the flat, and Jimmy won.

Hard had bet Corby twenty-five dollars on Gowdy against Jimmy, and when Jimmy had won, Hard strode up to Gowdy seemingly in a towering rage, and said, "You fool Indian, you quit! You're yellow, like every Indian. Who paid you to throw that race?"

"You leave the boy alone, Charlie," Corby exploded, "and you keep your insinuations to yourself. Jimmy beat him on the level; he can outrun anybody in Petroville, that's what I think that boy can do. He'll win the Corby Cup on Dominion Day."

"How much money you got, says he will?" Hard queried.

"Twenty dollars, same's he run for now."

Hard turned on his heel with a sneer. "Twenty bottles of catchup! You can do the crawfish act, Ted Corby, about as quick as I ever see a man when he was called."

"I'll make it fifty if you think I'm takin' water," Corby answered angrily.

"Chicken feed!" Hard sneered. "You go roll marbles with the kids."

Corby, like many a fat man, was full of tabasco, and he flared up; as, of course, Hard intended he should. "I'll roll marbles with you, Charlie Hard, till your bag is empty," he declared.

"That's the stuff, Ted!" somebody standing in the circle of eager listeners exclaimed.

"There's five hundred in my bag says you're runnin' a bluff, Ted Corby," Hard sneered.

"You're on, Charles." And Corby pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, skinned off some notes, and handed them to Ralph Gillespie. "There's a hundred to bind five hundred, Hard. Cover that or cut your bluff."

Hard had in his pocket the wherewithal to take advantage of just such an offer. "That makes good," he said; "we'll let Ralph hold the stakes, and the five hundred has got to be posted tonight."

"Let me get this straight," Gillespie said. "What's the match?"

"I bet five hundred dollars," Corby answered, "that this boy can outrun, for a hundred yards, anyone now living in town, and that he'll win the Corby Cup on the first of July."

"That's the bet," Hard concurred; "five hundred that Corby's boy can't beat everybody in Petroville for the hundred yards of the Corby Cup; that was Corby's bet, and I took him up."

Gillespie looked puzzled. "Well, this is Jimmy Clancy ——"

"All right, Ralph, let it go at that," Corby interrupted; "my money says just what my talk said, that this boy can outrun for a hundred yards anybody now living in Petroville. That blocks Hard's crawl; he had no more idea of betting than you have, just throwing that catch in so he can back down. There ain't nobody but Jack Wallace good enough, and whether he's named or not doesn't make any difference to me."

"Doesn't make any difference to me," Gillespie said; "I'm only the stakeholder; only it doesn't seem like a match, that's all."

"It's all right, Ralph; the less quibbles there are the less chance Charlie's got to crawl. Nobody can start in the Corby Cup unless he's been living in Petroville thirty days, and it's only three weeks now to the first of July, Dominion Day. Hard can't drop in any outsider."

Hard's eyes were deadly and there was a snarling curl to his thin lip. "Ted Corby, you're kind of a good fellow, but your mouth don't seem under control; you're sore at being taken up in your bluff. You just dot that down, Gillespie, that Ted Corby bets me five hundred that his runner wins the Corby Cup. There ain't nobody going to bring in an outsider unless Corby's got one now; I'll take a chance."

As Wallace and Hard walked up out of the flat, Jack asked, "What was the idea, Charlie, 'gainst namin' me in that?"

"Your name isn't Wallace, is it? When you win, and Corby knows that Davin's thrown him, if he happened to know that your name isn't Wallace he wouldn't let Gillespie pay over the stakes, claimin' you was a ringer."

"I see."

"And he made his challenge just in that way because he didn't want to name Jimmy Clancy, knowin' that wasn't his name, see? He thought that if I found out, when his boy won, that his name is Davin, I'd object."

"It's a saw-off," Wallace commented.

"Yes, only Corby thinks he's got all the best of it. I guess he doesn't know your name isn't Wallace; thinks I was playin' into his hand, not tumblin' to his game."

The news of this big bet soon became the absorbing topic, the medium of bets from two dollars to a hundred. Of course it was understood that the race would be between Jimmy Clancy and Jack Wallace. The general opinion was that Corby had been bluffed into a bad match. Several times had ambitious young foot racers gone up in reputation until they had tackled Wallace, then he had beaten them, one and all.

Of course there was always money forthcoming to meet these sanguine Wallace men, for the Corby House clique had had the word passed to get down on Clancy, that he had shown a trial good enough to beat Wallace. Not one of them knew that Clancy was a ringer, for Corby kept that to himself.

The race vied with the varying price of crude oil as a holder of public interest. Any little group of men standing at a corner of an evening would suddenly hush the rather vociferous chatter, a roll of bills would flash, and another bet had been made.

On the fourth day from the making of the wager, the prospective race, the price of crude oil were wiped from the blackboard of events by a something, a terrible something—calamity.

It was the noon hour, the sun was beating down blithely on the unpaved main street, men and women were loitering or hurrying along the board sidewalk, chatting, calling briskly to one another, popping in and out of stores, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, without even a blast from Gabriel's trumpet, the world blew up.

There was a shatterment of the stillness that rent the skies; buildings rocked on their wooden foundations; windows shattered, and fragments of glass burst to the streets like crystal hail; men were thrown to the sidewalk; horses reeled groggily on their feet and collapsed; eardrums seemed split by the terrible crash of the shattered atmosphere.

Then Petroville was hushed in a silence as if it were one vast graveyard, a suffocating stillness. Men, pulling themselves out of their shatterment, struggled to their feet, and when given understanding and utterance, gasped, "The glycerin! The works have gone up at last!"

Then they commenced to run to the eastward as men run at the mad cry of fire; to the east end of the town where the nitroglycerin for shooting the wells was stored in the edge of a beech wood. As they ran they muttered, "It was sure to come some day."

Wallace, painting the porch of a house, felt his ladder rock, and slip, and slide, and then hurtle sidewise to the grassed lawn. He picked himself up, and subconsciously took stock of his asset in trade, his legs. Seemingly they were intact; the thick grass sward of the lawn had been kind.

Then he, too, ran to the east; down the sloping hill, and over the smooth plank roadway that crossed the flat, picking up and passing others who ran; he was hurrying, hurrying—in his heart a fear that the well shooter, Dick Bradley, his friend, might be now nothing but fragments scattered to the winds.

As he ran Wallace became aware of feet beating at the planks behind him, not footfalls that were dying away like those of the men he had passed, but growing into a louder rhythm; somebody was overhauling him. A quick thought flashed through his mind that it was Jimmy Clancy taking a free trial; yes, it must be, for the runner was drawing closer. Jack let out a link; if Clancy were trying him out, he also would feel out Clancy.

But the man behind had spurted too. Clip, clip, clip!. It was the staccato beat of a man who ran on his toes; it must be Clancy, a trained racer.

Wallace pushed himself to top speed; but in ten yards an outcocked elbow brushed his own; and beside him was the pushing hustle of the man who ran. Clancy would pass him in another ten yards, and Jack didn't want this.

He half swung, still in his stride, crying, "Hello, Jimmy!" Then he gasped, and checked to a trot. The runner who had flashed by him was three inches taller than Jimmy Clancy.

And as the runner, checking too, turned, Wallace saw it was Duke John—Marmaduke John Elphinstone, the young Englishman, who was a joke to the townies.

"Hey, Duke, turn this way!" Wallace called; and as they turned to the right along a clayed road at a brisk walk he limped.

"Lame?" Marmaduke queried.

"That shock throwed my ladder down, and I sprained an ankle," Wallace answered. His ankle was quite all right—the limp and explanation were just in the way of saving his face.

"Rather a monumental eruption, I should say," Marmaduke offered as they hurried along.

"Sure. About two tons of soup gone up."

"My word -soup?"

"Glycerin."

Hurrying, in two minutes they were at the scene of the disaster. Pushing through the crowd that had already gathered they looked down into a crater where the storehouse had stood. The trees standing on the edge of the beech wood grove were shattered and twisted as though a field battery of

(Continued on Page 165)

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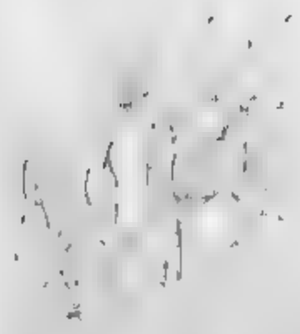

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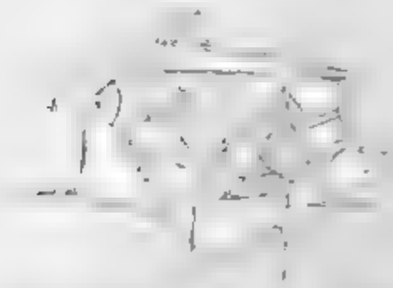

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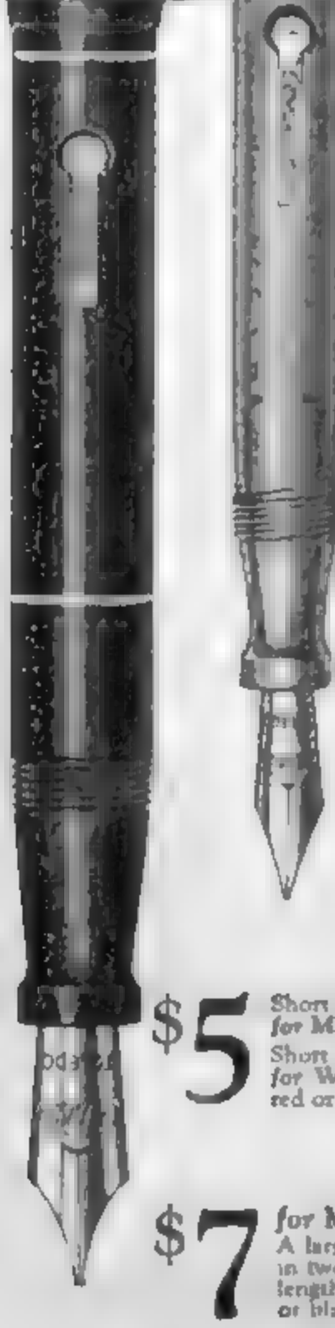

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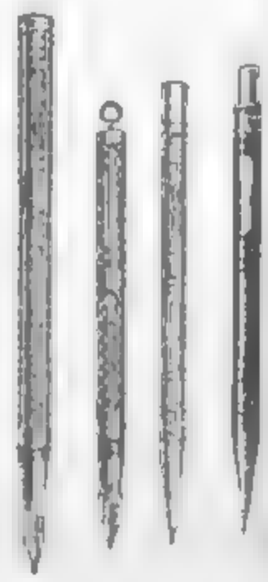

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eighteen-pounders had swept them. And, curiously, the bole of one beech stood erect like a post, its top blown away as a wind strips an umbrella; and in the cleft of the tree stuck an ax; and against the silvered bark of the beech were plastered strips of flesh, and a great splash of red had painted the silver gray of the bark. That was all that was left of the man who had been chopping down the tree.

And it was the chopper who had brought on the catastrophe; a chip flying from his eager ax had struck a pile of empty glycerin tins, but in the tin it had struck there had been a little residuum of the glycerin. It had acted like a percussion cap, the shock bringing the greater shock.

Fluttering in the wind on this stub of a tree was a fragment of a red flannel shirt that had been worn by a worker in the storehouse; and a man came staggering, like one who was drunken in terror, carrying a leg, the foot in a rubber boot.

Wallace learned that Bradley had escaped destruction through being away, and presently he said to Marmaduke, "This makes me sick; I'm goin' back."

"I'll toddle along with you," Marmaduke declared.

As they trudged along Wallace appraised the physical structure of the Englishman. Now that he noticed it there was a greyhound length of limb and neck, and the man carried himself on his pads, as it were, the heels scarce seeming to bear his weight. Most certainly Duke John, the goat of the ribald ones, was a surprise; this hitherto unknown speed was confusing. Why hadn't Duke John mixed with the runners? A quick thought flashed through Wallace's mind that he was a ringer all on his own, that it was the old game, that all the seeming innocence, greenhorn stuff, had been assumed. But then if he were a ringer under cover he would not have shown what he had in running Wallace to a standstill. And in the youth's face, too, there was no craftiness—it was as clean as the face of a girl.

"Where'd you pick up runnin', Duke?" Wallace queried casually.

"At school largely."

"You can run, kid."

"I was rather good at it; I won the hundred yards for the Light Blue at home."

The Light Blue conveyed nothing to Wallace's mind; but Marmaduke's speed was a thing he could understand. "I've got a race on in a couple of weeks," he said, "and you'd do me a heap of good in trainin'. I'll give you a dollar a day from now on if you'll work out with me. We'll slip away where there ain't nobody lookin'. How does that suit you, Duke?"

"Jolly well, thank you."

That evening Wallace found Hard in his little room that was half office, half sanctum sanctorum, a place of confab.

"That was hell today, Charlie," he greeted. "I run till I near bust my gizzard, thinkin' Dick Bradley had sure got blowed up."

"Dick was up at Marthaville; but he'll get it some day—they all do. The time Dick got the fingers clipped from his left hand ought to warn him what glycerin is."

"It won't warn Dick; he ain't no quitter, Charlie."

"I bet another five hundred, Jack," Hard announced, his placid blue eyes on Wallace's face.

"Ted Corby?"

"P'raps. Corby came down here half an hour ago with Gillespie, and laid me another five hundred that Jimmy Clancy would win the cup."

"Guess Ted's afraid some of the other boys'll get your money, Charlie; he's greedy, that cuss." Then Wallace laughed.

"I've got an idea that it's Tom Judd's money; Tom's in town today."

"Tom Judd!" And Wallace, startled, all but sprang from his chair.

"Say, Jack, what's the matter with you? That blow-up get your nerve?"

"Nothin'; nothin'. What does Tom Judd want? What's he come for?"

"Come to see the explosion; heard about it in Sarnia, and drove in that pair of trotters of his."

"Where's the trotters?"

"What's the matter with you, Jack? His trotters're in Corby's stable, of course. Tom and Corby're old runnin' mates, and Ted's told him that he's got a good thing on, and Tom's got him to come down here and bet me five hundred. I'll just about go up to the Corby House and bet Judd another five hundred."

"Don't do it, Charlie. Don't go near Tom Judd."

"Jack, how's your legs?"

"They're all right—why?"

"Well, you look after your legs, and I'll tend to the bettin' end of it; I don't need advice."

Wallace sat in sullen silence for a little, and presently Hard asked, "What is the matter with you? Is Tom Judd gunnin' for you or somethin'?"

Wallace thought for a minute, and made up his mind he had better tell what had happened in Sarnia. "It's this way, Charlie: If Judd put his horses in the Corby stable, he'd see Clancy, wouldn't he?"

"Likely; but Tom doesn't know him though."

Then Wallace confessed the Sarnia incident.

Hard had a bad temper, and a worse vocabulary; embellished with strangulation oaths, he conveyed his opinion of Wallace's intelligence, and of his fealty.

"I can kiss my thousand iron men good-by," he said. "Of course Judd'll put Corby hep; they'll get Clancy in a room and give him the third degree; they'll make him come through with everything."

"Let 'em!" Wallace snapped. "If they declare the match off we should worry what they say. It's only what they'd put over on you."

"Corby's no fool; he won't declare it off. They'll just make Clancy promise to run the race out and win."

"He won't do it."

"Yes, he will. Corby'll tell him that if he throws the race he'll give the thing away, and these roughnecks that've lost on him'll mob him. Besides, they'll outbid us; we were splittin' profits three ways—a quarter to Davin, a quarter to you, and a half to me because I was puttin' up all the money. Corby'll promise Davin a half to run it out. That'll get him—foot runners're all alike—out for the stuff. Clancy has won the race now, and Corby's got my thousand in his pocket, thanks to your stupidity."

"P'raps Tom Judd didn't see Clancy," Wallace suggested.

"Didn't see him—and they come on the run to bet me another five hundred? I'm through; this lets you out with me, Jack. Never again! You go get another backer."

Wallace rose, pushed back his chair irritably and said in a sullen tone, "You're ridin' me pretty strong, Hard, same's if I'd tried to throw you down. You just sit tight; I think I'll beat Corby."

"You think! You were thinkin' in Sarnia. I don't want none of your thinkin'—that's my job."

"Let it ride, Charlie. I'll say I done wrong. But if you don't mind I'll give you just one bit of advice."

"I don't need advice; what I need now is a bit of speed, and you ain't got it."

Wallace's face flushed with anger, but he held his voice in a deadly even tone as he answered: "I'm goin' to give you a tip if I have to hold you in that chair to take it. I'm fed up. It's this: Don't cry over that thousand till you've lost it."

"I ain't cryin', and it's lost now."

"You ain't quittin' cold without a run for your money, are you? If you are, what'll you take for your bet? I'll buy it."

"'Tain't for sale; I wouldn't sell no friend of mine a dead horse claimin' he was alive; and I ain't quittin' cold. You go up there on the first and give the boys that's bet on you a run for their money. That puts it up to you and your legs, Jack; if we was to quit now they'd blame me."

"Meanin'?"

"Yes, you tend to your paintin', and I'll run this hotel; I'll see you out there on the course on the first, and wish you luck."

"P'raps you'll be congratulatin' me."

"You've got a chance, a million-to-one chance; if a dog was to run across the track and trip Jimmy you'd win—you've got that kind of a chance."

"We'll say that, as things stand, Charlie, the money is where the swallows builds—up the spout."

"I'll say it is."

"That bein' so," Wallace said, "you do just one thing for me—you hook up your horse to the buggy tomorrow mornin', and get out to the race course 'bout daylight ——"

"About daylight?" Hard's placid eyes carried a twinkle. "I ain't been up at daylight since this hotel caught fire five years ago," he objected.

"You get there at daylight, like I say," Wallace resumed, "and bring Duke John with you."

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"Bring your split-second watch, too, Charlie."

"If you're goin' to show me a trial against time I'll take the kitchen clock and a pickle fork to stop the hands; that'll be close enough."

"I'll be at the track," Wallace continued as if Hard had not spoken, "and I'm goin' to show you that the money ain't lost."

Hard threw himself back in his chair and gazed at Wallace, his blue eyes holding a vacant stare of unbelief. Then he became aware of a turmoil coming across the hall from the billiard room beyond.

"What the devil are those bums up to, Jack?" he queried irritably.

"When I come in Jim Sharp was runnin' the rig on Duke John. You see, Charlie, when Duke John come here two weeks ago lookin' for a job he give out his name as Marmaduke John Elphinstone—that was enough to start the game, and the boys nicknamed him Duke John. Jim Sharp plays one of his fool tricks on Duke John. He sees Dave Pratt drivin' off to Marthaville in the mornin', and he gets the loan of Duke John. He tells him his name is Dave Pratt, shows him Pratt's house, and hires him to clean out the cellar; tells him to take everythin' out—Mrs. Pratt's fruit, and everythin'—and put it in the back yard, as he's goin' to get the cellar whitewashed; that he's to pay no attention to the missus, as it's got to be done."

"Holy Mike! That red-headed spitfire! What happened Duke John?"

"He done the job all right, but I guess he had a rough-house time with Pratt's missus. And when he went to collect his pay at night at Pratt's office—'cause Jim had showed him the office, too—guess him and Pratt had a mix-up."

"That bully, Jim Sharp, thinks because he drills for that Corby House gang that he's got a right to do as he likes. I'm goin' in there to kick him out. That wasn't funny."

Hard slid across the hall on his inadequate feet, assisted by a cane, and as he pushed open the billiard-room door he saw Sharp performing what was called the grand-buffalo act with Duke John. With one hand on the back of the young man's coat collar and the other grasping the seat of his trousers, he was teetering Duke John up and down on his toes, pushing him around the billiard table. The roomful of young men was screaming with laughter.

Wallace started to push by Hard, but the latter barred his progress with an arm, saying, "Wait, Jack."

Duke John, with a sudden twist, had wrenched himself free, thrust out his left arm with closed fist, thrown his right across his chest in guard, and was resting on the balls of his feet, the right drawn back.

Hard knew that pose, for he had handled boxers—had himself boxed before the locomotor ataxia. He knew from that pose that Duke John knew the game, and he felt that something was about to happen.

Jim Sharp saw the doubled-up fist, and he snarled, "That's the game, eh—you damn cockney!"

He clenched his hands till his fists were like knobs of oak; he made three or four threatening swirls in the air with his fists, and, with guard wide open, rushed

Duke John's extended left spatted fair against his nose, and as his head went back from the impact, the youth's right came across with a short-arm jab to land on the southeast corner of Jim's jaw.

"Beautiful!" Hard yelled, as Sharp crumpled head first on the floor.

A hush stilled the clamor of the room, a hush of amazement, broken by the clattering push of the opening front door, and the voice of a tall, gaunt man who entered, saying, "Hey, you fellows! What's up here?"

The speaker was the chief of police, Dan Jenkins.

"'Tain't nothin', chief," Hard explained. "The Duke here is kind of scienced, and he was showin' Jim Sharp a few passes."

"I guess he showed him, right enough," the chief said dryly as Sharp staggered to his feet, his face smeared with blood. "Jim," the chief continued, "you're at it again. As a fightin' man you're a pretty fair well-driller. You'd best clear off home and split some firewood for the kitchen stove. Next time I ketch you in a scrap I'm goin' to put you in the cooler."

Hard turned to Marmaduke, saying, "You did well, kid. I'm glad you pasted that swine. Just come into my office, 'cause Jack Wallace has got something he wants done."

When they were seated Hard said, "If the boy can run as well as he can fight I don't mind playin' the fool, and gettin' up to the course at daylight."

Then Wallace explained to Marmaduke about the trial he wanted pulled off in the morning.

"I'd rather like it," Marmaduke declared.

"Have you got a job yet, Duke John?" Hard queried.

"My name is really Elphinstone—Marmaduke John Elphinstone, Mr. Hard."

"Well, let that ride—I'm rather busy. I was goin' to say that I'd give you a job runnin' that billiard room—two dollars a day, and found. I guess you're just the man I want. After what the boys see there you won't have any trouble cuttin' out their rough stuff."

"Thank you, Mr. Hard; I'll be very glad of a position," Marmaduke answered gratefully.

The sun was just topping the forest of oil derricks next morning as Hard and Duke John drove on the race course and were met by Wallace.

"We'll go to it," Wallace said, "before anybody comes snoopin' about. We'll strip to underclothes, and you hold the watch on us here at the stand, Charlie. That red post down the course is the hundred yards, and this is the hundred the Corby Cup will be run over."

The two runners trotted down to the start, and Hard, his legs astride of the finish line Wallace had scratched across the track, held a thumb on the starter of his stop watch.

Now the two runners dropped to their hands; then at the word "Go!" from Wallace, they shot upward and outward. At the first lift Hard had pressed with his thumb, and in the little gold case was the sound of click-click-click-click! as the slim black hand of the watch ticked off the seconds.

For ten yards Hard could see the two runners abreast; twenty, thirty, forty, fifty yards they were still knee to knee; but he could see that Duke John's head was turned sideways as though he watched his opponent.

Once Hard muttered, "By gad, that boy can move!"

At sixty yards Duke John was in front; at seventy he just held there a yard in front; at eighty —— And then something in the way of invisible force pushed the English lad on, and his spiked shoes scarce seemed to rest on the smooth track for purchase.

The two runners swept over the marked line, Duke John six yards in front of Wallace.

Hard looked at his watch. It registered ten and two-fifths seconds. He rubbed his eyes and looked again; yes, that was right; and Hard was an accurate timer. And as the two came back Hard could see that Duke John was not distressed.

"I don't know about this time, Jack," Hard said. "It looks too good; ten and two-fifths"

"That's about right, Charlie; I was back six yards, that's three-fifths, which would make my time eleven. Runnin' for blood, I can just shade ten and three-fifths. That time's right."

"I should say it was approximate," Marmaduke said complacently; "I'm not just top hole now—out of practice. I've done it in ten flat more than once when I was fit."

"That's about all, Charlie," Wallace said. "I'll stack my duds and slip back to town while the slippin's quiet."

"Ain't you goin' to ride?"

"No. If anybody seen us three together they'd be blabbin' all over town, and wonderin' what was up. Guess you know just as well as me what you've got to do now. Guess that thousand ain't a dead loss yet."

Hard held out his hand, saying, "Jack, I take all that rough stuff back. You keep on thinkin'."

As they jogged back to town Hard explained matters to Marmaduke—his bet of a thousand dollars now against Clancy winning the Corby Cup. Fortunately the entries for the Corby Cup would close only about an hour before the race; all the different sporting events of Dominion Day were regulated that way. The Corby Cup alone was guarded by the fact that only contestants who had lived in Petroville for

(Continued on Page 169)

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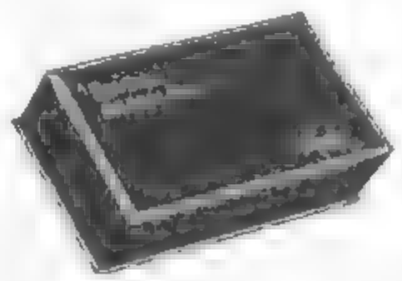

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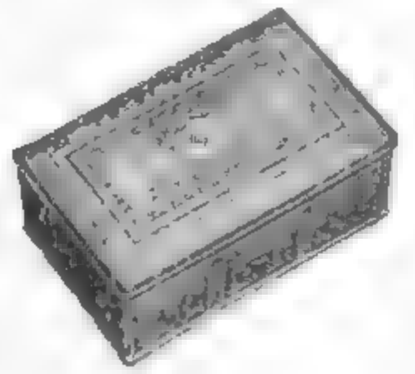
America's finest Dollar Box. $1.00 per lb.

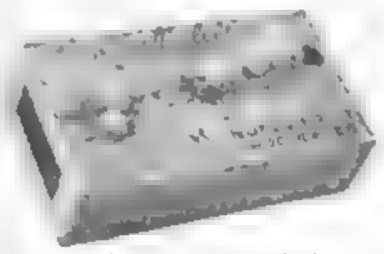


THE GOLDEN PARISIAN GIFT PACKAGE

Assortment of the finest chocolates in colored metal box. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes. $1.75 per lb.

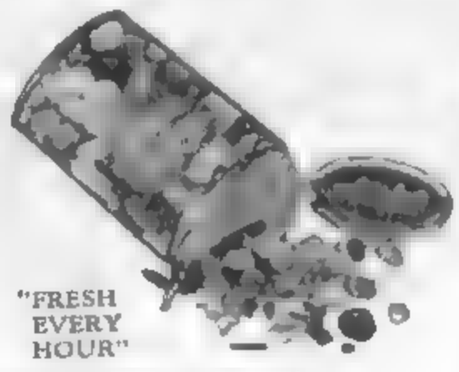
ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

All cream centers, assorted flavors. In ½ and 1 lb. sizes. $1.00 per lb.



NUTS AND FRUIT CHOCOLATE COVERED

1 lb. box—$1.50

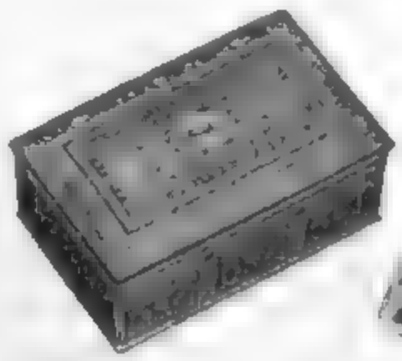


"FRESH EVERY HOUR"

Assorted hard candies in ½, 1 and 2 lb. sealed tins—
80c per lb.

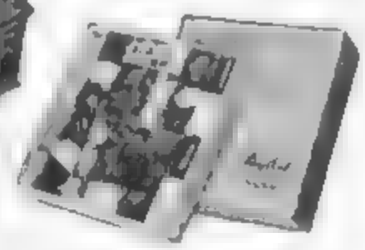
CHOCOLATE COVERED PEPPERMINTS

½ lb. box—50c



THE PERSIAN PACKAGE

Packed in this smart metal box you will find a delicious assortment of the finest chocolates and imported glacé fruits. A versatile assortment you will enjoy. In 1, 2 and 5 lb. sizes. $1.75 per lb.

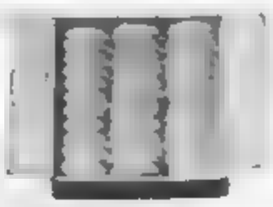


THE TIDBIT PACKAGE

contains many Huyler's favorites—honey nougat, burnt almonds, cream pepps, assorted caramels, spiced strings, Jordan almonds, and assorted chocolates. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes, $1.25 per lb.

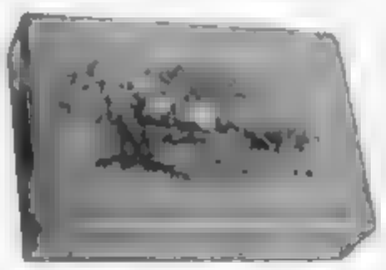
PINK WRAPPER SWEET CHOCOLATE

Equally good for eating, drinking or cooking. 10c, 15c and 40c cakes



CREAM PEPPERMINTS

½ lb. box—40c



ASSORTED NUT CHOCOLATES

Whole nut meats—walnut, pecan, Brazil, filbert—chocolate covered. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes—$1.75 per lb.

(Continued from Page 166)

thirty days could enter; this barred professionals who might drop in for the day's sport. Marmaduke could train on the quiet with Wallace, and he, Hard, would enter him at the last minute.

Unfortunately Hard let slip that Clancy was a professional foot racer. At once Marmaduke objected to running; he was an amateur; to run against a professional for money would bar him for all time.

Hard couldn't at all get this point of view. What was the good of running for a cup or a medal or something of no value? Here was a chance to make some money, some real money. That's what they were all after in Petroville, the dough.

"I've got a little rime," he declared:

"Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes.

"See, Duke John," he continued, "a dollar is a man's best friend; a man that's broke hasn't got any friends. I think you can beat Clancy. 'Tisn't a sure thing, such as we had cooked up, but when I've got an even break for my money I'll bet 'em to a standstill. Bein' an amateur in England might be all right, but it ain't any good here, and you're goin' to stay here, ain't you?"

"I was going to, but—but ——" There was a catch in Marmaduke's voice.

Hard looked at him curiously. "What's wrong, Duke John? Sick of it? Quittin'?"

"I received a letter last night"—Marmaduke's voice was faltering—"from my sister. My mother is failing fast. She got influenza, and—my sister wants me to come home, because mother wants to see me. They think I've got money, because I didn't tell them I couldn't get work. I thought it would worry them."

"You're fond of your mother, Duke John?"

"Rather! You ought to see her."

"I've seen her."

"Where?" And Marmaduke's eyes opened wide.

"Upstairs, in my hotel."

"Your own mother, Mr. Hard?"

Charlie clicked to the horse, and nodded. "And you haven't got the money to go back, boy?" he queried.

"Not till I've earned enough. I could go steerage; it won't take much."

"Good boy! You're goin' to see that mother of yours." He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and said, "Here, Duke John, are ten ten-dollar bills."

"I couldn't borrow it from you, Mr. Hard."

"You're not borrowin' it. You bet that hundred, ten dollars at a time, against Clancy winnin' the Corby Cup. You'll get lots of chances to bet it in the billiard room."

"Clancy might win, Mr. Hard; if I lost it I couldn't pay you back."

"You ain't goin' to pay it back. If Clancy wins I'll give you another hundred to get home on. I'm handin' it to your mother; you don't need to thank me."

"And Clancy can beat Wallace, can he, Mr. Hard?"

"The surest thing you ever knew."

Marmaduke sat silent for a little; then he said, "Mr. Hard, I'll run in the cup race for you."

"Good stuff—you'll win. And you're in a quarter on my winnin's. You'll go home with bells on."

Then came another pointer that the good thing had gone wrong surely. Hard had written Splann, advising him to come on to Petroville, as there was a great chance to clean up; but the Mixer had not arrived; had not even answered the letter. Hard felt sure that Davin, alias Clancy, had advised Splann that he was forced to string with Corby, and so Splann was ducking.

A mysterious rumor was floating about town that the race had taken on a sinister aspect; it was whispered that Hard had stopped betting on Wallace, and that Jimmy Clancy was a ringer. This only lent additional interest. Men who had been eager to bet on Wallace, thinking that Corby had been trapped into a foolish match by Hard's scathing tongue, switched, and were seeking to cover on Clancy. They said, "We might have known that Corby is no fool to bet five hundred on a boy that had shown nothing but beating Tom Gowdy."

And it was whispered that Wallace and Hard had quarreled; that Wallace had ceased training; he was not seen out on the running path. They didn't know that every evening Wallace and Duke John drove out to a quiet spot for practice.

The town was at fever heat; it was not only a foot race but a play of wit against wit. It had leaked out also that Hard had got hold of Clancy one night and threatened to put a bullet through him if he ran out on him—won the race. Nobody laughed at this; Hard would do it; roused, he was an ugly devil.

Marmaduke's hundred dollars had been eagerly snapped up in small bets. But Marmaduke had developed a surprising avariciousness, for he hung back until they laid him two to one on Clancy. That he should bet at all was puzzling; the general solution was that Hard would rather see the boy lose money than admit to anyone that he knew all about Clancy.

Hard was like that, a cold-blooded fish that would sacrifice his best friend to save his face.

Never had there been such intense interest in a foot race in the oil town; it dwarfed all the other games that would be on the Dominion Day program.

On the morning of July first the stores opened for three hours, for toilers are men of full appetite and must be fed; but at ten o'clock the old wooden shutters were put up, and grocer and butcher hurried home to spruce up. The brass band had been for two hours in the big wooden Oil Exchange Hall blaring on brass and beating the sheepskin heads of drums.

Jimmy Clancy had resigned from his profession of hostler, and was in his room in the Corby House. Men said that Corby had turned the key on him—that was the whisper. Corby would do it, for he was a foxy old guy.

At one o'clock the band formed a circle in front of the Corby House. The bandmaster, who had, of course, closed his barber shop, strutted into the center of the circle, his face appalling in its severity, raised his baton aloft, and as it swayed downward the band broke loose, quite loose, in the stirring Maple Leaf. This finished, the band whirled in a march toward the race course, followed by a cavalcade of buggies and men afoot. Petroville became as dead as Nineveh—almost; a stray dog came out on the sidewalk and howled in utter loneliness. And in the bar of the Corby House the barkeep wiped down an oak bar that was as dry as a tombstone, and cursed old Ted for marooning him in a dead place.

Out on the course an immense crowd had gathered; the three thousand citizens of Petroville were there—eager, trembling with suppressed intensity. Men moved restlessly about, solemn-faced; no ordinary sporting event this to thrust men back into their boyhood days, to loosen their tongues, to spread smiles over their sun-tanned, toil-leaned faces. There was something dramatically compelling in the thing, much as if it were to be a ring battle between champions, for all thoughts were on the Corby Cup contest.

The other sporting events—tossing the caber, the shot put, the pole vaulting, the hop, step and jump, the broad jump—were reeled off in an atmosphere of laughter, good fellowship, the camaraderie of brotherhood. There was no financial gamble big enough to obscure these contests.

The town clerk, Fraser, sat at a little table beside the judge's stand, taking entries for each event as it came next on the program.

On the table rested the Corby Cup—a gold vase, atop of it poised the winged god. The cup was donated each year by Ted Corby; it was the blue ribbon of all sports in Petroville, the most coveted trophy, and the great medium for a betting plunge. The race was always run at three o'clock.

Presently the town clerk stood up and called out, "I'll now take entries for the Corby Cup. Come on, gentlemen."

Up in the stand the band blared out See the Conquering Hero Comes. A Marathon, indeed!

The crowd closed in; and through the serried ranks Corby pushed his way, slipped a five-dollar bill to the clerk, and said, "That's for Jimmy Clancy—he starts."

As he turned away Jack Wallace put down two entrance fees, ten dollars. "John Wallace; Marmaduke John Elphinstone," he announced.

A murmur issued from the crowd as the words carried to their ears.

The clerk lifted his eyes and gazed at Wallace in surprise. "Duke John?" he queried; then he chuckled as he wrote the names.

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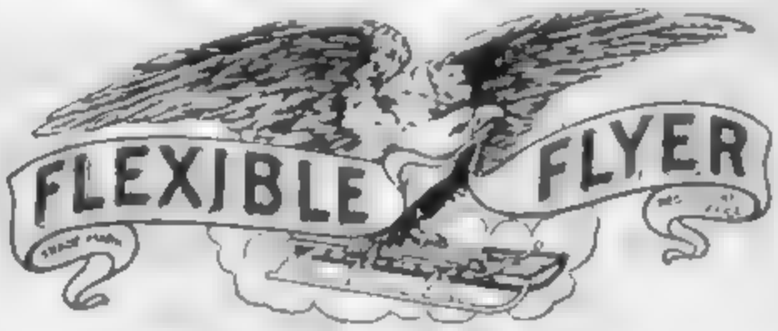

The only sled nationally known and asked for by name

From man to man passed the word, "Hard's entered Duke John! There's some hellery on; that boob can't run!"

There was a sudden eruption in the crowd, a spreading out, an opening of a lane of traffic, as a phaeton, drawn by a pair of bays, crawled through the surging mass, to pull up ten yards beyond the stand. In the low-bodied vehicle sat Clancy, a sweater over his shoulders and a rug across his bare shanks.

On the box the driver sat, his long whip in his hand. Instinctively men knew what this meant. The whisper of Hard's threat to shoot Clancy if he ran the race out came back through their memories. The phaeton was Corby's.

One man voiced the thing: "Ted's no fool! He ain't takin' no chances. Jimmy's goin' to run the race out, jump into that buggy, and they'll scoot away at a gallop. They ought to lock Hard up, that's what they ought to do."

"Where's Tom Gowdy?" somebody queried. "Why ain't he runnin'? Hey, you, Gowdy," he added, catching sight of the half-breed, "why ain't you in this? You've been boastin' you could beat Wallace."

"I ain't goin' to run," the half-breed answered stolidly. He didn't add that Hard had given him twenty-five dollars not to start.

Now Corby was in the little cleared place in front of the clerk's table expostulating. He had a hand on the lapel of the judge's coat.

"This is a put-up job," he snarled. "Hard's putting Duke John in there to foul Clancy—knock him out of it, so Wallace can win; he's made threats."

"I don't know anything about that," the judge answered slowly. "If you've got any proof of that we'll bar Duke John."

"Proof! Duke John isn't a foot runner. What's he doing in the Cup? Hard has planned all this way back; he brought that fellow in here; he's a pug, a tough. Hard brought him in here to lick Jim Sharp, and he did it. Isn't he working for Hard?"

"Well," the judge said, "I can't bar Duke John from running just on your say-so, Corby; 'tisn't fair. Any citizen is eligible to enter."

"And I've got to stand for being buncoed out of a thousand dollars, and Petroville has got to stand for a crooked race for the cup?"

"I guess we can fix it, Corby," the judge declared. "Somebody bring Charlie Hard and Jack Wallace and Duke John here a minute. Tell the chief I want him too."

When the four men stood in the little ring that had been formed by pushing back the crowd, the judge said: "The Corby Cup is a foot race, not a job; we won't stand for anything crooked. Mr. Hard, you've got two men running for you, I understand, and Duke John is not supposed to be a runner. I don't know anything about that, but if either of your runners fouls Jimmy Clancy so the other one can win, I'm going to disqualify them both, and give the race to Clancy. That's what they do in horse-racing, and that goes here. Chief"—he turned to Dan Jenkins—"if you consider there's a deliberate foul in this race I want you to arrest Hard and his two men. I'm magistrate in this town, and I'll have them tried for conspiracy to swindle, as sure as God made little apples."

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Charlie," a voice cried. And another yelled, "Leave 'em to the boys, judge, if they pull this dirt stuff." Somebody cried, "Shame! Give Charlie a chance."

"What do you say, Mr. Hard?" the judge asked. "What I said's fair, isn't it?"

Hard, carried by his cane and his wabbly knees, shuffled to the center of the ring, and there was a snarl on his thin, bloodless lips.

"Ted Corby," he sneered, "you're a poor sport, a mighty poor sport! You're runnin' a ringer, and still you're shiverin'. And there's a gang of pikers at your back; you've raised a howl about nothin'. I can tell you"—he shifted groggily till he faced the circle of scowling men—"and these gentlemen that Wallace doesn't start. Duke John is goin' to run, and he's goin' to beat Jimmy Clancy on the level. I've got five hundred dollars more to bet that Duke John beats Jimmy Clancy. I've asked Jack Wallace to withdraw for fear that when Duke John had won, you, Corby, and your gang would claim that Wallace had fouled Clancy."

The crowd had stood aghast at Hard's announcement, startled to silence; now voices buzzed again.

"Take him up, Ted. Don't crawl!" someone cried.

But Corby, a sudden suspicion in his mind that Hard, superman gambler, had double-crossed him, had planted Clancy on him and had a better man, also a ringer, in Duke John, shook his head sullenly.

"All I want's a fair race," he declared. "I've bet enough."

The starter pushed his way to the ring, saying, "Time is about up; you fellows have got three minutes to get over the starting line."

"Clear the course!" the chief of police commanded; and the mob lined up either side of the race course.

Clancy slipped from the phaeton, threw his sweater into it, and ran down the track. He was like a deer in his slim, sinewy strength.

Wallace whisked the linen duster from Marmaduke's shoulders, saying, "Go to it, boy; you've got 'em buffaloed right now."

There was a murmur of admiring oh's as the English lad trotted to the start. His limbs looked so clean and strong; his stride was long, and his legs swung from his hips with more rhythmic movement than the choppy stride of Clancy.

The two athletes crossed over the white-washed line; the starter went back ten paces, and called, "Ready for the word!"

And as the two men dropped, looking like greyhounds held in leash, their finger tips to earth, he held aloft his pistol; then came the bark of its black mouth.

Like arrows fleeting from a bow the two runners shot outward and upward with an unhesitating precision that told that the Duke was as well trained an athlete as little Jimmy was. And how smoothly the English boy ran; his stride, longer than the rapid-fire beat of Jimmy's legs, seemed to carry him as if with a terrific glide, smooth. And his face, thrown up, clear of the long well-rounded throat, was almost placid, and as if as yet there were no nerve-knotting strain.

But yet, coursing like a whippet, at forty yards the little man Jimmy was shoulder in front.

"What a race!" someone cried—yelled it. "Jimmy's got it! Come on, you Jimmy!" another screamed.

Other voices bellowed, "Come on, Jimmy!" or "Come on, old England!"

Each second, ten yards were eaten up by the flying feet; while a man could say "One-two-three-four-five," they were at the fifty yards; "six," they were at the sixty; just each second and they were ten yards nearer the goal.

Hard, standing close, leaning against Wallace in his intensity, gasped, "Clancy's too fast; he's got him!" For still the running trunks of the little man whipped in the wind in front, just a foot.

"The hell he has! Wait, Charlie. He's holdin' him at the seventy. The Duke'll win! I've run with that boy. I know," Wallace snarled.

Eighty yards, and they were abreast. Pandemonium had broken loose. Men yelled and pranced and clutched at one another.

Some tried to yell, and found their throats closed, dried to voicelessness.

Ninety yards, and still the outcocked elbows of the runners seesawed slightly back and forth, back and forth, a gleam of white flesh that was Duke John in front, then the brown, hairy arms of Clancy caught the eye looking straight across. And then each fifth of the last second, each yard of the last ten saw that gliding longer stride of Duke John, floating inch by inch past the little man whose face looked like a mask of horror or tortured death.

And the tape lay across the chest that was covered by the light blue shirt, the breast of Marmaduke.

"A foot!" the judge called it; the Duke had won by a foot.

"Ten seconds flat! Run in even time!" the timer announced.

Three yards beyond, Jimmy shot to the soft sand in a crumpled heap.

No need now of the waiting phaeton; nothing of vital force left in the little man to have lifted him to its holding if need had been.

Hard grasped Wallace's hand; there was strain in his eyes. "I'm sorry, Jack, for what I said."

"It was comin' to me, Charlie. Let's get Duke away from them new friends that's kissin' him, and drive back to town."

As they turned, Corby held out a hand, saying, "Charlie, boy, it was run on the level, after all. I ain't got any kick."

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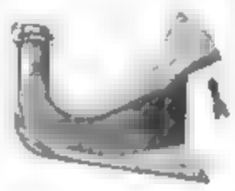

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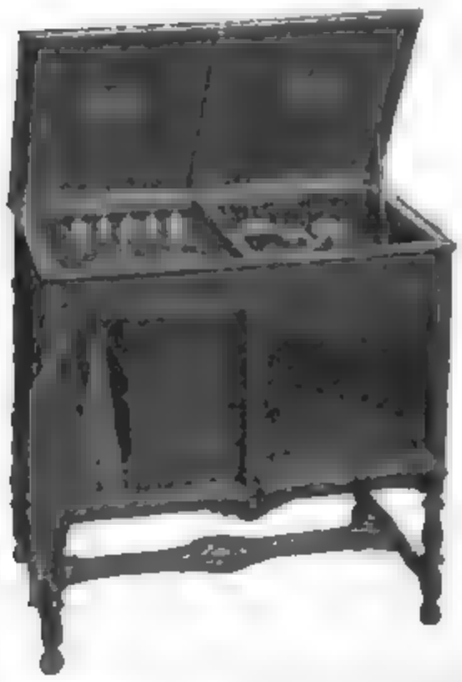

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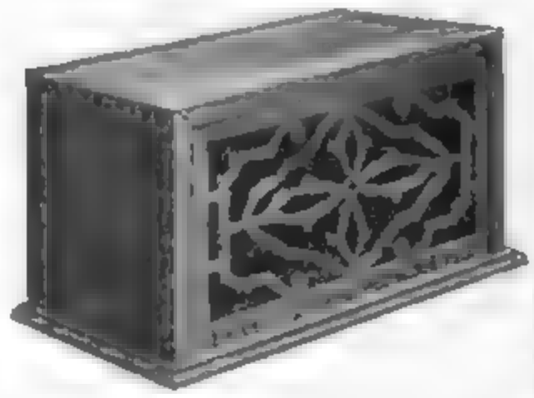

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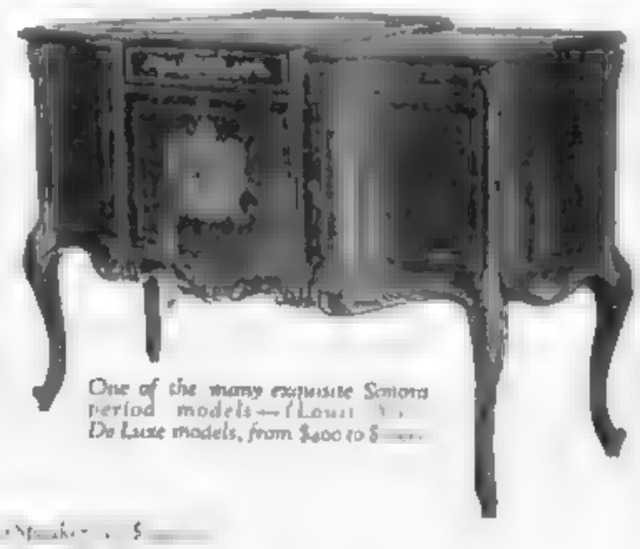

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TEETER-SNIPE BRAINS

(Continued from Page 17)

"Well, sheriff," he said, "what do you think about it now?" Tally winced at the patronizing sneer, but stood his ground.

"I'm still thinkin' the same way," he affirmed stoutly. "That feller you got up at Wittneyville never done it. He ain't no killer. You could see that plain!"

The detective was amused. He could afford to be tolerant, now that he was sure of his case.

"But listen, Rollo!" he said patiently, as one might instruct a very young and extremely backward child. "Bob Curley swears he telephoned Jensen at ten o'clock, and Jensen answered him. So Jensen was alive at ten o'clock. Get that?"

"Sure!" said Tally. "But ——"

"What time did it begin to snow, Curley?" asked the detective.

"I don't know exactly," said the man in the Mackinaw. "But when Jake Adams and me got home there was half an inch on the ground. When I was out lookin' after my sick cow it had increased to a couple inches, and was comin' down to beat hell. That was at ten o'clock, so it must have been layin' thick on the ground half an hour before that."

"Hear that, Rollo?" grinned the detective. He was having a fine time. "Jensen was alive at ten o'clock—and there was a two-inch fall of snow all over the ground. If the man in the box car didn't kill Jensen, how'd he get away without making tracks? Fly? Or maybe Jensen stood on his head and shot himself in the back with his own gun—hey? You know Curley says the only tracks anywhere about were a lot of tracks leading back and forth between the store and the car door. Get that?"

"I know," said Tally. "I heard that feller in the calaboose tell you he remembered goin' back and forth to the store several times, tryin' to wake somebody up with the idea of gettin' some more booze. I reckon he told the truth. But ——"

"Rollo," said the detective sadly, "I'm afraid you're shy on brains. I give you up, Rollo."

"But listen, Mr. ——" began Tally earnestly. The other detective broke in angrily.

"Aw, come on, Bill!" he bawled. "There'll be a big reward out for the feller that did this. Can't you see that your hick policeman is merely trying to nick you for a piece of it?"

Tally's mouth had been open to proffer an important bit of reasoning; but at the insult he closed it again and a steely gleam appeared, far back in his mild eyes. The detectives rode away and the crowd followed, climbing the steep road again, on the way back to Wittneyville. Tally went into the store, where young Chris Jensen was in charge.

"Mind if I poke round a bit, Chris?" asked Tally.

"Sure!" said Chris. "Won't do you much good, though, now that they've got their man."

"I know," said Tally. "Still, I'd like to satisfy my curiosity a little. You see, Jorgen was a friend of mine, back in the old days. I thought a heap of Jorgen."

"Uncle Jorgen was a good man," agreed young Chris, his voice trembling. "I'm offering a thousand dollars for the capture and conviction of the feller that killed him. I wish it had been you that caught him, Tally."

The old sheriff pottered about the place for a long time, picking some trifle from the floor, staring across the railroad tracks with abstracted eyes and at last studying the shelves of canned goods. Here he climbed upon a box and looked a long time.

"You been clerkin' for your Uncle Jorgen a good while, ain't you, Chris?" he asked.

"Last night was the first time I've got off early in six months," Chris told him. "I went to a dance over at Muta Creek Schoolhouse."

"Been sellin' much pressed beef lately?"

"Haven't sold a single can all fall. Nobody outfittin' for the trail, now that winter's here."

Tally immediately seemed to lose interest in the store. He went out into the storm and trudged half a mile up the track, then took the east slope and toiled upward for an hour. Then he turned and traveled straight across the slope. The snow was several inches deeper at this elevation, and when he had reached a point from which he could look directly down upon Damgaard's Mills he came upon a line of depressions. They were filled with snow, but no matter how much snow may fall after a man has passed, there will remain depressions in the surface. These led straight toward the top of the mountain.

Tally dropped down the mountain and reentered the store.

"I'd like to buy a pack bag, Chris," he said.

"Sure!" said Chris. A moment later he was staring perplexed at the wall above the rifled safe. "Funny!" he observed. "I saw one hangin' there yesterday. Gone now. Wait, I got an old one back in the storeroom." He came back presently. "You'll have to watch that strap," he cautioned. "She broke on me, but I mended her with a string and I guess she'll hold."

Tally filled the bag with provisions and swung it upon his shoulders.

"Wish you'd send my horse up to Cap Bailey's stable, Chris," he said, "first chance you get."

"Where you going, Tally?" asked Chris. Old Tally jerked his head vaguely toward the outside.

"Just out in the hills a ways," he replied. "Happened to remember there's a feller back yonder I got some business with."

He stepped outside and the storm received him in a smothering whirl of flying snow.

III

OLD PATE SELIS was nearly through, but he would not admit it. Under one arm was propped a crutch, a cruel thing, improvised from the forked branch of a dogwood tree. One foot dragged helplessly over the deep snow as the old trapper floundered through the forest that clothed the east slope of Greenlog Mountain.

Now and then he fell and lay still for a long time. Hopefully, the soft death came floating down, striving to cover him up. But always he arose before he was quite buried and death pattered coaxingly upon his head, urging him to lie down and quit. Death walked at his elbow every step of the way and Selis knew it, yet he clung doggedly to his crutch and his half dozen traps and wallowed on.

Selis was not lost. The air was thick with falling snow; it was mid-thigh deep on the ground and the trees bent with it. There was no trail, yet the trapper held straight for the Dutchman's Cabin at the head of Misery Gulch with the unerring instinct of a homing otter. He fell over a buried log, got up again and leaned against a tree, gasping for breath and scraping the sweat from his stubbly chin with a gnarled forefinger.

"Pate," he said to himself, "you're in one whale of a bad fix." He tucked the crutch beneath his arm and the thing hurt his raw armpit horribly. "Yes, sir," he said, "worst fix you was ever in. Nearly a mile yet, and it'll be dark in an hour. Ole-timer, you got to beat the dark or you'll die."

Half an hour later he was still going, though his eyes were beginning to dim with exhaustion and now and then his head jerked downward toward the ground. But he still clung to his traps.

"Ain't never been licked yet," he muttered in his frozen beard. "Been in some bad fixes, but I always got out."

It was growing dark when he fell for the last time and could not struggle up again. However, fifty yards away a black patch appeared, discernible by reason of the snow upon which it was set. Old Pate crawled the fifty yards, and when he reached the woodshed back of the cabin he pulled himself into an upright position and stood again, swaying weakly. Some part of him remembered a wooden peg at the side of the wood-house door, and mechanically he hung his traps there and staggered on into the cabin.

Beside the fireplace was a pile of wood and pitch-pine kindling left by some prudent wayfarer. With the last of his strength old Pate made a fire and collapsed upon the hearth, unconscious. The disappointed death tapped upon the window with cold soft fingers, but old Pate Selis had beaten it by a breath.

As the fire grew hotter, the battered figure upon the hearth came back to consciousness. Selis sat up at length, fumbling uncertainly for his pipe.

"Well, Pate," he said to himself, "ole son of a gun, here you are, ain't you? But

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I can't say you're much better off than you were. A busted foot and no grub! Ten miles down to Old Weary stage station—ten miles of deep snow that'll be deeper in the mornin'!"

He sat smoking and resting, while his strength came slowly back. Somewhere overhead a wood rat rustled about, attracted by the fire and the promise of food it suggested. The heat roused the crippled foot from its numbness and filled it with darting pains. Selis smoked stolidly on.

"Not a bite of grub!" he repeated, coming back to the main thought. "Unless I could ketch that ole wood rat."

He took his pipe from his mouth and listened. His keen ears had heard sounds not made by a wood rat. They came nearer; muffled sounds as of a heavy body stumbling through the snow. The door burst open and a huge figure stood upon the sill, rocking unsteadily. The great, evil face was cut and bruised by many a fall, the big, hairy hands cut, scratched and abraded. The man's clothing hung in rags and in his milky-blue eyes was the half-insane glare of a long terror.

"Come in, pardner!" exclaimed Pate Selis delightedly. "Man, you shorely do look good to me! Why, ten seconds ago I was sittin' here with a busted foot and no grub, gettin' ready to shake hands with death, wonderin' what I'd look like when somebody came by next spring and found my bones all gnawed up by the deer mice. Say, I didn't reckon there was another man anywhere on Greenlog Mountain!"

He struck no answering cordiality from the stranger. The big man came up to the fire, his unnatural eyes watching the trapper warily. He sat down upon a bench at the corner of the hearth.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Who, me? I'm Pate Selis. I been trappin' over in Johnson's Gulch. I saw the storm comin' and got in too big a hurry—stepped in my own bear trap and come near pinchin' my foot off. Lucky I had my clamps with me or I'd never got loose."

"How far is it to the railroad?"

Selis considered.

"Damgaard's Mills," he said, "that's forty miles. Twenty-five or thirty miles to Signal Valley on the other railroad, east of here, and mighty long, rough miles, I'm tellin' you."

In his relief at the opportune arrival of another human being, old Pate rattled along, telling of his harrowing experiences and laughing at them, now that his rescue seemed assured. The stranger sat slumped toward the fire, his immense hairy hands hanging idly between his knees.

"Wherever did you come from, pardner?" asked old Pate.

The giant straightened and threw a suspicious glance toward his companion, then relaxed again. A crippled trapper. He tossed the suspicion aside contemptuously and leaned toward the fire once more.

"Out yonder," he said. "Got lost in the snow."

Old Pate began to sense the inexplicable unfriendliness in the man's attitude and he grew silent also. The giant smoked cigarette after cigarette, throwing the butts anywhere. Overhead, the wood rat quested about hopefully. The heavy snowflakes continued to pad-pad against the window, but there was no other sound. The fire died low and Selis crawled over and replenished it. This done, he huddled in the opposite corner of the hearth and refilled his pipe.

"Don't know how this thing's goin' to turn out," he thought. "One thing sure, though—this here weddin' guest of mine ain't no Sunday-school superintendent. Pate, you got somepin' on your hands! Yes, sir, way he looks, I'd swap him eager for a couple of rattlesnakes and a mess of squir'l poison."

IV

NIGHT was coming on when Tally Potter reached the bottom of Carpenter Gulch and watched the swollen stream tearing along. He was very tired and one side of his face was swollen to twice its normal size. His shoulder ached from the rheumatism and he felt old.

The fugitive's tracks turned here and led upstream for a quarter of a mile, coming at length to a slender tree that had fallen across the narrow torrent. The trunk was piled high with snow and offered a precarious crossing, but Tally took off the belt that had been chafing him and placed it, with his revolver and hunting knife, in the pack bag and settled the straps upon his shoulders.

Midway of the crossing his foot slipped on the snow and he fell, but threw his body sidewise as he went down, landing upon his stomach and clinging desperately. However, the shock broke the mended strap and the pack bag went into the water, gun, knife and all. The furious current caught it and swept it away.

Tally crawled to the opposite bank and sat down in the snow, trembling with the exertion and appalled at the calamity. It was nearly night and he looked upward through the falling snow toward the mountain that he would have to climb next.

"He's a big feller," he told himself. "I've measured his tracks. And he's got plenty of grub—canned meat. He's strong. Me, I ain't got my gun. Not even a knife! Time I ketch up with him I'll be hungry and weak. But I ain't never turned back yet." He got up and began scraping away the snow beneath a yew tree. "Well, maybe somepin' will turn up. Anyway, I've never turned back."

He was nearly frozen at dawn; hungry, too, with the fierce hunger that comes to one who has spent every ounce of his strength battling rocks and brush and the deep snow. Nevertheless, he took up the trail again and set his swollen face grimly toward the rugged slope of Greenlog Mountain.

It was quite dark when he sighted the light in the window of the Dutchman's Cabin. It was not a friendly light and he approached it warily, making no sound. For several minutes he stood watching the silent drama by the hearth and for the first time something like dismay settled coldly about the old sheriff's heart. His problem was now more then doubled. Inside the cabin was the man he had trailed so far. The man was armed, of course; a giant, moreover, and well nourished.

Pate Selis was sick or injured—Tally saw that at a glance. He must get Pate down to Old Weary somehow. But Tally knew that his own strength would not be equal to the task. Indeed, he doubted if he could get down there himself unless he had something to eat.

His old legs trembled under him and the fierce pains wrenched at his face and shoulder. He went back and sat down in the woodshed to think it over. As he passed the traps hanging upon the peg his shoulder brushed against them and the chains jingled faintly.

"No gun, no strength," mused Tally despondently. "Nothin' left but my brains. Teeter-snipe brains, at that, or I wouldn't be here!"

Oddly, his mind went back to a time when he had been walking along the edge of the river and a mother teeter snipe had lured him away from the place where her baby was hiding among the rocks. She had fluttered along the ground, trailing a wing helplessly, uttering plaintive cries, and Tally had followed, humoring the distracted mother. When she had drawn him quite away from the dangerous proximity she had flown off with a triumphant scream and a disdainful flirt of her tail.

"Still," reflected Tally, his mind on that trifling incident, "you got to respect teeter snipes. They ain't got as much brains as would fill a hazelnut, but they know how to use what few brains they got!"

He pondered a while longer, then arose with decision, took the traps from their peg and flung them over his shoulder. Making as much noise as possible and jingling the trap chains ostentatiously, he went round to the front of the cabin, pushed the door open and entered, stamping the snow from his feet.

"Holed up for the winter?" he greeted. "Say, this fire shorely looks fine!" He flung the traps into a corner and stumped up to the fireplace, still gabbling cheerily. "Why, hello, Pate!" he exclaimed. "You sick or somepin'?"

"Busted foot," explained Selis. "What's the matter with your face, Tally? You look like hell!"

"You don't look like no damn cricket yourself!" retorted Tally, a crooked grin twisting his face horribly. "Worst storm I ever see," he went on, clawing the ice out of his whiskers. He took off his coat and hung it above the fireplace, still garrulous. The fugitive sat motionless at the end of the hearth, his milky-blue eyes watching with a deadly steadiness, one great hand buried in his coat pocket.

"Where'd you come from, Tally?" asked Pate Selis.

"Who, me?" Tally turned and for an instant his back was to the murderer. One eyelid flicked downward in a wink and Pate Selis, already suspicious of the big stranger, understood and was on his guard. "Why, I been trappin' over on Russell Ridge. You know—at Jim Weaver's summer camp. Been there six weeks. Ain't seen a soul all that time and I'm plumb bustin' for news. You been outside lately, pardner?"

He turned an innocent gaze toward the stranger and sat down between the two men, filling his pipe with numb fingers. The fugitive relaxed. These seemed merely two harmless old trappers, but he meant to be sure

"Been out here for six weeks?" he asked.

"Six weeks—and long ones at that," lied Tally cheerfully. "Storm ketched me before I knew it was comin'. Had to leave my traps in camp and on the way over I lost my rifle and grub. Durned near drowned myself, too. Sometimes," he said disgustedly—"sometimes I wonder what makes me keep on trappin' when I'm so old I can't tell when a storm's comin'. I get to thinkin' now and then that I ain't got no more brains than a teeter snipe."

The giant grinned sourly and the grin lifted the pale mustache and displayed the gum and the tobacco-stained teeth.

"You look it!" he said coarsely.

Tally's face answered with his distorted grin. A long silence followed and presently the stranger took a tin of pressed beef from his pack bag and opened it. Tally and Pate Selis watched, yearning fiercely as the fragrance smote upon their famished senses. The giant ate wolfishly and tossed the empty tin into the corner. He leaned back and sighed contentedly.

"You goin' on again in the mornin', pardner?" inquired Tally casually, after a while.

"Yes," said the big man shortly. "I got lost in the snow. This is new country to me."

Tally Potter was beginning the campaign which his mind had outlined in the woodshed. Carefully he considered his next remark before speaking.

"I was thinkin'," he observed, "me and Pate Selis here, we're both all in. We couldn't make it down to Old Weary in this storm, none at all. I been thinkin'—you're strong, seems like. Yes, sir, I don't remember ever seein' as big a feller as you. Maybe you could pull Pate down there on a sled that I'll make—and me, I'll go along somehow."

"I ain't lookin' for hard work," said the giant contemptuously. "How far is it to this Old Weary place?"

"Ten miles," said Tally. "You say you're lost? Well, look here, pardner, if you don't know the country, you'll never make it. Not in this storm. Would he, Pate?"

"Never in the world!" said Pate Selis firmly. "He'd die, sure!"

Tally was silent a while, letting this sink in. Then, "As I was sayin'," he went on, "you're big and strong. Me and Pate Selis are weak and sick. But we know the country. We know it, same's a fox or a deer, we been over it so much. We could guide you down. Fixin' it that way—your strength and our knowledge of the country—we could save all our lives."

The giant thought it over. By the merest accident he had stumbled upon the light in the window of the Dutchman's Cabin last night. He had been about ready to give up when he saw the light. He really did need a guide to get him out of this wilderness. Still ——

Out of the corner of an innocent old eye Tally Potter watched the thought flit through the man's mind.

"You better do that," he argued. "Say, I'll tell you. You do it, pardner, and we'll give you"—he stopped, so that he might not rashly offer more than he could afford—"we'll give you twenty dollars."

The big man shook his head.

"Say, you're a cheap guy!" he sneered. "Ain't your life worth more than twenty dollars?"

"Just for a day's work?" insisted Tally Potter indignantly. He repeated his offer, raising his bid to twenty-five and at last to fifty dollars. But the man was obdurate. "We'll give you a hundred dollars!" Tally finally offered desperately. "But looks to me like you ain't got no right to hold up feller men like that, and them ready to die in the snow."

"What do I care?" retorted the fugitive indifferently. "It's every feller for himself in this world. Die if you want to!" His milky-blue eyes shot toward the sheriff with a look of cunning. "Besides," he said, "I don't believe you've got a hundred dollars.

Continued on Page 176

Furniture finished with Zapon won't even doily-mark

DOILY marks will never appear on the Zapon-finished table. Hot dishes and steaming liquids will not hurt it. The knocks, bangs and scratches that mar an ordinary finish have little or no effect upon Zapon. Temperature and atmospheric conditions will not harm it. It will not check, shrink, crack or craze.

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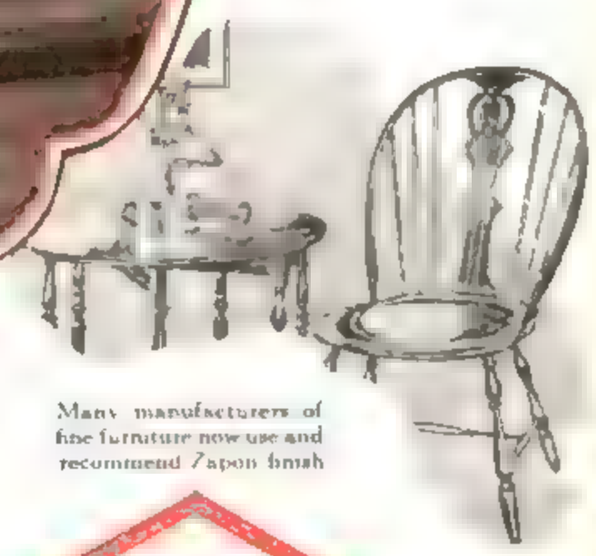

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Just pull a tab (that won't tear off). *Half* of the top opens on a hinge so that you can pour and quickly reclose, or so your children can drink through this door with a straw.

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DRINK MORE MILK

(Continued from Page 174)

This was what Tally had been waiting for; nevertheless, he seemed to feel confusion at the remark.

"Well," he confessed, "I ain't got that much on me. Fact is I ain't got a nickel. But listen here!" His face brightened and he spoke eagerly. "When we get down to Old Weary I'll borrow it off of Sam Trowbridge. Sam's a friend of mine and he'll lend me a hundred dollars, easy."

"Suppose Sam hasn't got it either?" suggested the stranger craftily.

Tally's face fell, but brightened again immediately.

"Maybe not, personally," he admitted. "But listen here! I just remembered that this is the first of the month. Every first of the month the Mission Hill mine people send up their pay roll to Sam Trowbridge and he keeps it in his rickety old safe till the messenger comes over after it. Yes, sir," he said triumphantly, "there's ten thousand dollars in Sam's old safe this minute, for the messenger won't come over till it quits stormin'. Sam'll let me have a hundred of that, just like I told you. He's a friend of mine."

There was a long silence this time. The murderer's heavy face was inscrutable, but behind the mask he was alert and planning already. Ten thousand dollars and an old safe!

"There'll be plenty of room for us to sleep," continued Tally, leading the man's thoughts along from that point. "Stages ain't runnin' now, of course, so there's nobody at Old Weary but Sam, and he's so old and feeble he don't hardly count." Tally chuckled and went on: "And before we go to bed I'll have Sam give you a horse and you can get up early and ride across to Signal Valley and take the morning train. I'll give you a note to the Signal Valley boys, too, tellin' them you're all right and that you're a friend of mine, see? They'll send the horse back. They won't be able to do enough for a friend of mine. I'm—I'm the sheriff of this county," he said with sheepish pride.

"You a sheriff?" The pale mustache lifted in an incredulous sneer.

"Sure!" said Tally, still sheepish. "I ain't got no more brains than a teeter snipe, I reckon, but the boys like me and they elected me sheriff. Not much doin' in the sheriffin' business, though, so I spend most of the winter months trappin'."

"Teeter snipe is right!" affirmed the big man, smiling sardonically. "Must be a whole flock of teeter snipes that would elect a sheriff like you. Why, say, I could take a dozen like you and eat 'em for breakfast!"

"Sure you could!" agreed Tally with conviction. "You're a big, strong feller, all right. I bet you wouldn't even notice a little trip down to Old Weary, pullin' that sled. But me and old Pate Selis here, we'd die. Still, we do know the country."

A silence now ensued that lasted until the fire died down. Inside the giant's slow mind the idea was taking shape and becoming more brilliant the longer he viewed it. Ten thousand dollars in a rickety old safe, and three old men to guard it—two of the old men nearly dead already! And to be given a horse and a letter of recommendation! Ten thousand dollars—and sent out of the country under the auspices of the sheriff himself! Suddenly his upper lip lifted and he laughed, a loud, animal bark.

"Why, sure!" he said with fierce cordiality. "I'll haul you down to this Old Weary place, wherever it is. Tell you the truth, I'm sorry for you two old shrimps. It'd be a shame to leave you to die away up here in the snow. It ain't your fault that you got teeter-snipe brains; you was born that way."

Tally Potter broke into a delighted cackle of relief.

"That shore takes a load off my mind!" he said, and even the fugitive would never have been able to guess at the real sincerity underlying the assertion. "But you got to make allowances for teeter snipes, pardner. They do the best they can with what brains they got. If they got brains enough to save their lives, that's all Nature cared, I reckon."

Sometime during the night the wind had risen, and now it raved through the forest like a mad thing. It twisted the groaning trees, flinging the heaped snow from their highest branches, catching it as it fell and whirling it in a blinding smother that dashed itself in their faces, taking their breath. The giant, however, was no longer frightened. Life opened out before him, golden. He had two good mountain guides—and at the end of the day ten thousand dollars and a safe conduct out of the country!

"Well, sheriff," he said, his upper lip strained against his nose in a grin of that fierce jocularity, "ready to travel?"

Tally was ready. He had placed the crippled man comfortably upon the amazing sled, with dried elk grass from the bunk stuffed about him, and many hot rocks. Old Pate swore he felt like a piece of rare china packed for a rough shipment. Tally cursed him affectionately and stuck a lighted pipe in his mouth.

"All right, pardner," he called to the giant. "But take it easy. You got a long trip ahead of you."

"Don't worry, gran'pa!" bawled the big man over his shoulder. "I'm strong like a bull. I'll get you down there. And this time tomorrow I'll be clickin' along over the railroad, a hundred miles from here."

"Say, I'd be sorry to see you do that," said Tally Potter. "A big, strong feller like you—what a whale of a sheriff you'd make! We'll have to persuade you to stay in the county."

"Not a chance!" laughed the giant, heaving ahead, with Tally following behind the sled. The fugitive was in excellent humor. "Me stay here and be king of the teeter snipes? Nix, gran'pa!"

"I ain't givin' up hope," insisted Tally stubbornly. "I bet that once we get you down to Old Weary you'll stay."

Again that hoarse, barking laugh.

"Teeter snipes!" reiterated the amused killer. "Teeter-snipe brains is right!"

Tally Potter looked down through the whirling snow at old Pate Selis, riding easily in his comfortable sled. Tally winked solemnly and Selis winked back. But neither old mountaineer smiled.

V

THE meal was over at last and the four men sat about the table, feeling the lassitude that followed their long battle down from the Dutchman's Cabin. The fugitive scraped his chair back and spread his feet wide beneath the table, picking his teeth and looking about him. Sittin' pretty! He hid a satisfied grin behind his hand and began to roll a cigarette.

Directly behind him a huge fire roared in the fireplace. Before him, and beyond the drowsy figure of Pate Selis, who had insisted upon sitting at the table with the rest, was the battered hotel desk which in summer was Sam Trowbridge's throne. In the corner near the desk was a rickety safe.

His regard traveled to Sam Trowbridge himself, sitting on the big man's left, his birdlike eyes and absurdly childish face full of lively interest. The little hotel man weighed barely a hundred pounds; his hands were small and thin; his voice, too, was thin—almost a squeak. The fugitive did not know that many a man had judged Sam Trowbridge by his appearance—revising his estimate later in the hospital.

"Easy!" thought the giant, and hid another grin. "Sittin' pretty!"

Tally Potter cackled loudly. He was slumped down in his chair, half hidden behind a cloud of smoke from his pipe. The big man turned and regarded the sheriff with interest.

"What's ticklin' you, gran'pa?" he asked.

"Teeter snipes!" wheezed Tally, wiping the tears of real mirth out of his wrinkled eyes. "I just thought about them teeter snipes you was laughin' at up at the Dutchman's Cabin."

"What about 'em, Tally?" squeaked Sam Trowbridge.

Now that the stages were running no longer, his was a shut-in life and he thirsted for diversion. Tally Potter cackled once more and began to refill his pipe. The giant watched with cynical amusement. What a flock of old hicks! He had seen their type on the stage, but he had never dreamed that they actually existed in real life.

Tally yawned. It was a painful operation and it made his swollen face a horrible thing to see.

"Must've been half asleep," he said sheepishly. He started his pipe again. As he flung away the match he stared through the smoke at a big revolver hanging upon the wall opposite. "Say," he said, "ain't that my old thirty-eight? Shore it is! Sam, you're a durned thief!"

"You're a liar!" said Sam Trowbridge hotly. Both men were half smiling, but back of the smile was an indefinable seriousness. "I bought that ole pill squirter off of Cliff Willett right after the big fire on the Dubakilla Range. You was there—remember?"

Tally Potter's voice bore him down. The old sheriff was not convinced, and he said so in picturesque language, above which Sam Trowbridge's outraged squeaks cut like red-hot stilettos. The giant watched, highly entertained. The old boys were going to have a fight!

Tally got to his feet. Yes, he could stand firmly now—the supper was getting in its work. He walked slowly round the table and took the disputed weapon from the wall.

"Sam," he said, "I ain't goin' to insist that you're a liar. I was wrong, too, callin' you a thief. You're just gettin' old and childish and you forget things."

He turned the cylinder with knotty fingers and an ugly snub nose peeped from every chamber. The sheriff's heart leaped exultantly. At last he had a loaded gun in his hands.

He swung about, the childish grin gone from his face.

"Put 'em up!" he said. "High up—like a tree!"

The grin faded from the big man's lips and was succeeded by a blank incomprehension that swiftly gave way to abject terror.

"You ain't got anything on me!" he babbled incoherently. "What's the matter with you, anyway, gran'pa?" But he knew, nevertheless, that he had been trapped, for Tally Potter had changed suddenly, and in the mild old eyes the killer saw the hard, menacing look of another killer. Slowly the great thick wrists went up and he began to bluster weakly. "What you got on me, anyway?" he demanded.

Tally snapped the cuffs upon the hairy wrists and sat down again at the table.

"Oh, plenty!" He smiled and took from his coat pocket a packet, wrapped carefully in oiled paper. "Here's an old railroad folder with a scratch on it where your finger nail traced a line across from Damgaard's Mills to Signal Valley. There's a bloody thumb print, too, which I reckon is yours. Mighty faint, but you can see it if you look close. Then you took a lot of canned meat from the store—I noticed where they'd stood in the dust at the end of the row of canned goods on Jensen's shelf. You lived on meat all the way across. I found all the empty tins and took the paper wrappers off. Plenty of greasy finger prints—to say nothing of Jensen's private cost mark. Then there's Jensen's pack bag—oh, we got plenty of evidence!" He began to chuckle. "But it was a durned shame to fool you like I did up at the Dutchman's Cabin. Still, there wasn't any other way. I was desperate. Had to lie a little too. Matter of fact, there ain't any Mission mine and so there ain't any ten thousand dollars in Sam's rickety old safe yonder—that you was expectin' to rob as soon as us old men had gone to sleep.

"But you was right," he said, "when you bragged that tomorrow you'd be clickin' along over the railroad, a hundred miles away. You will—but I'll be right with you. And if you see a teeter snipe anywheres along the way, I'll bet it'll throw you into a cold sweat."

"But hold on, Tally!" said Cap Bailey, while the two were eating supper in Wittneyville a week later. "Jensen was killed after a two-inch snow had fell. Remember? Bob Curley swore to that. And they proved that there wasn't a single track in the snow other than the tracks that led from the car to the store and back. How did the murderer get away without makin' tracks?"

"That was easy," said Tally Potter. "There was two inches of snow at Bob Curley's house, but Bob lives several hundred feet up the mountain. You let a storm come up and it begins snowin' up on the hill long before it does down in the cañon. That's it; snowin' for an hour up at Curley's place, but still rainin' down at Damgaard's Mills! Anybody'd know that, if he only stopped to think a minute."

Cap Bailey sat staring his admiration, combing the recent hay from his whiskers.

"You ole son of a gun!" he said. "And you knew it all the time and never told them smart detectives!"

"Well," said Tally, "I started to tell 'em. But they happened to mention a reward —— They called me Rollo!" he said irrelevantly, a faint resentment showing in his mild eyes. Then he grinned.

"But anyways," he said, "long's they was entirely satisfied with a poor besotted hobo that had a mess of fake evidence planted on him, why should a feller with teeter-snipe brains try to tell 'em anything?"

1. The snug fitting set of the collar is shaped into the coat on a collar press.
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Valeteria

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief"

Remember when you counted buttons to see what you'd be when you grew up?

Great stuff—until a three-button suit landed you with the beggar man.

Today—at least as far as clothes are concerned—it's just as easy to land in the "lawyer, doctor, merchant" class.

A pressing by the Valeteria method will do it. Valeteria is the improved service that *shapes* the clothes—the kind of pressing your clothes received when they were made.

In fine tailoring establishments each part of each garment is pressed and *shaped* in a special way—collar on a Hoff-Man collar press; shoulders on a Hoff-Man shoulder press; coat front on Hoff-Man forming presses; trousers on a Hoff-Man trousers press; skirts (in the case of women's clothes) on a Hoff-Man skirt press.

This selfsame equipment, found until recently only in the shops of the great clothing makers, is placed at your service in the Valeteria shop in your neighborhood—the pressing which your clothes received when they were tailored you can now obtain as often as you like. After a Valeteria pressing your clothes will be as smooth and smart as when new—free from wrinkles in sleeves and shoulders; snug at the collar; correctly accentuated at chest and waist, with shape and style restored.

Valeteria, too, is a sterilizing service. Hot dry steam is released into the garment during the pressing—the fabric is cleansed, the nap raised and a pleasing freshness imparted.

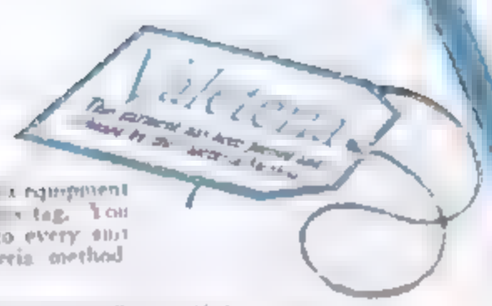
The cost of this pressing is slightly more than the ordinary—but you receive more—your clothes will stay pressed longer, and give better service.

Very likely there's a Valeteria in your neighborhood—you'll recognize it by the name Valeteria upon the window. Or phone one of the modern dry-cleaners in your city. Ask for Valeteria pressing and he will see that you are served. A tag—"pressed by the Valeteria method"—is attached to every suit when it is returned to you. United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

If you always wore white flannels—

Suppose all your suits were as white as a pair of white flannel trousers. Of course, you'd send them to a dry-cleaner much more frequently. And besides giving them a spick-and-span appearance, you would add many weeks to their period of service. Removing particles of dust and dirt freshens and saves the fabric and makes the suit "feel" as young as it looks.

So—just suppose that all your clothes are white flannel and give them the advantage of frequent dry-cleaning. You'll find it the best method of postponing the day when a new suit has to be bought.



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Team work is needed here—the active support of every individual in every community. Ask your insurance agent and local fire department about the fundamental principles of Fire Prevention. By example and influence, help reduce the record of fire carelessness in 1925.

Insurance Company of North America

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Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

HOW I FOUND MYSELF—THE LAWYER

(Continued from Page 22)

reading, then I don't know the English language. I recommend him for his cultural value, the beauty, purity and clarity of his expression. Of course one would scarcely carry a volume of Blackstone around for light entertainment; but I ranked him then with the best of the poets—judged solely on the basis of writing. It was also my good fortune to stumble upon a number of excellent books dealing with that period of our history between the Declaration of Independence and the promulgation of the Constitution. I recommend study of that period today, because ancient lunacies have a way of returning from time to time under new labels. Our venerated forefathers experimented with nearly every asinine ism known to government.

The amount of stumbling one human can perform in the search for an education passes belief. I recall a period when I tackled philosophy. Very reluctantly, I had to give it up. Today I enjoy philosophy more than any other reading. But a young man must first observe the world with nothing but his own eyes and experience as interpreters before he is ready to profit from the views of others. It is my opinion today that a youngster studying law would do better to let philosophy alone and study people, not only individuals but crowds. The truth of the matter is that we cannot store our minds with very much information in advance of the use of it. To know one town and its people intimately, to have pondered over their characters and what made them succeed or fail is worth a library. I believe that if a man can actually come to know his own county so that he can forecast its verdict on a wide variety of subjects, he can come very close to forecasting a national verdict.

The Voices of Tempters

The fact that I was working hard, helping my mother and studying, won me a good reputation in the community; but in the wake of it came numerous assaults upon my determination to be a lawyer. One man was convinced that I was the very youngster he needed in his grocery store. Another wanted me to go with him on horse-buying expeditions. One man who was a very good friend and a great help to me in my struggle to find the right books was convinced that I should be a surveyor like himself. Moreover, these tempters came at a time when I was often far from sure of myself. It is an odd turn of the human mind that men and women who like a boy nearly always wish to realize some ambition of their own through that boy without considering his talent or wishes. My surveyor friend was nearly lost to me because I didn't eagerly take up his profession.

All these people were very insistent. The lawyers, however, didn't seem to need me; and, like a great many other boys I hesitated to go to them because, of all persons, they had what I most wanted. Why youth behaves in this manner is beyond my understanding.

The result of this jumble of human relations was that I hesitated to be a grocer's clerk, knowing that the man would expect me later to be his partner or something of the sort in the business. All the jobs that would have made life easier for me seemed to have strings attached to them unmistakably threatening embarrassment. Hard labor appeared the only safe road, although I was well liked and the community really wanted to help me.

Through this struggle I was sustained only by my inordinate desire to be a lawyer. I had long since lost that cocky confidence with which I began. The road was becoming harder every week and the future less certain. Other boys of my own age were beginning to earn more money and seemed to have more desirable stations in life. So it was no longer self-assurance that was carrying me forward. I was secretly treasuring in my mind a picture of myself pleading great cases before our district court—a boyish dream of grandeur, but a very potent thing. I do not know how these early enthusiasms are engendered, but I say most solemnly that they deserve respect. They often prove the safest of all guides; certainly, the practice of my profession later gave me all the pleasure I anticipated, and more.

On one point, however, I was absolutely convinced. I knew I had the legalistic mind. I felt the same keen pleasure in a well-drawn distinction or definition that an artist must experience when he beholds a perfect harmony of coloring. A carefully expressed statement of an issue that embraced all the points it should embrace, and was similarly accurate in excluding everything else, delighted me. The legalistic mind often discloses itself in this manner and usually can be recognized with ease. I have known lawyers who could sit down with pen and ink after a trial and draw up a statement of all the pertinent facts disclosed in the testimony with such accuracy that opposing counsel would not change a line. Remarkable as that feat may seem in this day of court stenographers galore, I knew I should be able to do it even before I had ever tried. I knew I had that kind of mind.

I wanted very much to go into a law office in some humble capacity and complete my study there; but it was necessary for me to earn a living, and I couldn't do what many other boys have done—work for nothing. The result was that I plodded along at various jobs until I was ready for the bar examination. Fortunately for me, it was not a very searching one at that time and place. Bar examinations varied over a wide range in those days, and I think they still do. I passed, but not with a remarkable average. The fact of the matter is that I should not have been greatly discouraged if I had failed. My study had been so unevenly distributed that I couldn't feel confident that it had covered the whole range of an examination paper.

There was a firm of attorneys in the town, two elderly men, and I was offered a place in the office on a small salary. It was enough, however, to supply my very simple wants. Association with these veterans and a chance to use their library was my principal need at the time. I accepted gladly.

Their position in the community was an interesting reflection of their personalities. Both men were brilliant lawyers in their prime, but they had once cherished political ambitions. Disappointed in these hopes, which were really the mainsprings of their energy, they settled down to make a living. At first their income was large, but several of their best clients had grown old and died. The business was going downhill. Their firm was the shell of former greatness; reputation remained, but not a great deal more. Energy was the principal thing lacking. Even in the library there was dust everywhere.

My First Case

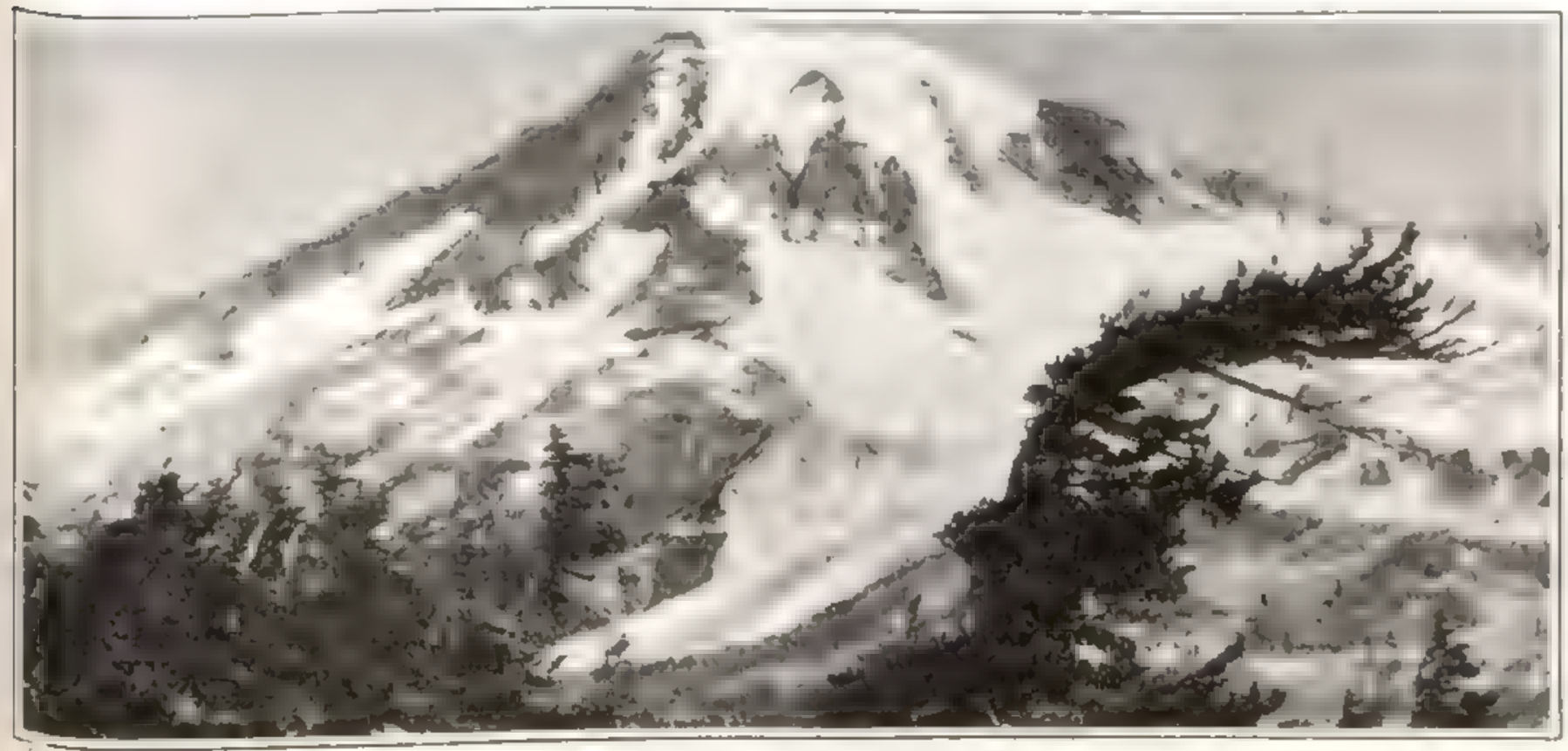
In a town that went to work at eight o'clock these two men would come crawling down to the office anywhere between ten o'clock and noon. All business was put off until the last possible minute. Sometimes they would go into court and ask for more time to prepare a document after having spent the preceding day pleasing each other with denunciations of former political opponents.

The first case they turned over to me was the defense of a suit on a promissory note. It was what the lawyers call an open-and-shut case. Briefly, there wasn't any defense. They probably knew that. But they asked me to play for time and if possible get a continuance.

I did the best I could, but the case went to trial. To an experienced lawyer I must have been an amusing figure, bouncing around objecting to everything and browbeating everybody. I even reserved an exception to the judge's tone of voice when he very properly reproved me for delaying the trial.

I have laughed over that day's performance for twenty years. I was so ridiculously earnest that the jurors were befuddled. You know, in a small town certain men come to be very experienced jurors and well capable of judging not only the facts but the sincerity of a lawyer. Four of them reached the conclusion that there was something irregular about that promissory note and that I couldn't get my real case into court. So we had a hung jury, or mistrial, and I got my continuance after all. Before the next term of court the defendant had raised the necessary funds and paid off his note. After all I did a good turn for everybody concerned, and I am glad it resulted so, for my efforts were not particularly laudable from an ethical point of view.

Our client was delighted and the firm began to get more business; mostly little cases such as the one I had handled. No fame came to me personally. People were glad to see that the grand old firm was discharging business again in the energetic



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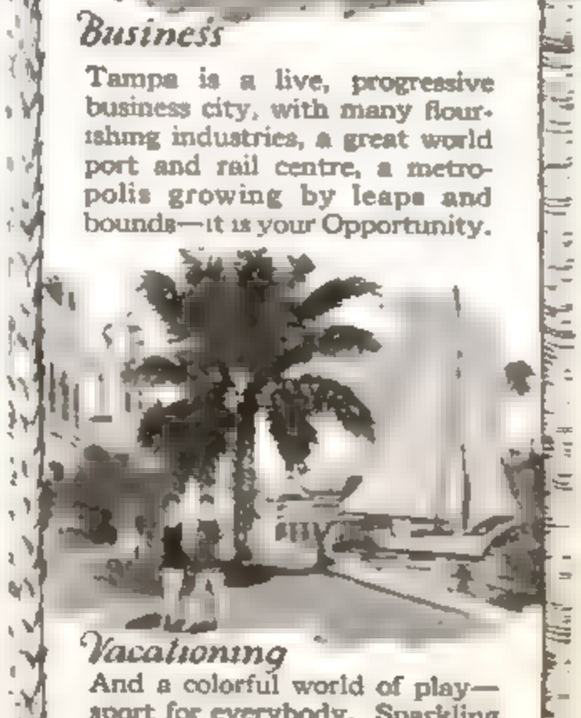

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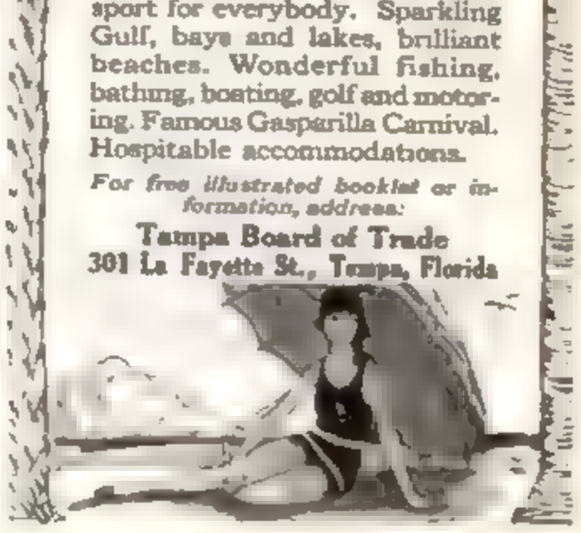

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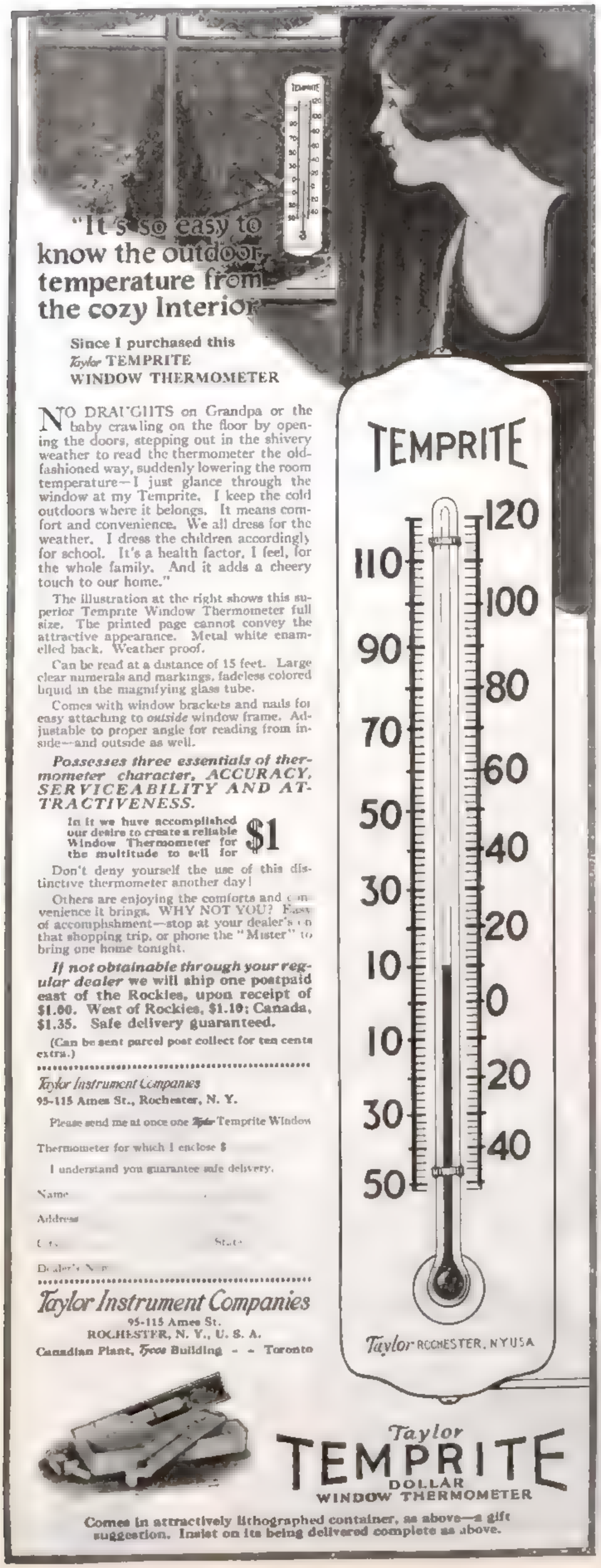
"It's so easy to know the outdoor temperature from the cozy Interior
Since I purchased this Taylor TEMPRITE WINDOW THERMOMETER
NO DRAUGHTS on Grandpa or the baby crawling on the floor by opening the doors, stepping out in the shivery weather to read the thermometer the old-fashioned way, suddenly lowering the room temperature—I just glance through the window at my Temprite. I keep the cold outdoors where it belongs. It means comfort and convenience. We all dress for the weather. I dress the children accordingly for school. It's a health factor, I feel, for the whole family. And it adds a cheery touch to our home."
The illustration at the right shows this superior Temprite Window Thermometer full size. The printed page cannot convey the attractive appearance. Metal white enamelled back. Weather proof.
Can be read at a distance of 15 feet. Large clear numerals and markings, fadeless colored liquid in the magnifying glass tube.
Comes with window brackets and nails for easy attaching to outside window frame. Adjustable to proper angle for reading from inside—and outside as well.
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In it we have accomplished our desire to create a reliable Window Thermometer for the multitude to sell for $1
Don't deny yourself the use of this distinctive thermometer another day!
Others are enjoying the comforts and convenience it brings. WHY NOT YOU? Easy of accomplishment—stop at your dealer's on that shopping trip, or phone the "Mister" to bring one home tonight.
If not obtainable through your regular dealer we will ship one postpaid east of the Rockies, upon receipt of $1.00. West of Rockies, $1.10; Canada, $1.35. Safe delivery guaranteed.
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DOLLAR
WINDOW THERMOMETER
Comes in attractively lithographed container, as above—a gift suggestion. Insist on its being delivered complete as above.

manner that once had brought it popular favor. By the end of the year I was busier than the trap drummer in a small orchestra. My two seniors felt that these cases were beneath their dignity; nevertheless, they pocketed the fees and were living off them. I never discussed fees with a client. That was reserved for the two partners.

During the second year I suggested that I should like to be admitted to full partnership. I think both men were honestly shocked. At any rate, they squelched me with looks rather than words. Both were childless and the senior partner was very fond of me. He told me that they regarded me almost as a son and that in due time I would inherit the business. They wanted me to know that they had no other plan for the future, he said, than that I should eventually be the head of the institution. After making this speech he increased my stipend ten dollars a month. The discourse was repeated two or three more times during the year—this was my second year with the firm—and after each conference my pay was raised. I held the man in such high regard that whenever he talked to me in this manner I went away very happy and fully compensated for all my work.

Taking the Great Plunge

Nevertheless, at the end of the third year I again asked for a partnership. I didn't know how much they were bringing into the firm; but as nearly as I could judge, it was less than twice what I was earning; in other words, it seemed to me that I not only produced more than a third of the revenue but fully three-fourths of the new clients. Still, they thought I was not worthy of a partnership in such an old firm; I might lower its prestige. I wanted my name on the door. That meant more to me than anything in the world—and they knew it.

Though I was nothing to the public so long as I had no identity with the firm, the younger lawyers showed their respect for me in various ways that were pleasing to my vanity, and among them I made several friends. In those days it seemed to be a tradition of the bar that a great lawyer should have some absurd vice or idiosyncrasy. Either he was a devotee of horse racing, poker or cock fighting, or he wore some particular kind of hat or had some exotic notion about government that he must preach in season and out. The younger lawyers cultivated these marks of genius and told one another over and over again how Judge This-and-That waved thousand-dollar fees out of his office in order to write poetry or drink whisky or spend a pleasant day in some wagon yard. These ideas were all new to me. I had been cherishing the old-fashioned notions of rugged honesty and hard work that my mother and the school histories taught. But I was bitterly disappointed and anxious to seek consolation among these admiring acquaintances. Having worked in a camp where we made crosstie, I knew something about drinking whisky, so I decided to show off in that field. My body was approximately perfect in condition, and I had a stomach of cast iron, so I began winning fame as a whisky drinker. However, I didn't like it and my conscience rebelled even if my stomach remained indifferent.

Taking stock of the situation, I decided that I owed my seniors too much to permit me to open an office of my own in that town. I also decided that if I remained there in the same capacity I would have to wait entirely too long for independence. The thing to do was launch out for myself, and in a larger field. I had unlimited confidence now in my ability. My elder brother was doing well, so I talked the matter over with him and asked if he would be willing to shoulder my part of the family burden for an uncertain period. He applauded my purpose and gave me so much encouragement that I left town the day following our interview. I did about the most foolish thing that could have been done under the circumstances. I came directly to New York City, not knowing how I was to live, nor having any very definite plan in mind. According to all the rules of the game, that move should have ended in utter disaster, as it has done for so many thousands of young men and women.

The very first thing I had to do was acquaint myself with the state laws of New York and the court procedure, for it was, and is, vastly different in the state where I had been practicing. I managed to obtain an unimportant job that would supply the necessities of life and then I wrote back home for letters of introduction—letters that I should have brought with me. Later, I also borrowed money from friends at home.

I shall pass over much of that period of adjustment in order to reach matters of more importance.

After my unhappy experience at home I was determined not to follow the usual course and seek connection with an older firm. Having no clients, and not knowing how to obtain them, I haunted the criminal courts, watching trials. They have always interested me far more than the theater. It was my observation that trial lawyers in New York were not the equal of those I had known at home, nor will I admit even now that this conclusion rested upon prejudice. There are just as able lawyers in New York as will be found anywhere in the world, but they do not attach the same importance to the court room that a country lawyer does. To me the great day was the day in court. Back home we took inordinate pride in presenting a finished performance. It was histrionic and artistic; the lawyer was an actor as well as counselor.

For instance, a witness, when asked his name, would mumble something like "John Dzizzem." Thereupon the lawyer would repeat with resounding assurance of tone, "John Deats. Where do you live, Mr. Deats?" We never missed a name, date or technical term. We liked to know our case so well that we could turn halfway in our chairs—while a witness was answering the last question—and then, the moment he finished, snap out, "Take the witness." It has the ring of challenge in it, as much as to say to the opposing lawyers, "Break your necks on that testimony, blast you!"

We liked the fight; we swaggered and showed off. It is great fun. It calls for thorough knowledge of the case and a good memory. Back home we didn't have very important cases; but I'll tell the world we tried them for all they were worth. We didn't have much trouble getting jurors. They liked to watch us perform.

A Startling Mistake

In New York, of course, many of the ablest lawyers—and certainly those who earn the largest fees—are seldom, or never, seen in a court room. The men I observed looked like easy opponents and I was eager to mix it with them.

Finally a kind-hearted old Irish judge appointed me to defend a young man from Poland who was charged with murder—and, on the face of it, guilty. My client was so terrified that I couldn't get much out of him. He had the European notion that he wouldn't have been sent to trial unless the authorities intended to convict him; and, as the negroes say, he had "done kissed himself good-by." Most of the help I received came from his mother and sisters.

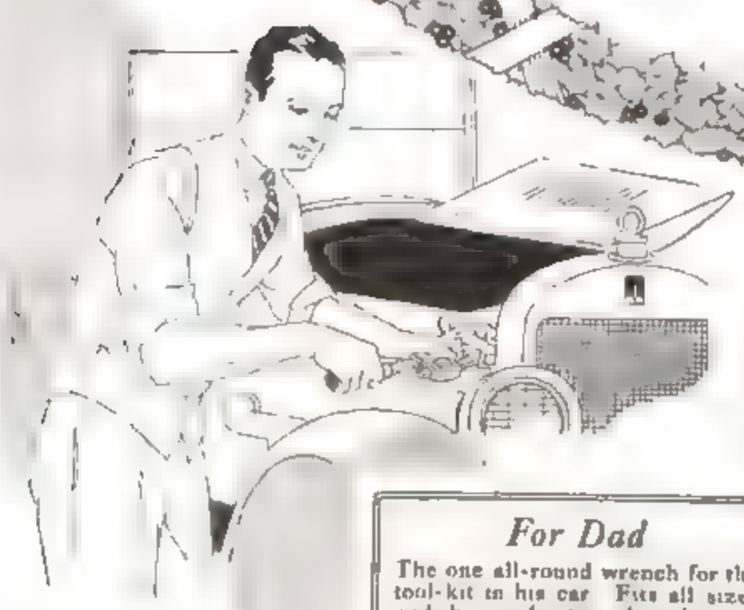
It turned out to be one of the most startling cases of mistaken identity you can imagine. The evidence was not circumstantial, but direct. What I should have done, of course, was submit the facts to the district attorney and have done with it; but I had no more standing than my client and I was afraid to take a chance. In the course of investigating the case I reached a conclusion as to who really was guilty; and, as he was a witness, there wouldn't be any danger of his escaping.

I never have done a more thorough piece of work than I did on that case. Testimony should unfold like a perfectly told narrative, rising gradually to its dramatic climax and then ending suddenly. I worked over mine as a fiction writer might polish his manuscript, placing each witness where he or she belonged. I worked on that case until the questions were in such order that the testimony flowed smooth as molasses. The trial, of course, produced a mild sensation. The prosecutor felt under deep obligation to me, and so did the police. They had no malice and were horrified on discovering how close they had come to a miscarriage of justice. The trial attracted very little public attention, but I was a hero in a certain neighborhood. I opened an office at once, taking another gambling chance, and raw luck was again with me. Those people didn't go in for sartorial exhibitions, but they had businesses and property. Quite naturally, they were shy of lawyers, but I had won their confidence. In short, I now had clients.

Fame in a little neighborhood of hyphenated Americans was a long way from the

(Continued on Page 183)

They'll find years of daily usefulness in the gift of a Walworth Stillson Wrench



For Dad

The one all-round wrench for the tool-kit in his car. Fits all sizes and shapes of nuts, rods and pipes. Will straighten out mud-guards, bumpers or almost anything.

For Household Jobs

To fix the clothes wringer, meat chopper, sewing or washing machine, etc. To open metal-capped jars and bottles. (A piece of cloth between the jaws prevents marring polished surfaces.)

For that Boy of yours

To straighten sled runners. To fix roller skates, express wagons and bicycles. To stretch and hold wire in setting up radio antennæ. (Leave it to him; he'll find plenty of uses for a Walworth Stillson.)

The Handy Helper in Every Home

A 10-inch Walworth Stillson will hardly be out of its new Christmas box before somebody in the family will be trotting off with it to fix something.

Theoretically this handy tool ought to go right into the family tool-box. As a matter of fact it's more likely to find itself in the drawer of the kitchen table or tucked away in dad's tool-kit in the automobile.

But wherever a household Stillson goes there are always plenty of jobs for it to do — things that its trouble-throttling grip can fix quicker and better than any other tool.

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When you start Christmas shopping

Gifts of Utility Hardware

Stop in at your hardware dealer's and the store where you buy automobile accessories. It's surprising how many inexpensive and really practical Christmas presents you can buy there.

You'll find genuine Walworth Stillson wrenches in all sizes from 6 to 48 inches. The 10-inch household size is packed in these good-looking gift boxes, all ready to be wrapped up for Christmas.

Dealers are now displaying this new counter carton of Christmas-packed Walworth Stillson wrenches.

WALWORTH

Stillson Wrench

If this Diamond Mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it.

23,000 items for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

A complete line of Valves, Fittings and Tools

Shade your windows as you do your lamps —to tone the light

By Helen Richmond

"Why, I didn't know you were having the whole room done over!" exclaimed one woman's husband, when he first saw their living-room after new tone-colored window shades had been put up. "And do you know," she added, in telling me about it, "he thought surely I had bought a few new things and freshened up the draperies. He said it didn't seem possible that merely changing the color of the window shades could make such a difference in the appearance of any room."

It is almost incredible how people who have not studied the subject are amazed at the apparently magical transformations effected by toning daylight at its source with suitably colored window shades. Yet these same people have understood for years how much difference the tone of lampshades makes in the comfort and appearance of their rooms!

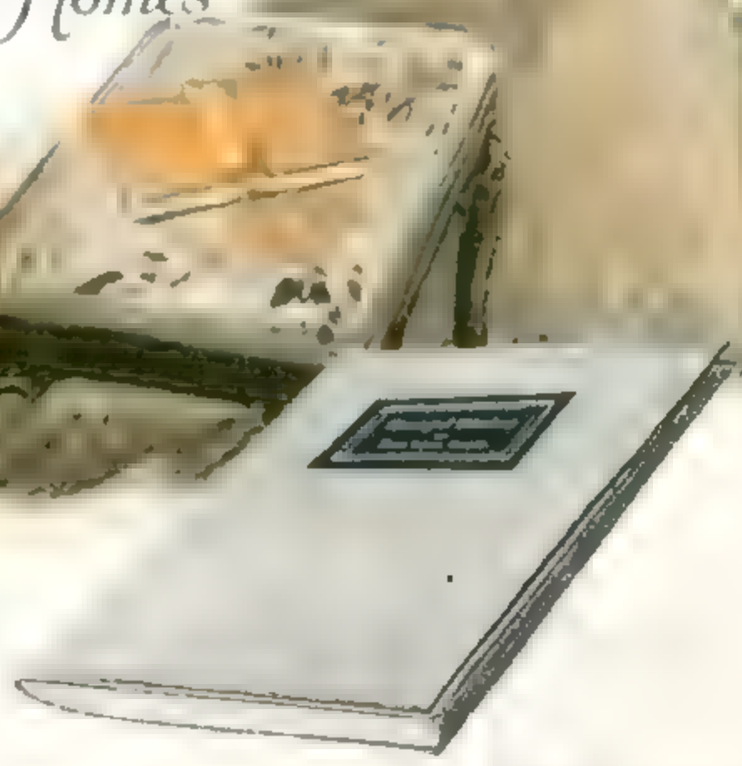
They recognize *artificial* light, suitably toned, as a distinct decorative unit—something they select, purchase and locate at will to create any desired effect. Whereas *daylight* being a natural inheritance like the air they breathe, seems of no particular importance.

Why don't they realize that their windows are merely the lamps that light their rooms by day?

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

There isn't anything more annoying than having to take down a window shade here and there around the house and [illegible]

That's why thousands of home owners insist upon having their shades mounted on Columbia Rollers in the first place! It saves trouble.



"Beautiful Windows" is a helpful little book, by Elsie Sloan Farley, that treats the subject of toning daylight in a simple, understandable way. It is profusely illustrated and full of practical suggestions covering a wide variety of color-combinations for furniture, draperies, rugs or window shades adapted to every taste and purse. Send 5c for a copy to *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Circassian Brown
Persian Gold
Louisiana Ivory
Chamois
Strained Honey
Plaza Gray

(Color names Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Some colors great decorators advise

Decorators have recognized for a long time that daylight, suitably toned at its source, has even greater decorative quality than artificial light. That is why they sometimes use beautifully colored leaded glass in certain windows. But the cost of leaded glass is prohibitive except in a few cases. So, until recently, they have been handicapped by this limitation in the toning medium.

But now *Columbia* is making window shades in all the beautiful new tone-colors which daylight toning requires—Circassian Brown, Louisiana Ivory, and Plaza Gray, used extensively where bright sunlight prevails, and tones such as Chamois, Strained Honey and Persian Gold which make radiant and mellow the furnishings in rooms where daylight would otherwise create an atmosphere both harsh and cold. You will be delighted to find that you can obtain *Columbia* window shades in all these beautiful new tone-colors in qualities ranging from 75 cents to $2.00 each.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 180)

sort of success I planned, but those people proved, nevertheless, a very essential stepping-stone.

I never have recovered from my youthful love of the court room. I like the presentation of the case. To me all the preliminary work—and that, of course, is the essence of practicing law—leads to the court room. Many lawyers along the North Atlantic seaboard shudder at the thought of making a speech before either court or jury. I enjoy it. And in spite of the fact that court-room presentation becomes less and less important every year in the legal practice in our cities, that art has been the basis of my success.

As lawmakers we Americans are not distinguished. In my humble and patriotic opinion, we shall be lucky if history doesn't vote us a place among the worst lawmakers of history. But our lawyers have always had great genius for the presentation of their cases in court. In other countries trials have caused greater bitterness; but I doubt if the lawyers anywhere in Europe or England have brought equal effort to bear upon the actual trial before the jury. Personally I am sorry to see our traditional excellence as general practitioners declining. Many lawyers who are themselves specialists agree with me. But the lawyer, like the rest of mankind, is a victim of conditions beyond his control.

Nowadays it is the custom for a lawyer to attach himself to a certain business and become thoroughly familiar with its usage and the laws governing its practices. Outside of that field, he knows very little. Nevertheless, he is a useful and necessary servant. His greatest genius is exerted toward avoiding lawsuits. His client tells him what he wishes to do and the lawyer devises a plan by which that can be done legally and without complications. This does not necessarily mean that he tells his client how to evade the law. More often the lawyer explains how to comply with a law that is unintelligible to his client.

More and more we lawyers become specialists. There are men who know precisely how to draw a charter—and not much else. In New York there are lawyers whose business comes almost entirely from actors and theatrical managers. Others look after the legal business of song writers and publishers. Someone else knows all about certain kinds of bond issues—not all kinds; only a few—and his opinion on them has almost the same standing as a court decision. Others deal with shipping; another group with contracts in the clothing trade. This specialization is superinduced by the modern desire to avoid lawsuits. The idea is something like this: "If Hoozis says those bonds are O. K., they are O. K., and nobody will ever sue. You can bank on Hoozis. If anyone should sue he'll lose."

Men of Last Resort

There are just such persons as Hoozis, and their clients' faith is not misplaced. They are specialists and well paid. Some of them haven't been in a court room for so many years they might address the judge as Mister.

As industry grows larger in this country its financial complications become very puzzling. Not even a banker can always understand the details. For instance, a large corporation, particularly a railroad, may have several different bond issues and more than one kind of stock outstanding. We will say that it has been through a receivership, and now, as part of the reorganization plan, new securities are to be issued. Are they any good? is immediately the question. Suppose they are contested, what would the courts hold? Somewhere there is a Hoozis to whom that question is easy. He's been handling railroad securities for years; grew up in the business. Immediately the word goes forth that the securities have the O. K. of Judge Hoozis. Well, then, they are all right.

Hoozis is more reliable than the securities themselves.

Right in these specializations is the future field for the rising young lawyer. First he should get a good all-round education in law; as a matter of fact, I think no man ought to overlook its cultural value. Then let him begin specializing if he wants to make big fees. That way lies fortune.

Personally I don't care for that sort of practice. Down in my heart I'm still a country lawyer, and my greatest admiration goes to men with elastic, vigorous, voracious minds who seize upon entirely new facts and situations with delight. I am proud of the fact that in the course of my practice I have learned such diverse things as stockbrokerage bookkeeping, how to make demountable automobile rims, and how blood spots are tested to determine whether the blood is that of an animal or a man. I know lawyers who have mastered a whole chemical process in order to prepare themselves for a trial. The only men of my profession whom I envy are those who pleaded long ago and won decisions that charted the course of this Government. But there are still such cases and I think I've had one or two. Time will tell. Court decisions have affected the course of our national development more than legislation.

Next to the historic figures, I envy successful country lawyers. Their duties are not too pressing to permit them a full and rich share in community life. No other men as a class enjoy and exercise their citizenship so fully or so intelligently; lawyers have sense enough to appreciate these functions which are to many other men mere duties. In the big cities we tend to sink ourselves in our work to the point where we have very little freedom. A lawyer, like a doctor, must remain at the beck and call of his clients, day and night; but the country lawyer's clients are neither so numerous nor so rushed. Here we are always saving minutes; and mark this, gentleman, minutes are precisely the opposite of pennies; show me a place where everyone is saving minutes and I'll show you a place where no one has accumulated any pennies.

The Age of Specialists

Oddly enough, specialization in the cities is making a larger place for slow-thinking, careful, plodding lawyers whose principal assets are integrity and thoroughness. You might think the opposite would be true, but it isn't.

A great change has come over the practice of law since I was a boy. In those days the brilliant lawyer, the great orator, the matchless examiner, was a star. Nowadays in corporation work the patient plodder ranks as absolutely the equal of the brilliant man. When a big corporation is changing its charter or taking over a new subsidiary or issuing bonds, the directors set a very low value on speed as compared with meticulous accuracy. They want that operation done right. It may be a very simple matter, but the amounts involved are large. Such a situation makes a great field for the man who works hard, even though very slowly, if he has character and inspires confidence.

There never was a time when common honesty and integrity paid such high dividends in the legal profession. Just consider what it means to the executive head of a twenty-million-dollar corporation not to have to worry about his lawyer. That's worth twenty thousand dollars a year aside from actual performance of the required services. I mean that literally. The executive has a score or more of other heads of departments to supervise, in addition to keeping himself informed about world conditions. When he hires a lawyer and asks him to do some simple service for which Abraham Lincoln would have charged about five dollars, he is willing to pay considerably more for the feeling of security and confidence that some men inspire. And they are not always brilliant men.

While on this point I should like to say that a lawyer's native ability does not necessarily forecast success in actual practice of the profession. The backwaters of penury and failure are strewn with some of the finest legal minds our country has produced. They can make wonderful bullets, but they can't shoot. They know the chemistry of the powder, but they are not marksmen. I want to go into this subject fully because it has a very important bearing upon the issue of success or failure.

Take as an example the type of man I introduced under the name of Judge Hoozis. His principal assets are rugged honesty backing up hard work. When Hoozis makes up his mind that a bond issue is doubtful, don't ever doubt that pressure and able argument are brought to bear upon him. But he has to stick to his opinion—that's all it is, an opinion. Nevertheless, he must cling to it and fight for it. This requires a high order of intelligent moral courage

Unless a lawyer has tremendous moral courage, based upon confidence in the conclusions he reaches, there is slight chance for him to succeed. The man in the street often refers to this quality of mind and temperament as bullheadedness, but in the lawyer of ability it is something much more worthy of respect. There are men of remarkable mentality who will examine a problem and grasp it fully, yet their opinions are shaken by every gust of adverse argument. As soon as someone contends against them they weaken. That sort of man will never succeed as a lawyer.

The type of moral courage that is essential to success in actual practice of the profession springs from intellectual honesty and a fighting spirit. The man who has been honest with his own mind in reaching a conclusion has a tendency to hold to that conclusion with great tenacity. But even then he may find no pleasure in fighting for it. As a lawyer, however, he must also fight for it; and I think the combat should be pleasant to him. In some men these characteristics are almost totally lacking. By way of illustrating their importance, let us assume that a client asks his lawyer how he may proceed legally to do a certain thing, and that the lawyer is forced to advise that the thing cannot be done. If the lawyer writes a brief note to his client, saying, in effect, the action proposed is impossible, he may lose his client. What he should do, instinctively, is summon his client and convince the man that the proposed action is illegal or inadvisable. He will do this not as a matter of business—though it is good business—but because he has an irrepressible desire to see his opinion prevail. He knows he is right and is determined that he shall be so regarded. These are qualities that few men succeed in cultivating. The lawyer should have them as a gift of Nature. Otherwise he is a maker of bullets and can't shoot.

It may interest you to know that some lawyers, especially in corporation practice, become so good that they graduate completely from the law. I know half a dozen in New York who do not examine or report upon one strictly legal question a month. They are advisers on the general subject of business policy. For instance, an executive will ask such a man whether the company ought to sue or stand suit or settle or accept a settlement. With the question comes a report from the attorney who studies that special field and he says the company would win the suit. The general attorney—who has long since ceased to be an attorney within the strict meaning of the word—advises his chief that eight months to three years would be consumed in winning the suit. He also calls attention to the fact that one twenty-thousand-a-year man and two twelve-thousand-a-year men would be witnesses. He thinks it would cost less to drop the suit than to win it.

Multiplicity of Laws

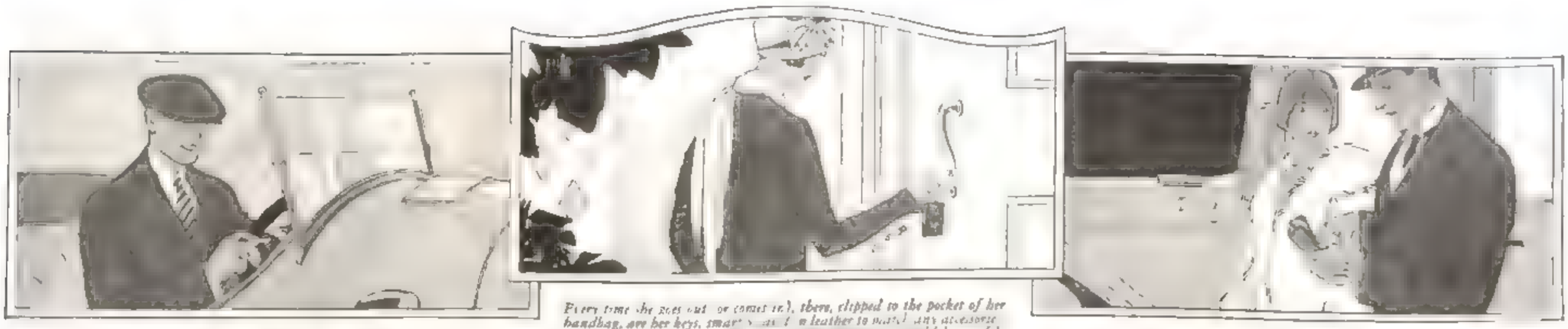
Many of these lawyers find their way eventually to the board of directors. Some of them—especially if they have to deal with financial problems—eventually know more about when and how to issue new securities than their general managers. That type of lawyer may look and act like a rheumatic grandmother in the court room; but he has inexhaustible common sense, a vast range of general information, mental poise and balance. Some of these men wouldn't really be competent to try the cases upon which they pass in the manner I have just described. We are reaching a point where a specialist seems to be required for nearly every case.

Matters have come to pass in this country, due to the energy of Congress and legislatures, that no living man can know even a considerable portion of the law. Let me give you an amusing proof of the statement. If you have a good memory you will fill in the names. The President of the United States announced his appointment of a Secretary of State. Someone called attention to a law that raised a question as to whether the appointee could accept. Later the matter was straightened out, but the point I wish to make is that apparently no one in the cabinet had thought of the law in question or the issue that might be raised. It came as a great surprise. There were in the cabinet at that time several very great lawyers, including the President. It is no longer possible to know the law as Lincoln probably knew it.

No matter what eventually happens in this country as a result of the excessive zeal of its lawmaking bodies, it will always remain true that law has some relation to

(Continued on Page 185)

Always a Welcome Gift
WHEN you make a gift of Krementz, whether it is a pair of handsome links or a set of Correct Evening Jewelry, be assured that it will be received gladly.
Krementz quality is at once apparent. And there are so many designs, each distinctive, that you are certain to find among them something he will like.
The better shops carry a full line of Krementz Jewelry. It comes attractively boxed, from $3 to $10 for a pair of links and from $4.50 to $25 for the tuxedo and full dress sets.
Krementz



Every time he starts the car—his keys are at his fingertips—clipped to his vest pocket where he can reach them instantly. The Handy Pocket Keytainer holds the four keys most drivers want together: garage, switch, tire-lock, and house keys

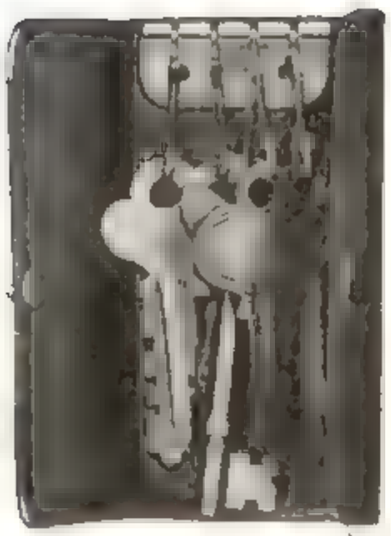
Every time she goes out (or comes in), there, clipped to the pocket of her handbag, are her keys, smartly tooled in leather to match any accessories. And in her desk a larger Keytainer holds a dozen or more household keys safely

At theatre—and railroad station—tickets tucked away in the Keytainer Handy Pocket are always there when you want them. This pocket is one feature of the Buxton Key Identification Service—your protection against permanent loss

WITH *THIS* GIFT

He (*or she*) will think of you a dozen times a day

An exquisite leather case for all important keys—A nation-wide Service to bring them back if lost



Four-hook Keytainer in brown or gray suede, calf-lined, with 14 kt. gold-plated hooks. No 0110-4, $2.25. Other models from $1.00 to $9.50

FASHIONED by hand, of rich leather and fine gold, Keytainers are more than merely beautiful—they offer a luxurious new convenience to be enjoyed a dozen times a day.

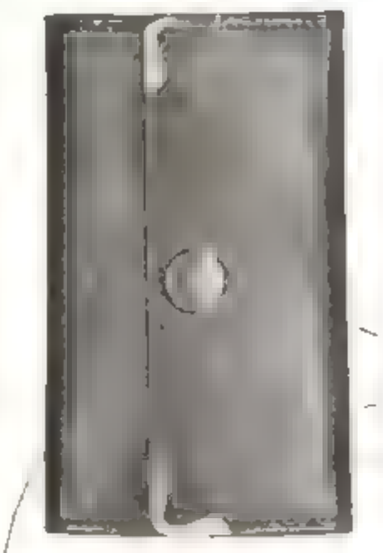
Instead of a tangle of sharp steel points—bulky, uncomfortable, hard on pockets and handbags, often forgotten—your keys are held flat, compact, in a slim leather case that fits your pocket smoothly and securely.

And now, as a final safeguard against permanent loss, each Keytainer pocket carries a numbered card offering a reward for return to Buxton Headquarters. When a lost Keytainer is sent there, Buxton looks up the owner's number—forwards him his missing keys—and mails the finder his reward.

YOU can get Buxton Keytainers in dozens of different types and leathers—from high-grade cowhide at one dollar and less to gold-mounted pin seal at eleven dollars. 2, 4, 6, or 8 hooks—and each hook holds two keys. Combination sets, too—a small Keytainer for the keys used oftenest (auto keys, house keys) and a larger model for all other keys.

Jewelers, department stores, leather goods, stationery, haberdashery, hardware and drug stores carry Buxton Keytainers. Drop in and examine them—or let us send you the Book of Buxton Keytainers—free. BUXTON, Inc., 168 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass.

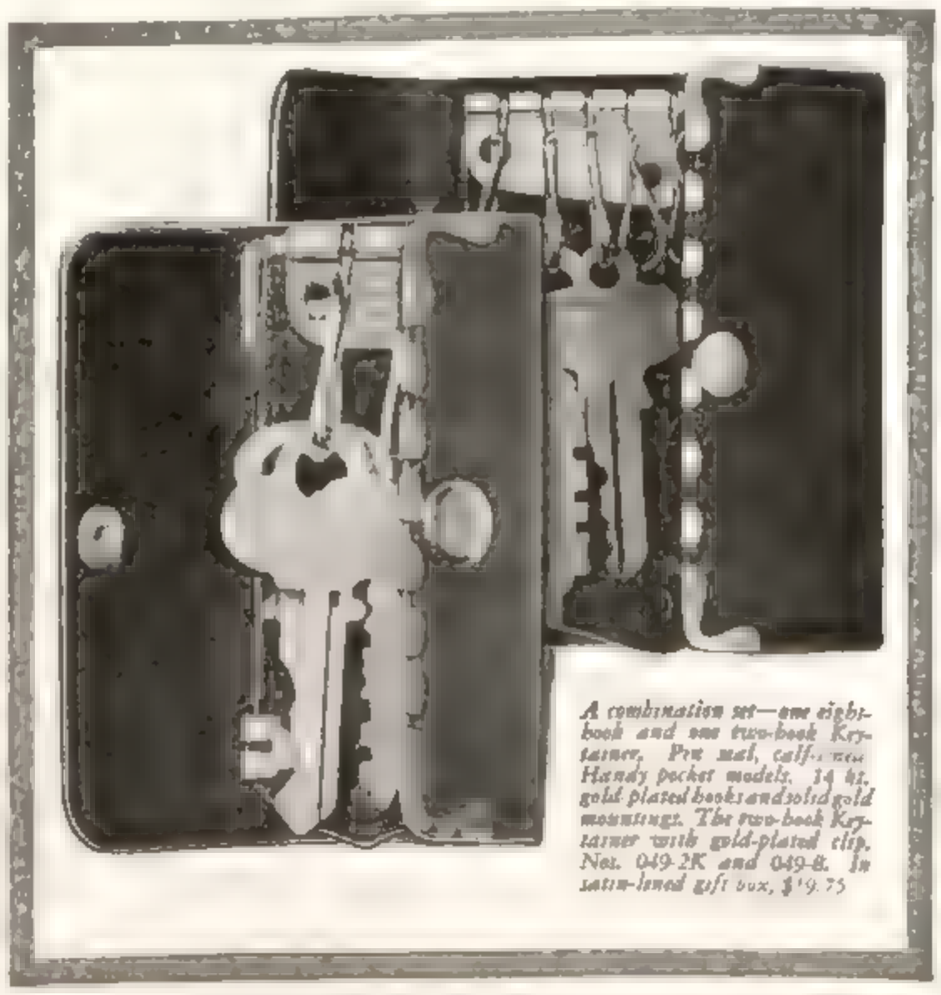
Buxton Keytainers are still made in two styles—with and without the Handy Pocket. The Key Identification Service of course applies only to the Handy Pocket models. Protect your keys with this new national Service—at once!



Six-hook calf-lined Keytainer in [illegible] with [illegible] gold-plated hooks. No. 0[illegible] In satin-lined gift box $[illegible]. Other models from $1.50 to $11.00

All two-hook models can be had with or without the convenient vest pocket clip

Pin seal—two gold-plated hooks, and gold fastener. Note pocket holding Identification Service card. No. 029-2K, $4.75. Others $1.50 to $11.00



A combination set—one eight-hook and one two-hook Keytainer. Pin seal, calf-lined. Handy pocket models. 14 kt. gold plated hooks and solid gold mountings. The two-hook Keytainer with gold-plated clip, Nos. 049-2K and 049-8. In satin-lined gift box, $19.75

Two alligator calf Keytainers in [illegible] and [illegible] Gold-plated hooks [illegible] in the three and 14 kt. gold fasteners. Two-hook model has gold-plated vest pocket clip. Nos. [illegible] and [illegible] In satin-lined gift box, $9.25. Others as up to $15.75

BUXTON KEY·TAINER

(Continued from Page 183)

common sense. Otherwise organized society cannot endure. The very weight of these burdensome bales of legislation lays more and more emphasis upon common sense. I doubt if any man who owns the ordinary amount of impedimenta, including an automobile, can live one week nowadays without breaking one or more laws. It is the same in business. We might as well face this proposition squarely and say it out loud. The point at which I am aiming is that someone with common sense and broad information has got to determine which laws to hold sacred. Just because I do not and cannot know all the laws, nor comply with all of them to the letter, I should not be excused either morally or legally for committing murder. I am supposed to have some common sense, whether lawmakers have or not.

The cultural value of law is so potent that when Blackstone falls upon fertile soil he often leads on to greatness. Some lawyers learn to think in all directions without fear. The mental barriers in their minds crumble and they discover themselves turning the searchlight of reason in all directions with equal facility and delight. A great many persons have ability in only one field. All their other barriers remain intact and on some subjects their unreasoning stupidity is incredible.

As an example of what I mean, I have had the interesting experience of hearing an able lawyer state a technical or scientific question to an expert with such clarity and understanding that the expert plainly showed by his expression that valuable new light had been thrown upon the subject by the lawyer's logical way of putting the proposition.

This whole subject of how men learn to think is one of inexhaustible interest. Some seem to achieve it almost without books; an astonishing number of men succeed with only one, three or five books. Others remain dumb-bells in spite of all efforts. The most interesting type of all to me, however, is the bright mind struggling with itself, soured, disappointed, at war with the world, then suddenly lifted to cheerful sanity and a release of energy by contact with the right mind or book. That is an inspiring spectacle, gentlemen.

Speaking of the mind that hasn't found itself reminds me that thus far I have painted perhaps too glowing a picture of my profession. Far more boys are educated for the law in this country than are really needed, in spite of all the factors which steadily increase the number of remunerative berths. I have no statistics at hand to show how many lawyers are failures, but it wouldn't astonish me if the actual figures showed something like 50 per cent. That is because many young men who are not at all fitted by temperament or capacity go through law schools.

Those Who Succeed

Very few American boys are advised nowadays not to become lawyers. On the contrary, they can enhance their standing by asserting that such is their ambition. Often loyal families of brothers and sisters undertake severe hardships and privations to produce a lawyer, without adequate assurance that the candidate is good material.

You will assume that these young men very quickly take down their shingles and adjourn to other fields, but unfortunately they do not. I think they are influenced by the fact that they have invested three or four years in obtaining a license, and they feel obligated to practice their profession. Nothing could be more absurd. If they don't care for it they ought to quit with no more compunction than any other skilled workman feels when he seeks a new job. They ought to realize that they are now equipped with an excellent education useful in almost every walk of life. The less time they lose in taking up something else the more misery they will spare themselves.

There used to be a Federal judge in New York who frequently gave that advice in his speeches to law students when he performed the ceremony of admitting them to the bar.

In discussing early struggles, I have dealt exclusively with my own, because they are the only ones I know all about. However, I now number among my acquaintances several fathers of young men who are studying law. One youngster in particular I wish to mention. The books did not fascinate him; he loved athletics. Any sort of reading was work. Nevertheless, he clearly showed understanding of what he read. He said he wanted to be a lawyer, but his father often wondered if he really knew what he was talking about. Only a contest—the illusion of battle—seemed to stir the boy. I predict for him a brilliant future and I want to tell you why.

Many men who have achieved not only success but great fame as lawyers were not naturally studious or bookish. The law student spends weary hours with volumes that do not, at the time, seem to promise practical help. The fact that these studies are tiresome does not necessarily mean that the young man is lacking in those qualities upon which success largely depends. Rules and principles of evidence are not very thrilling reading, but living witnesses are. Once they appear in the court room, some reticent, others confused or timid or wily, the lawyer scents battle. His interest picks up. And when opposing lawyers plead, it is as though the law books had come to life and were walking about; they are articulate. What had previously been academic now throbs with life. There is an issue, and someone will win or lose. Many great lawyers have been men of such temperament that they could not apply themselves to abstract study; they had to have a specific case before them. Then they were tireless in exploring its possibilities. I surmise that nearly every law student at times wonders whether he has the will to proceed with such dry and lifeless reading. Nor does the fact that he enjoys it—if he does—make success certain in actual practice of the profession.

Great Opportunities

One of my own boys will be a lawyer. The two others will eventually enter technical schools, because their talent and ambitions turn in that direction. To the one who will be a lawyer I said:

"Son, it doesn't make any difference whether you duplicate my success or not. Personally I'd like very much to see you established and honored in a small city, with a practice that brings in about eight thousand a year. I'd like to have you serve on the school board and be a delegate to the state convention. The status of a lawyer, assuming that he has integrity and a fair measure of ability, is fixed in the minds of the American public without undue regard to his capital. In fact, I think a lawyer enjoys a very desirable position in the community without requiring more than enough money to pay his rent and provide the necessities of life.

"The more important part of every man's life is lived entirely within his brain. It consists largely of contemplating the world. Now it often happens that a man's mode of earning a living makes such severe demands upon his time and attention that he does not adequately develop the contemplative faculties. Thus, if misfortunes should overtake his enterprises in the latter part of his life, the loss is tragic. A lawyer, on the other hand, is not in the same danger of losing his principal asset. The profession offers just as attractive remuneration and just as rich opportunity now as ever."

I tried to turn the fancy of the two other boys toward the law, but without success. Then I surrendered gracefully, for I have common sense enough to realize the force of youthful desires. They were uneasy about my opinion of their plan of life, so I said to them:

"Boys, after the brief flush and passion of youth are over, you will turn more and more toward your work for happiness. By all means, therefore, choose wisely. It is your good fortune to live in a country where a man can scarcely fail to make a decent living, so there is nothing to worry about on that score. All other considerations can be dropped as immaterial.

"Whatever honorable occupation pleases you, follow it. And don't repeat my own ridiculous error by fearing that you will starve to death. I will bet you one hundred dollars to one cent that if you don't secrete yourselves where others can't get to you, you can't starve forty-eight hours in this country. That bet goes even if you sit down on the curb and inform every passer-by who questions you that you are determined to starve to death. They will not permit you to do it. How much less chance you have then to starve to death when guided by a worthy ambition! Never fear poverty, for its only sting is shame, and shame is self-inflicted. I say this out of the depths of experience. In other words, I've tried it both ways, right and wrong."

Will You Go Through the Winter Without a Cold?

Two minutes a day keeps a cold away.

Why you catch cold and how you can prevent it.

You guard your teeth—why not your nose and throat?

DO you catch cold easily? Do slight irritations make you cough frequently? Are you sometimes troubled with sore throat? Strengthen your nose, your mouth, your throat. Regular, systematic care—easily and quickly given—will do it. Put Glyco-Thymoline diluted with water in an atomizer. Spray this solution up into your nose morning and evening. Spray your mouth and your throat also. Inhale as you spray. The taste is extremely pleasant, the after-effect soothing and freshening. For years, physicians have recommended Glyco-Thymoline for the relief of colds; it is also a preventive.

In the tissues of your nose, mouth and throat, there are countless tiny channels, or blood-vessels. Your blood flows through these passages, just as traffic would through a vast network of streets and avenues. But there are weak spots in the system. A famous doctor says that almost everybody has them. They slow up circulation, just as a bad spot in the pavement slows up traffic. They are the spots that germs attack. They are the spots that suffer from exposure. They are the spots that are at once affected by the air of badly heated and ventilated rooms. Nature's remedy is to rush to the spot an extra quantity of blood—to clear away the congestion. Sometimes this succeeds, but when it doesn't, that extra blood remains to make the congestion worse. Traffic is blocked; your blood doesn't circulate as it should; inflammation sets in, and you ask yourself, "How did I get this cold?" Glyco-Thymoline prevents colds because it unblocks traffic, widens the clogged-up blood vessels so that the blood circulates more freely. Thus, it aids Nature to keep you healthy.

YOUR THROAT. The air you breathe, the food you eat, practically everything that enters your [illegible] here [illegible] conditions that [illegible] did not count upon—stale air, dusty air, air filled with the fumes of burnt gasoline, and modern [illegible] gives [illegible] needs

YOUR MOUTH. [illegible] e, yet most neglected, parts of your [illegible] Thymoline keeps it clean, neutralizes [illegible] fresh, healthy [illegible] gthens the tissues of cheeks and gums by stimulating the circulation

YOUR NOSE. Through this sensitive corridor the air you must have enters your body. It is vital to your health that this passageway be kept clear. Strengthening the tissues and membranes will do more than anything else to keep it clear.

Why is it that your dentist always urges you to use dental floss?

HE knows from experience that minute food particles frequently escape the tooth-brushes of even the most careful people. These particles hide in the hard-to-reach places. If they are not soon dislodged, they ferment. Fermentation produces acids that attack the teeth, break through the enamel and cause decay. Unpleasant breath also results. Use dental floss faithfully, but also use Glyco-Thymoline. Nature intended your mouth to be alkaline, and Glyco-Thymoline is an alkaline preparation—the opposite of an acid. It checks fermentation, neutralizes the acids of decay and makes the mouth fresh, pure and wholesome. If you suffer from sore and tender gums, Glyco-Thymoline will stimulate the circulation, thus aiding Nature to harden them and make them healthy. Glyco-Thymoline is sold by druggists everywhere; small, medium, and large size bottles.

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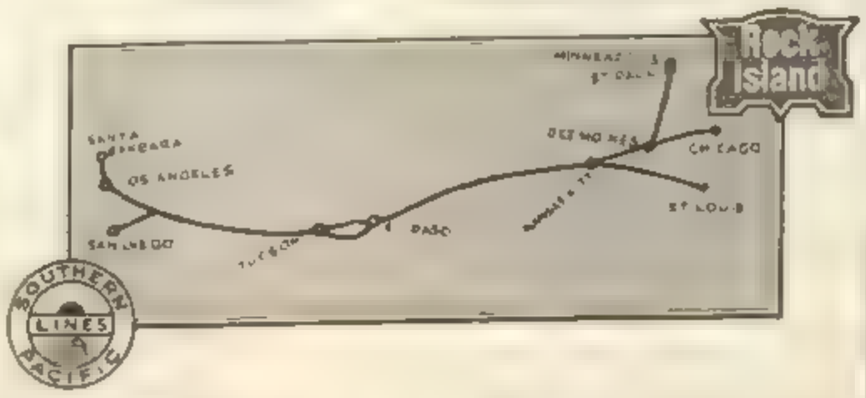

Golden State Route

from CHICAGO ST LOUIS MINNEAPOLIS ST PAUL KANSAS CITY

THE BUM'S RUSH

(Continued from Page 33)

drizzling rain falling. For a moment she was dismayed by the thought of the run in the wet at the end of the car line, and then her heart leaped, for Jimmy was there, and Jimmy had an umbrella.

"Hello, Glad! How's the girl?" he hailed her as he held her arm with one hand and trotted her across the walk. "Sort of thought this would be your train, so I just nabbed a taxi for us. Hop into it!"

"Why, this is very kind of you indeed," said Gladys as she sank into the seat of the taxi.

She tried to imagine that Jimmy had a high hat and a white-front shirt and one of the million-dollars-a-minute incomes and that this was his limousine; but the taxi certainly had a mean bunch of springs in the rear seat and jounced unmercifully when it hit the high spots.

"Yeh? All right; but just can the swell words when you're with me; I don't understand 'em," Jimmy jollied her. "Say, you looked sick when you saw it was wet! I hadda laugh. Say, what'd you mean giving me such a nasty look over the phone tonight? You'd 'a' thought I was your husband or something."

"Far from that, I'll tell Gilhooley!" said Gladys.

"Well, I don't know about that either, Glad," he said. "Watcha suppose I'm buying taxis for like this? It ain't because I hate you, is it?"

"Oh, that!" scoffed Gladys. "You ain't the only one that don't hate me. That kind comes in bunches."

"No; but honest, I mean what I'm talking about," Jimmy insisted. "I'm crazy about you, Glad. You know that, don't you? And look at the job I got—fifty big round plunks a week and more ahead."

"And me getting twenty-five!" laughed Gladys scornfully. "And me living at home and no board to pay! Honest, Jimmy, I'd have to be nuts to lissen to a proposition like you put up. Me getting my twenty-five all for my lonesome, and you want me to split your fifty. What'd I get? The same old twenty-five, and then I gotta pay half the rent and half the food, and chuck up my talent, and then what? Along comes a lotta bawling kids, and I gotta pay for half of them! Gosh, no! Not on your life, Jim!"

"Yes, but lissen, Glad, you ain't got the dope right."

"For cat's sake, stop pawin' for my hand!"

"No, but you ain't got it right," Jimmy insisted. "You left out one thing—we'd be married, wouldn't we? Don't that count for nothing? And who says you gotta give up your twenty-five a week? You can go right ahead earning it, can't you? And go on learning the dance stuff, for all I care. All would be, we'd be married and we'd have a home."

"Merry Christmas! A home!" cried Gladys. She thought, briefly, of the Vench home as it was from something like six in the morning till eight at night. "Say!" she exclaimed. "All I gotta do is run a home and earn me my twenty-five a week holding down a job and go on taking these dancing lessons at nights, is it? Say, you sure are nuts, Jimmy. You got this marry stuff on the brain, that's all that's the matter with you. Now, lissen! I ain't going to marry no man for ten years from now, not at least! Do you get that? And I ain't a going to talk to no man that talks to me about it. Honest, I'm sick and tired of the way you fellas think a girl's gotta get married all the time. The' ain't one of you can be decent and loving and maybe do a little decent necking now and then, and flirt a little, and trade kisses once in a while and be just friends. You gotta yell, 'Marry! Marry! Marry! Marry!' as soon as a girl lets you get your arm around her or anything."

"Yes, but Glad ——"

"Aw, you gimme a pain, the whole lot of you!" said Gladys, looking out of the cab window. "What th' heck do any of you care whether a girl makes a swell name for herself, with the genius she's got, like that bald-headed old pimple of a Socowsky is always yowling I've got? Swell lot you care! I might as well have a face like a prune pie and a pair of sticks like a grandpa. You just come fooling around and squalling at me to go and get tied for life, like any doll-faced flapper."

With this, Gladys began to cry for no reason whatever except that her legs ached from the soles of her heels right up to the top of her head, and that it was a pretty state of things to be riding in a perfectly good taxi on a dark street and nobody putting an arm around you! Lots of things. Having to get up early in the morning to go to work again, for instance.

"Aw, Glad!" exclaimed Jimmy, and he moved over and put both arms around her. "Forget it! I'm a fierce hog, I am!"

He contritely kissed her for three blocks and she held her mouth against his and sobbed and let her tears run lusciously down to moisten the kisses.

"Say, bo, it's the third house from the end of the line, ain't it?" asked the taxicab man, turning in his seat.

"Yeh! Vench's, like I told you," said Jimmy, drawing his mouth away long enough to answer.

Then the cab began to jounce over the rougher road beyond the end of the tracks, and Gladys pushed Jimmy away and began to straighten her hat and smooth down her waist. She felt tremendously better, much rested and clearer-brained, as if trouble had departed, leaving a clear sky.

"You gotta come in and have a samwich," she told Jimmy.

"This time of night? And me gotta get up with the chickens?"

"Aw, Jimmy!"

"Well ——"

"Maybe I could fry you an egg samwich, if we got any eggs. It ain't so late, at that. I'm a gonna have a samwich before I go to bed, anyway."

"Well ——"

When the taxi stopped Jimmy handed the driver a dollar.

"Beat it, kid!" he said, indicating that he did not desire the equipage to wait.

Gladys opened the back door cautiously, making no noise, and they stepped inside. She made a light and put her hat on the table and went to the ice box in the entry, throwing open the door and peering in. There were eggs.

"We got eggs!" she whispered, bringing four in her hands, two in each hand, smiling.

"Atta girl!" Jimmy applauded.

She went about the frying of the eggs deftly, breaking the eggs on the edge of the frying pan with what she knew very well was artistry. It might have been called the Dance of the Egg Fryer. The subtitle might have been, "A young girl, untouched by love, finds herself in a kitchen with a young man. In a spirit of harmless merriment she fries four eggs and cuts and butters eight slices of bread, imitating the serious-minded movements of an elderly matronly egg-fryer and bread-cutter-and-butterer. The young man watches her admiringly."

"Gee, you're swell, Glad!" Jimmy said. "What I mean, you get me, hard, fussing with eggs like that. What I mean, if we had a little place of our own, like a flat maybe, or something ——"

"Say, there you go again!" said Gladys, instantly serious. "Ain't I told you I don't want any of that talk?"

"Yeh! But, lissen, Glad ——"

Frankly, though marriages may be made in heaven, more would be made if more young men could come in contact with young women cooking, in the odor of good

food being cooked. That, at any rate, was how it affected Jimmy. Next to Gladys, a fried-egg sandwich, with the bread moist, was one of the things he was most fond of.

"Lissen, Glad ——" he said, and went over to help her listen by getting in touch with her.

"Oh, stop!" she exclaimed, frowning, and jounced him with her elbow, and then she screamed, for the four eggs slithered up the side of the frying pan and one leaped into the air over the edge.

Jimmy slid a flat palm to catch it, and he did catch it, and yelped. A fried egg straight out of the frying pan is a hot egg. He shook his hand violently, bashing the egg on the floor, and then laughed. He yowled with laughter, falling back on a sway-backed couch and licking the burned palm of his hand, and Gladys shrieked with laughter too.

"You poor fish! Grabbing a hot egg!" she shrieked, and between shrieks of laughter—"You otta seen yourself leggo of that egg!"

"I'll say I did!" laughed Jimmy.

Upstairs, Mr. Vench opened his eyes. It always made him angry to be awakened from his nightly sleep, and his first feeling was anger. As he realized that the house was not afire and that Gladys had a young man in the kitchen again, he slid his feet to the floor and got up. He drew on his trousers and buttoned them and started for the door, making no other preparations for giving the fellow down there the promised bum's rush.

The bum's rush, as I understand it, is the action resulting when the bouncer of an eating place or drinking place has been signaled to eject an undesired and probably penniless intruder. In these latter days the term has been much debased and misused. One hears quite strengthless young ladies who have said to a young gentleman "No, Bill, I don't care to go to the dance with you" tell their friends, "I gave Bill the bum's rush." This is mistreating a virile phrase. Though I have never been given the legitimate bum's rush myself, I believe it consists in grasping the intruder suddenly and unexpectedly by the collar and running him hastily through the doorway into the street, the knee of the rusher hitting the base of the rushed's spine at each leap. Just beyond the door the hand holding the collar gives an extra tremendous push and the bum catapults across the sidewalk and sprawls in the gutter. As one hand feels the base of his spine tenderly the bum knows he is not welcome in that eating or drinking place, as the case may be. This was the sort of bum's rush Mr. Vench meant.

Because of his bare feet, the first notice Gladys and Jimmy had of the coming of Vench was when they saw him standing in the doorway of the stairs, and they saw him simultaneously.

"Again! And this time of night! I'll show you!" shouted Mr. Vench in his loud voice, and he started for Jimmy.

Unfortunately, because of the table, Vench had to go in the direction of Gladys to reach Jimmy, and that was where Jimmy misunderstood Vench's intention. It was late, and Vench was violent by nature, and thousands of girls do catch Hail Columbia every night from irate fathers for staying out until unseemly hours. Jimmy gathered that Vench was about to castise Gladys in some inhuman manner, and he could not stand for that.

"Here, you!" he shouted, and jumped past Gladys, pushing her aside.

He met Vench shoulder to chest and butted him against the table, which skidded; and as Vench struggled to save himself from falling, Jimmy got arm under arm and swung behind Vench. He put his full weight behind Vench and rushed him the length of the kitchen and through the entry. They slammed up against the outer door and the door cracked and splintered, but it did not yield. In the confined space of the entry Jimmy and the father of Gladys tugged and swayed, banging the brooms and the dustpan and the ice box, until Jimmy, gasping and panting, crowded Vench into a corner and held him jammed there while he opened the door. Then with a new burst of vigor he turned Vench about and gave him the real bum's rush out into the night and slammed the door. He stood with his back against the door, breathing hard.

"Gee, Jimmy, he'll kill you!" Gladys cried.

"Well, I wasn't—going to let—him beat—you up," Jimmy panted.

"Me?" cried Gladys, her eyes opening wide. "Why, he wasn't a-gonna beat me up, Jimmy! He was giving you the bum's rush. Say, he wouldn't beat me up! He wouldn't even jaw me. He was throwing you out."

Jimmy breathed hard, like a gladiator in the movies, and stared at Gladys.

"Say!" he began, but a brick hit the door against which his back leaned, and he straightened up suddenly. "Ouch!" he said. He put his shoulder against the heavier wood of the door and braced himself against it. "But what's he giving me the bum's rush for, huh? What I done to him?"

Another brick hit the door and came through the thin panel. Upstairs, Mrs. Vench screamed. Outside, Mr. Vench was yelling and cursing, looking for bricks possibly. There was something in the tone of his voice that indicated he was irritated enormously.

Gladys grasped Jimmy's arm.

"You gotta get away from here! You gotta beat it!" she cried. "I don't know what paw'll do. I ain't ever seen him madder than what he always is, and he'll kill you, Jimmy! Jimmy!" She pulled at his arm, but he could not be moved in that way, and she began to cry. "Oh, Jimmy, please!" she begged. "Come on out the front way. You can beat it the front way; he won't ever think of anyone using the front door. Please, Jimmy, please!"

"I will not! What right's he got to gimme the bum's rush?"

"Oh, come! Come!" wept Gladys, pulling at the arm. "He'll get an ax or something. It's because I won't marry you, Jimmy!"

"Well, I ain't said I wouldn't, did I?" demanded Jimmy. "I said I wanted to. What right's he got ——"

But Gladys was no longer there. She rushed the length of the kitchen and squeezed past her mother on the narrow stairs and ran through Millicent's room to the window. Out of the window she leaned far.

"Paw! Paw!" she screamed. "Don't you! Stop it! It's all right—we're going to be married."

"Huh?" inquired Mr. Vench, looking upward and withholding the brick he was about to throw.

"Can it, you!" cried Gladys. "Ain't I telling you it's all right? You cut out the rough stuff; hear me, Paw? He ain't a bum, we're going to be married!"

"Well, for cat's sake!" shouted Vench. "Whyn't you say so in the first place? Don't you know this here is all raw cinders out here? Lemme get in the house."

"Well, you going to be decent?" asked Gladys.

"Say, lissen!" said Mr. Vench. "Ain't I always?"

"Sure," agreed Gladys, and she went below.

A few minutes later Mrs. Vench was busy, a bungalow apron over her nightgown as a sop to respectability, putting oil and lime water on Jimmy's palm, while Gladys sat on his knee and a good many little Venches stood and stared at him. Mr. Vench had lighted his high-powered pipe, and with his almost-free hand Jimmy was trying to smoke a cigar that Alderman Curtis had given to Bill Rotherwhite, and that Bill Rotherwhite had given to Mr. Vench two months ago. The cigar looked as if moths had been nesting in it, but it had a glorious paper band.

"Well, I gotta go to bed," said Vench, getting up from his chair. "You get, you kids! And you come up soon as you can, maw. And don't you two set up too long; you gotta get to work in the morning."

He held out his hand to Jimmy.

"Well, I'm glad I met yeh," he said rather inappropriately. "I guess you and Gulladus will hit it off pretty good; she ain't so worse, at that. But say, I come pretty near getting in wrong, didn't I? A little more and I'd 'a' got mad and give you the bum's rush."

"Ah, forget it!" said Jimmy happily. "That's all old stuff," and after a fractional pause he added "paw."

Gladys leaned forward and hit Jimmy square in the middle of the forehead with a sloppy little kiss, and Mrs. Vench, without being aware of it, shed two tears into the palm of Jimmy's hand where the hot egg had been.

"Don't set up too late," she said gently.

"We gotta eat them three eggs yet maw," said Jimmy, and Mrs. Vench kissed the top of his head, so he must have been a nice boy and everything all right.

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If you've been a follower of loud speaker development, you know that the common problem has been to build up "sound volume" without changing the register of the recital. You know how a megaphone makes the voice sound deeper. In the same way, sound which passes through any "cornucopia" or funnel has a tendency to deepen and drop an octave or so. Thus, a baritone is made to sound like a bass. A soprano, like a contralto; a violin like a bass viol. The "pitch" or register is often entirely changed.

To this problem, the Dictograph sound engineers applied their 20 years' experience in the making of acute and powerful sound instruments — the famous Acousticon for the Deaf; the Dictograph for Detectives; the Loud Speaking House-Phone for Business Men.

Out of this has come the Dictogrand. The long awaited perfect loud speaker, constructed with an articulating, larynx-like base and an acoustically perfect horn which counterbalance any tendency for sound to deepen out of its intended register.

The Dictogrand gives you, without rasp, distortion or twanging hardness, the best your receiving set can take out of the air. Read the special five-day trial offer below; send the coupon.

You're welcome to a five day free trial

Dictogrand dealers will gladly place a Dictogrand in your home on five days' free trial —with no obligation to you whatever.

Dictogrand

Two Models: UPRIGHT AND PORTABLE

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORP.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Pacific Coast Agent: Leroy C. Bishop
1341 Pacific Mutual Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Write for this liberal offer, giving radio dealer's name. In our reply, we'll include a supply of our famous and popular "Applause Cards," if you say so.

The Portable

Beautifully hand etched. 12 inch hard rubber bell mounted on non-vibrating metal tone arm. Ebony finish. Attractive design. Small and compact.

PRICE $24.50

The Upright

Beautifully hand etched. 12 inch ebony-finished, hard rubber horn and bell securely mounted on metal base. Easily hooked in on any set without extra batteries.

PRICE $25.00

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION
220 W. 42nd St., New York City, Dept. S-12
Please tell me how to secure a Dictogrand on five days' free trial. Also send "Applause Cards."

Name

Address

Radio Dealer's Name

The Gift of Gifts

Merry Christmas!

THAT is the joyous message that radio will bring to thousands and millions this Christmas-tide. Let your family enter into the spirit of the day and smile good-will with all the world. Give them the "gift of gifts"—the miracle of FADA radio. A gift—not for a day, but for all the days to come.

In the Neutrola Grand, FADA has transformed the radio receiver into a beautiful piece of furniture; a masterpiece of the cabinetmaker's art. It is the radio receiver at its best, the five-tube Neutrodyne radio receiver that will delight you with its appearance and amaze you with its performance. Its voice obeys your will—hither and yon, from far and near, the FADA Neutrola Grand will bring in concerts and entertainment at your command with loud speaker volume and wonderful clarity.

The Neutrola Grand completes the FADA line of Neutrodyne receivers, so that now you are offered a choice of sizes and styles—three, four and five tube FADA Neutrodyne receivers, each of which embodies the most advanced radio principles and designs.

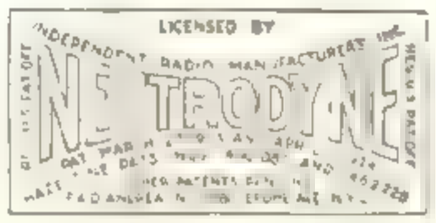
Every set is tested and proved before it leaves the FADA plant, so that no

FADA Radio

matter which FADA Neutrodyne model you purchase you are assured that no better receiver of its type is made.

You have a range from $75 to $295 from which to choose—six models in plain and artcraft cabinets; each extraordinary in results; each a remarkable value. See your dealer today and make your selection.

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.
1581 JEROME AVE. NEW YORK

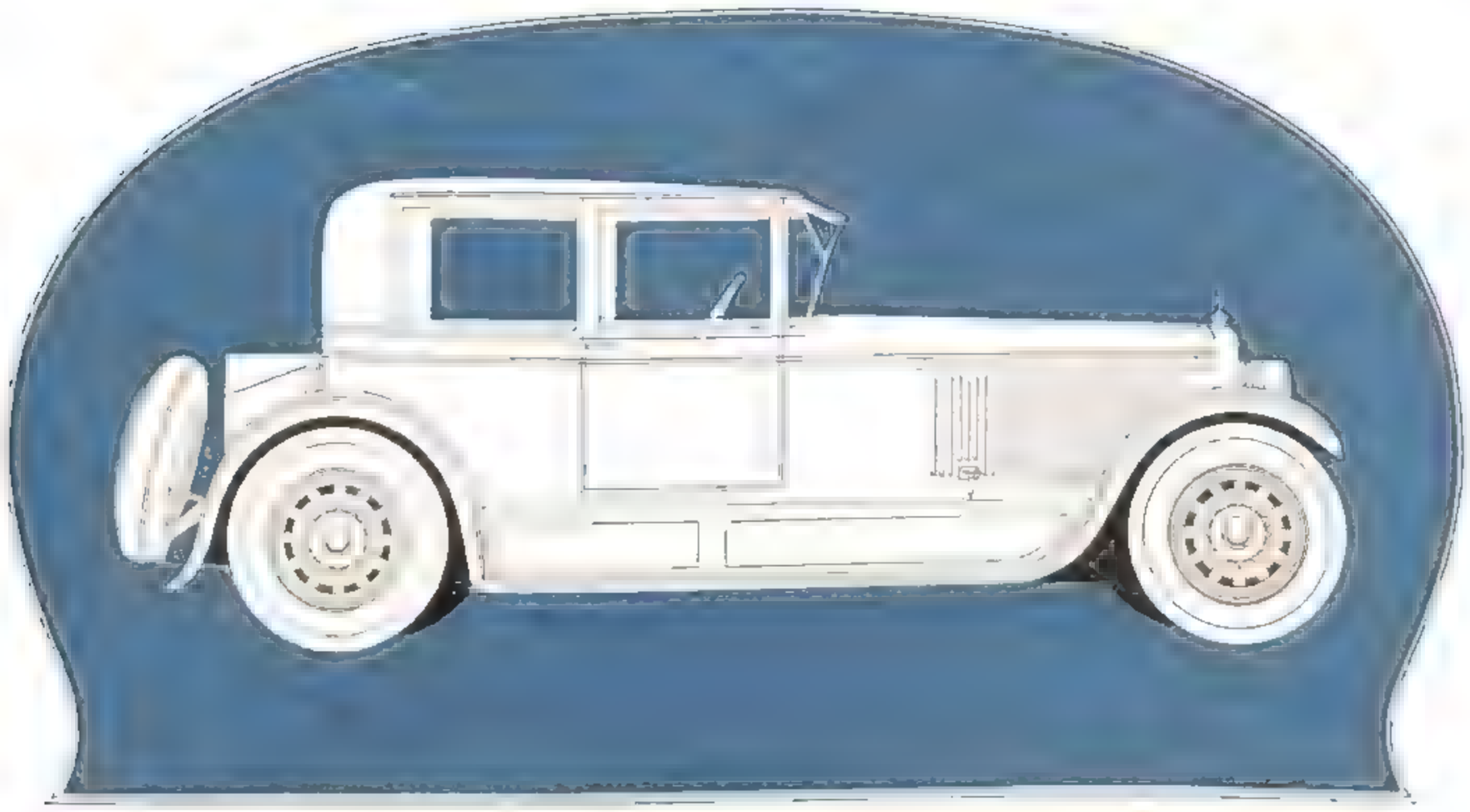


FADA Neutro Junior
No. 195

Three-tube Neutrodyne that is a wonderful performer. Price (less tubes, batteries, etc.) $75.

FADA Neutroceiver Grand
No. 175 90-A

The five-tube Neutroceiver No. 175-A, mounted on FADA Cabinet Table No. 190-A. Price (less tubes, batteries, etc.) $235.



THE GREAT LINE EIGHT

Frankly, The Great Jordan Line Eight has been built to please Jordan owners.

Ninety-nine percent of them have either retained their original Jordans or have bought new ones.

The first Jordan ever built has gone 300,000 miles and is still in the hands of the original owner.

The sales record of The Great Line Eight has been startling.

It must be pleasing to Jordan owners to know that thousands of people who have been accustomed to pay hundreds of dollars more are now buying The Great Line Eight.

Their reasons are simple.

Rare beauty, extraordinary comfort, perfect balance, much lighter than the old-fashioned, bulky car, easy to handle in the traffic, easy to turn around, and much less expensive to maintain.

Those are the fundamental reasons behind the success of The Great Jordan Line Eight.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

In the silence of a winter noon when all the world is a white floor and twigs and grasses are feathery with snow we'll cut our tree from the frozen earth for that magic day of days when Joy comes over the hills and every heart is young.

JORDAN

THE MODERN DAYS OF ANTHRACITE

(Continued from Page 19)

to a pulp. "It's going to be the dod-gastest fastest job in the coal regions. Look at the way the loftsmen are riding timber!"

I looked to where he pointed, and saw one of his men in mid-air on a long twelve by twelve. The gin pole stuck high above the framework, held by four guy ropes, and the hoisting rope with its two and three block tackle was fastened to the timber by a rope sling that the loftsman tightened with blows from his cant hook, as he and the timber were being hoisted.

We watched him swinging upward. The timber was about on balance. When it was high enough he maneuvered the mortise in one end on to the tennon of a post and swung the other end around to another post. The engineer gave him slack—he ran to one end and stuck in a pin—ran to the other end—on a sidewalk twelve inches wide and one hundred and twenty-five feet in the air—and stuck in the other pin to hold the cap in place, then stuck his legs through the sling and cried, "Slack off."

Tom turned to me with sparkling eyes.

"The best loftsman in the business."

And that was the way they all worked.

The progress charts were beginning to show that the shafts were not keeping up with the breaker. I studied over them for some hours one day, and then went to the headman and asked for a bucket to be lowered to the bottom. The next one that came up loaded with rock had me for a passenger when it went down. I stood on its edge and held on the heavy iron bail as it descended through the trapdoor. The billy—a framework traveling on the shaft guides above the bucket to hold it from swinging and keep the rope from twisting—followed us down into the depth of the great reverberating opening. The staccato pulsations of the drills echoed and hammered through the medley of other sounds of this glorified rain barrel.

We descended rapidly into the darkness, and the partial opening that was visible above my head shrank rapidly in size and diminishing perspective until I seemed to be looking through the object glass of a telescope. The rough ragged walls darkened as the light from above grew dimmer and I dropped quickly into a darkness where only a few jagged knobs of rock that stuck out too far showed. I felt the bucket beginning to slacken speed jerkily, and peered downward over its edge. Lights twinkling—a heavier sound from the drills—men's voices—shovels scraping on the rock—and the bucket touched the bottom.

Underground Inspection

The chargeman met me when I jumped down. He was a Cousin Jack and talked with a burr of his own. He took the lamp off his cap and wiped the grease and dirt from it with his thumb as a preliminary. I looked around. His eyes followed mine into each of the four corners. He had men drilling, sumpers, relievers and flankers. These holes when finished would be fired by the firing shift. Two idle machines were set up ready for use on tripods. A few men were mucking. I looked at them. I looked back at him.

"They didn't finish mucking last night," he said.

"Ow, Jack, that's what I wanted to hear you say," I said. "If you can work men finishing mucking while the machine runners are drilling their round of holes, why can't we muck right along and save a shift in three?"

He caught on. "We can."

"Do it."

I knew it was as good as done with Jack.

Meanwhile the muckers had unhooked the rope from the empty bucket I came down on and hooked it to a loaded bucket. This now started slowly upward and went out of my sight.

"The shafts are behind the breaker, Jack. We can't let them beat us like that."

"We's making big footage every round of shots."

"I know you are. Can't you make more?"

He rubbed his thumb over his lamp.

"Deeper holes, more powder. Come over in a corner; a lump of rock might fall down in as here."

Two men went to the idle machines and they started with a clatter. It was hard to talk. We took a vantage point and looked on. Before I climbed on an empty bucket to go up I told him to come to my office a little earlier than usual that afternoon so I could talk the change of shifts over with all the chargemen.

I stayed down perhaps an hour, interested as always in watching the machines driving the drills deeper into the holes, the men loading the rock, and the constant din and roar; then asked for the next empty bucket and drew myself up to the edge of it when it landed. The signal was given to hoist and I felt the tentative lift, and then the upward surge as the bucket started, the billy going ahead of us, feeling the way.

The clamor of steel and rock receded; it got lighter, my eyes felt the glare, then the billy opened the pair of trapdoors and we went through them and stopped. I stepped on to the platform.

"There's a man over there waiting to see you," the headman said.

I looked across the tracks and rock pile and saw a man near my office. He had not yet seen me. I did not know him. Wondering what he wanted, I walked over to him and confronted him. He was about my build, a little heavier, with a heavy face and a fine, long upper lip. "Do you wish to see me?" I asked.

"Are you Mr. Moore?" he asked.

I nodded.

"My name is Grady and I am very glad to meet you." We shook hands. "You appear to be driving things here."

An Interesting Proposal

I was not very responsive—said that we were—and what could I do for him? He did not reply at once, but rather calmly looked at me and folded his arms. My head was full of the new plans to increase the shaft's footage.

"It remains to be seen what you can do for me," he said after a pause. I learned afterward that he could never be hurried into anything unless he was in a hurry himself. "I am one of the few that have bought the old South Point Coal Company." What did I care about that? I was thinking of other things. "I know Mr. Emory quite well. He is willing, if you and I can come to terms, to let you go with us, believing as I do that it will be considerably to your advantage. Before we discuss further it might help you to decide if you knew the salary we are willing to pay you." He mentioned a sum just double that I was receiving.

I went to the South Point twelve days later. I left the Waterwave colliery, the company behind it, Mr. Emory and my associates with regret. They gave me a big blowout; I had to make a speech; they presented me with a watch and chain. The company was a good one then and is a good one now, occupying a stellar position among the companies; but the opportunity seemed too good a one to refuse.

"Grady," said my father when I told him. "He'll be Irish."

"An Irish Presbyterian."

"The stiffest kind." Mother laughed at that. He looked at her and I saw his eyes twinkle. "I know what you're thinking, but say no more about it."

"You and mother are going to move down there and live with me," I said.

"We are not."

That was settled right there.

The South Point was an old operation with a large coal reserve and very much run down at the heels. They were getting out around seven hundred tons of coal a day and Mr. Grady told me at once that as soon as I was familiar with the property I was to begin making improvements to increase this. I saw that they were willing to spend money—wanted to, in fact; something that is hard to do and do right and in a way that will give results. With his assistance I went at it.

The personnel of the management was as antiquated as the plant. I felt instinctively that I was going to be very unpopular for a while. Only one salaried employe met me with any warmth; the others eyed me askance and seemed to be willing to block any game I might play. One of the foremen was a drunk. I grew sick of smelling his breath every day. I spoke to him about it finally. He promised to reform. The odor persisted. I bided my time—it was an unpropitious time to make any changes. The threat of a strike was in the air. The men throughout the coal fields were organizing. They were willing to test their strength, and did test it.

The strike came. We were left with only salaried men to fire the boilers, run the pumps, get in fuel and take out ashes. The pumps were in poor shape and I spent a week inside going around with Shorty, a foreman, repairing them. He was a most loyal soul and I came to depend upon him and his opinion, although it seldom coincided with mine.

His one cry was, "Great day; I wish I was rich. I'd go to bed and not get up for a month."

Shorty was well over six feet tall and his favorite position when sitting down was folding his legs up in front of him and clasping his arms around them.

I learned that there were idle men on the farms in the country back of the mountain around us. From them I began to get recruits, and soon had every necessary job filled.

Grady came down one day and suggested that we build a washery to reclaim the culm bank. The market was begging for coal, he said. This bank was very large and full of good merchantable small-sized coal. We found plenty of large sizes in it later. The proposition staggered me. Build a washery during a strike, with no men!

"Think it over," he said before going back home on the train.

I called my first staff meeting that afternoon and laid the proposition before them. With a unanimity that was startling they turned it down; said it could not be done.

"All right," I said. "We'll build it. Jim"—to the foreman who drank too much—"you get a gang together of those farmer boys and take a screen, shafting, and belt pulleys out of the old breaker—the one that stands abandoned on the eastern end of our property. I'll get a few carpenters to make the timber bents to hang the screen on.

"Shorty, you get some more of those farmer boys and lay two lines of four-inch pipe from the river pumps to where the new washery is going to be built."

"Where is it going to be built?" he asked.

I described the site on a shelving bank on top of a retaining wall built along the railroad tracks in our lower yard and high enough to run the coal into the cars.

The inside superintendent nodded his head sagely and declared it could never be built; that the strikers would not let us build it. How I loved that man—just as much as he loved me. But it was built. Our men did not interfere with us by word or deed. They gathered in groups on the station platform and watched us, but they never crossed the tracks to where we were working, nor said anything out of the way.

Cheap, But Effective

It was a sight for sore eyes when completed. It was dubbed the Scab Washery, and by that name it has always been known. It had no roof or sides. All the machinery was out of doors and the skeleton framework simply carried it and the platforms to walk on and the railings built around the screen, shafting and belts for safety. The windows of every passenger train that passed were filled with interested spectators. A friend of mine told me that it looked as if we had built it of dry-goods boxes, but it produced coal, some two thousand tons daily, of one size only, and that size ranged from a quarter-inch to one-and-a-half-inch screen mesh, and we called it pea coal.

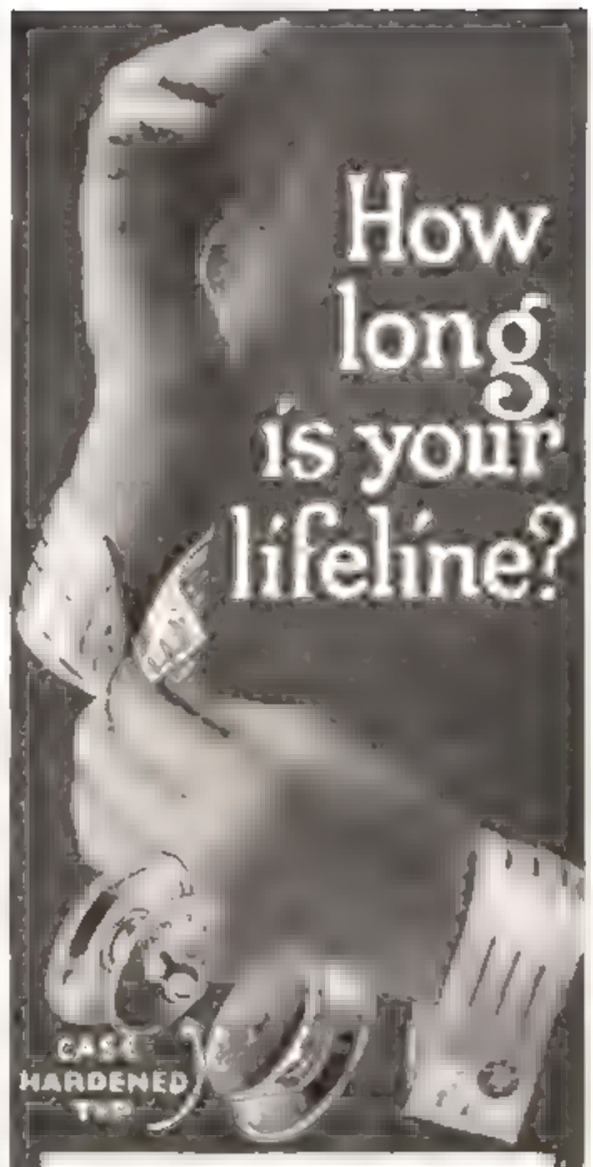
The railroad company took all the refuse, and we ran the washery twenty-four hours a day and six days a week. Repairs were made on Sunday. Bonuses were paid to the men for extra work and it soon became a fixed object in the scenery.

We ran it all summer and into the fall until the strike was settled, and during that time washed hydraulically an immense hole in the mountain of culm.

The strikers gained a nine-hour day at the same pay they received for a ten-hour day, a two weeks' pay and many other concessions. It took a month to get the mine work swinging again.

We installed two large air compressors and a number of small pairs of hoisting engines to use the air instead of steam, and gradually got more coal coming to the breaker. It was an uphill drag, my friend,

Continued on Page 193)



Look at your hand. How long is your life line? That's how long your cuff buttons are guaranteed to last—if they're stampt Kum-a-part. In fact the new, patented case-hardened tip will *outlive* you.

Already over 10 million men are Kum-a-part boosters. The smartness—the convenience, simplicity and positive grip of the click-open, snap-shut action have won them over.

Now with the new improvements and a lifetime guarantee, why should anyone accept weak imitations or fuss with clumsy, old style buttons!

Just be sure the buttons you buy are stampt Kum-a-part. This registered name is your guarantee—of genuineness—of lifetime service. Look for it on the back.

At Jewelers' and Men's Shops
Up to $25 the pair
Write for Correct Dress Chart "11"
The Baer & Wilde Company
Attleboro, Mass. (U.S.A.)

KUM-A-PART
CUFF BUTTON
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
the snap with the lifetime guarantee

How will your home look the day after Christmas?

Will it look much the same as on the day before Christmas? In thousands of America's most beautiful homes there will be a subtle but all-important change. In living room, den, boudoir and dining room there will be an added note of that quality which interior decorators define as VITALITY.

A SETH THOMAS CLOCK is a present of two-fold significance and two-fold beauty. It arouses happiness and a quick, deeply felt sense of gratitude in the one who receives it.

It gives a new decorative beauty, a mellow harmony, to the room which it is destined to adorn.

In other words, in giving a Seth Thomas Clock to one for whom you care, you are enriching the life not only of one person, but of everyone who lives in the same house...and not merely for the single day of Christmas, 1924, but for years to come.

Why do noted decorators say that every room should have a clock?

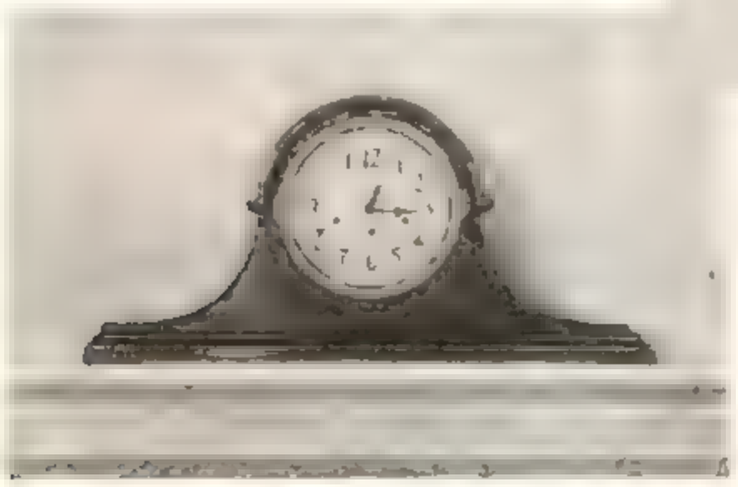
Your own imagination will answer. Picture your favorite room without a clock. Then add to it a Seth Thomas Clock of the same period, blending with the color scheme...authentic in design, perfect in craftsmanship, with the deep, rich color of a rare antique.

You feel the difference, don't you—a transformation in your favorite room?

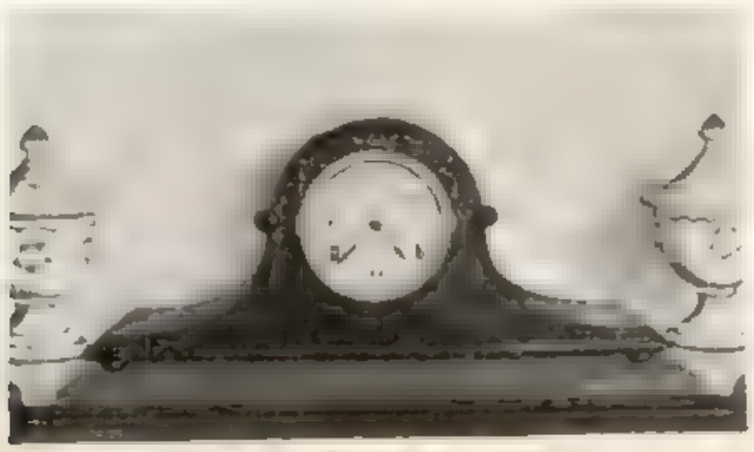
It will be the same for any room in your house, or the house of a friend. At your jeweler's there is a Seth Thomas, reasonably priced, that will make itself instantly at home.

TAMBOUR No. 18—Charming in every detail of design and decoration, lending itself admirably to the mirrored Adam interior

CHIME No. 95 (on bracket)



CHIME No. 74



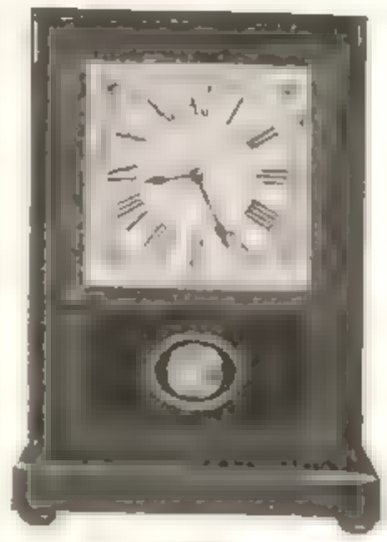
SENTINEL No. 2

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

ESSEX—(top of page) Inlaid mahogany case. 9½ inches high. 8-day movement, $24.

TAMBOUR No. 18—Mahogany or American Walnut case. 9 inches high, 20¼ inch base. Silvered dial, $33. With raised bronze numerals, $38.

CHIME No. 95—Two-tone mahogany case. 11 inches high. Compact chime movement sounds every quarter hour. Silvered dial, $50. With raised bronze numerals, $55. Mahogany bracket, $4.



SALEM

Prices are 10% higher in the Far West; 30% higher in Canada

CHIME No. 74—Wonderful Westminster Chimes on tuned rods. Mahogany case. 10 inches high, 20¼ inch base. Silvered dial, $80. With raised bronze numerals, $85

SENTINEL No. 2—Mahogany finish. 9 inches high, 20¼ inch base. Silvered dial. $20

SALEM—Replica of Old New England shelf clock. Half hour strike. Oak or mahogany finish. Decorated dial. 13 inches high, 9¼ inch base, $15.

(Continued from Page 191)

the inside superintendent, being the heaviest. With him I visited every working face and every miner.

He did not have an especially inspiring way of talking to his men. I remember visiting one miner, Abe Sikes by name, with him.

"He's a huckleberry miner," he said as we were walking up the track to the face.

Abe was hard at work drilling a hole for a shot. His laborer was loading a car with coal. They both stopped work when we reached the car and looked at us.

"Hello, Abe," I said cheerfully.

"Hello."

"How you making out?"

"Poor. This is a tough place."

"How thick is your coal?"

Abe looked up at the roof.

"Six or seven feet."

"I'm six feet tall. It's more than a foot above my head to the roof and I'm standing on the track, another foot. You got eight feet of coal, Abe."

"Maybe I have."

"This is Mr. Moore, Abe, the new manager," the superintendent said.

"I know him," Abe replied.

"How many cars do you load a day?"

"Four or five."

"Could you load any more or do you get all the cars you need?"

"I get all the cars I need. They're always crowding cars on me. I'm what they call a huckleberry miner."

"What is a huckleberry miner?" I asked, as if I had never heard of the term before.

Abe turned his drill around idly and confessed he did not know.

"Of course you don't. You're not a huckleberry miner. You can cut as much coal as anyone. We are all of us huckleberry something or other if we want to think that way of ourselves. Get that idea out of your head. I know a man whose greatest ambition is to write stories and he does write stories, but because he can't sell them he does not think he's a huckleberry. Would you?"

"I guess not. But it's easier to write stories than it is to cut coal."

"Of course it is. You could write a story, couldn't you, Abe?"

"Sure I could if I tried. Anyone could."

"Certainly. But we're interested in coal just now. You got a good place—a mighty good place. How many holes do you drill a day?"

"Seven or eight."

"What time do you go home?"

"I don't carry my watch."

"I'll tell you—one o'clock."

"About then."

"Why don't you stay in an hour longer, drill two or three more holes and load two more cars every day? Think how much more pay you'd draw every two weeks."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, now that you have thought of it, will you do it?"

"I guess."

"Good. I'll watch your tally. You keep your place in good shape, Abe—track in line—no loose coal lying around—you're not a huckleberry miner—you're a good miner. Good-by."

As to Strong Language

In two months we touched the thousand-ton-a-day mark. Everyone on the job was smiling. Word went up and down the line; the locomotive engineer spoke to me about it on my trip to the mines; the weighmaster was happy, and Mr. Grady sent down enough cigars to give every employe a smoke.

The inside superintendent—I'll have to name that fellow—Charlie, we'll call him—an inveterate smoker, criticized the brand, while Shorty just exclaimed, "Great day, I wish I had a box like them." Charlie left us soon after that and was succeeded by an energetic man whose strongest expression was "Jimminy Pelter." But he was a good mining man.

Do I believe in swearing? As a general proposition, no. Did I ever swear? Well, we're a profane lot; again as a general proposition.

I was no exception to the rule. But I never threw my hat on the ground and jumped on it. I have seen it done. Mining is a destructive game, and there are times when one has to let go or blow up. I know good churchmen who are in the game, and I have heard them swear. Hot pup—how they could swear! But I never knew of an oath mining a ton of coal.

When I had been with South Point two years, with the tonnage increasing every month, the opening of a new tract of land came up. We had reached the limit of compressed air for power and I determined to try electricity. I wrote to a large electrical manufacturing company and they sent on one of their experts. I showed him our data and together for two days we went over the ground and figured. At the end of that time I had a requisition made out calling for a high-speed engine direct connected to the armature of a direct-current generator, a locomotive, two geared hoists and two pumps—and sent it to Mr. Grady and waited for action.

I did not have to wait long. He came down the next morning and he had my requisition with him.

With a humorous smile he drew it out of his pocket after we were seated and going good, and asked what I had up my sleeve now. I explained to him fully. He listened attentively.

"I'll order your stuff today when I get back to my office," he said.

That's the kind of man he was. No one ever had better backing than he gave to me.

Jake's Promotion

The next thing to get was an electrical engineer, because this first installation was to be only a beginning in that line. I had a picture in my mind of the complete electrification of South Point, in and out, except the steam-locomotive roads. The news got around somehow. I received several applications by mail and one in person from an employe, a hoisting engineer by the name of Jake. He came to my office and made it.

"Where did you learn anything about electricity, Jake?" I asked him, to recover from my surprise.

"I'm an I. C. S. man," he answered.

"You're a union man, too, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You make pretty rabid speeches in union meetings, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have alluded to me as a slave driver, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

Jake's eyes were getting larger. I could see that he was wondering where I got this information.

"Do you really think I am a slave driver, Jake?"

"Well, you're a pretty hard driver."

"Did I ever drive you—wait—or did you ever hear of my driving any employe of the South Point?"

"No, sir, but ——"

"Hold on a minute. I want you and me to get on a footing on this job. It won't be much at first, but it's going to lead up to something big. If I give it to you, you're going to be a boss. Have you considered that?"

"Yes, sir."

"A boss, Jake, leads a more or less lonely life. A boss that seeks popularity is a flat failure. But a boss can gain the confidence of his men by always—always—keeping his promises to them and giving them a square deal and playing no favorites. Do you understand that?"

"I think I do. I think I am built that way."

"I hope you are, for, Jake, I'm going to give you the job. All I ask is that you continue to be as fervent in spirit as you have been, and transfer your allegiance from the union to the South Point. Can you do that?"

"Yes, sir, I can."

"I believe it. I believe it enough to try you. It's up to you from now on. Pick out two men that you would like to have with you as helpers and we'll arrange a nook in the machine shop for you for the present."

I nodded and smiled at him, signifying that the interview was over. Jake hesitated. I knew what he wanted to ask about, and had to pick up some papers before he turned and went out, after thanking me for his promotion.

I read Jake right. He became one of our best and most faithful officials. Like a stationary steam engine, he needed a governor attached to him to hold him at a constant speed and keep him from running away; but he was always on hand, always ready, kept his equipment in order and got along with his men after they became used to his energetic ways.

The work was swinging along so well now that I went home on Saturday to spend the day and Sunday with my mother and

Have these 3 startling facts occurred to you?

1 Oral hygiene (care of the mouth and teeth) is practised more generally in America than anywhere else in the world.

2 And for years now, millions of people have been using many kinds of dentifrices and mild antiseptics as mouth-washes—to maintain a clean, healthy condition of the mouth, and thus prevent dreaded gum infections.

3 Nevertheless, the highest dental authorities state that there is vastly more mouth and gum infection in this country than there was twenty years ago—even allowing for our normal increase in population.

The explanation is not hard to find. Government laboratories report that the great majority of so-called mild antiseptics used as mouth-washes have practically no germ-*killing* power whatever. In some few cases they retard the growth of the stubborn germs that produce gum infections. But actual *killing* is necessary to really prevent the slow, insidious, almost unnoticeable spreading of infection from one tooth to another.

Until recently, all of the solutions recognized as powerful germ destroyers were unfortunately deadly, caustic poisons which could not be used in the mouth without injuring its highly sensitive lining.

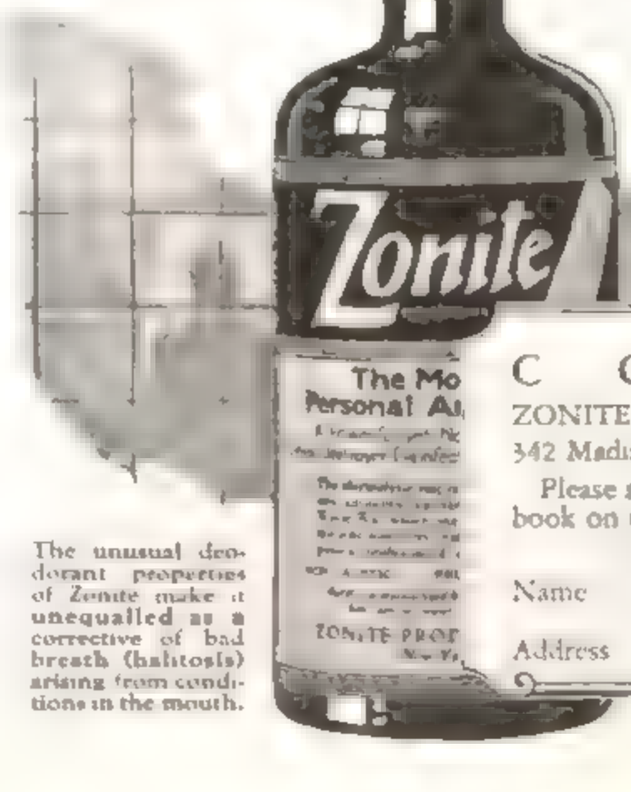
Now, however, there is a safe antiseptic that provides actual, *germ-free* cleanliness wherever used. It has been hailed by leading physicians and dental surgeons as a godsend to humanity. It is called Zonite and here

is the remarkable thing about it—

although much more powerful a germ-killer and preventive of infection than pure carbolic acid, it is absolutely non-poisonous and, when used as directed, non-injurious to the most delicate of human tissues.

Nothing has been added to Zonite to give it a pleasant flavor at the expense of weakening its remarkable germicidal power. It affords protection not only against gum infections but also against contagious diseases such as colds, influenza, tonsilitis, septic sore throat and diphtheria—all caused by germs which enter the system through the nose or mouth.

Learn more about this powerful but safe antiseptic by sending for the new Zonite handbook on the use of antiseptics. It's free of course—simply mail us the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York City. (In Canada—165 Dufferin St., Toronto.)



In bottles, at all reliable druggists —$.50 and $1.00 —slightly higher in Canada.

The unusual deodorant properties of Zonite make it **unequalled as a** corrective of bad breath (halitosis) arising from conditions in the mouth.

C O U P O N

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY
342 Madison Ave., New York City.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite handbook on the use of antiseptics in the home.

(D-3)

Name

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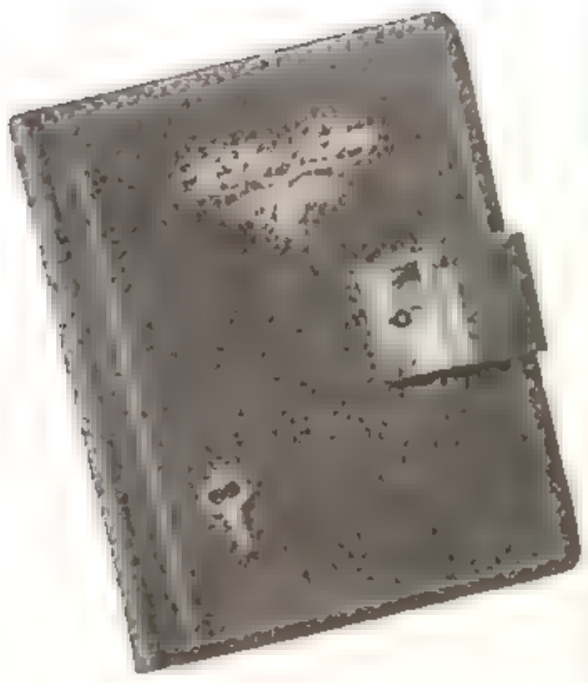

An excellent Gift for "Merry Christmas"

A HANDSOME, de luxe, leather bound A-Line-A-Day Book. It starts a delightful habit which is growing increasingly popular and fashionable. It builds up a brief, fascinating record of thoughts and events which its owner immensely enjoys reading over and wouldn't part with for any money.

Fascinating record of five years day by day

AN A-LINE-A-DAY Book is not an ordinary diary. It is much easier to keep and much more interesting. Instead of lasting only one year, it lasts for five. Each page is divided into five convenient spaces. Each space represents the same day for five consecutive years. What you wrote a year ago today is on the same page and just above what you write today. (See specimen page).

There is spice in keeping an A-Line-A-Day, too. Into it may go things you *would not dream* of telling. That's why some models are furnished with lock and key.

Use Ward's A-Line-A-Day Book for recording practically anything you wish—travels, weather, crops, home events; to remind you of future business or social engagements. Use as prizes and gifts.

Prices: $1.00 to $6.00 without locks, $3.50 to $25.00 with locks; bindings from modest black cloth to handsome de luxe leather. At stationery or department stores, gift shops or direct.

Send for circular

THOUSANDS of people use A-Line-A-Days. Start one yourself. Give them for Christmas. Write today for descriptive circular. If ordering direct, enclose check or money order. Money back if not satisfied.

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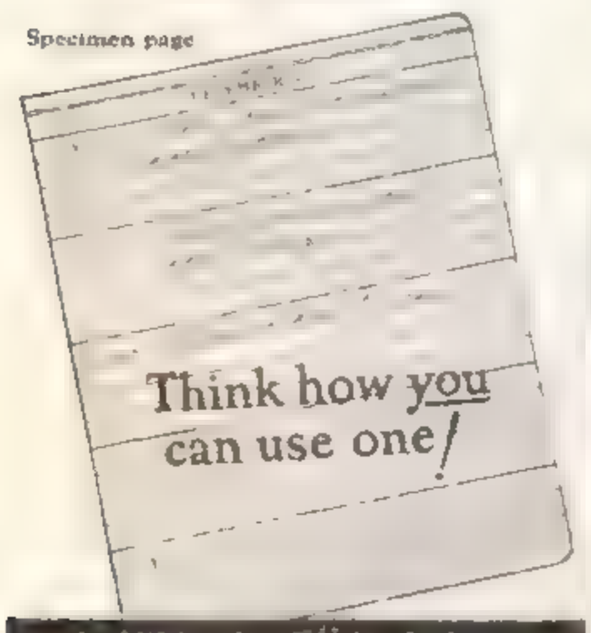
Specimen page



WARD'S A-LINE-A-DAY BOOK

father. The one thing in their greeting that made me feel happy was the apparent fact that I was still their boy. We sat with our heads together all day and talked. I had one of mother's meals for my supper. Again I brought up the subject of their moving

"There's a large house at South Point empty," I told them. "It's my house. And I have to board out."

"Why not get some gir-rl to live in it with you and keep house and make the beds and cook and ——"

"Mother, I am surprised at your suggesting such a thing."

"You do not understand. The gir-rl I mean would be your wife."

"Oh!" I was knocked out.

"It's a good idea. Better than having us around," dad said. "You and I wouldn't get along. I'm a union man."

"Are you, dad?"

"Of course I am. Why shouldn't I be?"

I did not know of any reason why he should not be, but the idea made me feel queer. It took a little conceit out of me, which probably is a very good thing to have done once in a while.

"I don't know any girls," I remonstrated.

"There's plenty of them around. You'll meet one some day."

"I haven't time."

"It doesn't take time, laddie," mother said softly.

I went back to South Point a wiser man. It took me two days to get up steam again, to get going. But later on it helped me make a decision in a grievance case and settle it.

Domestic Relations

The grievance committee sent word to me one day that they would like to meet me that afternoon at three o'clock. I signified my willingness to meet them. At the hour mentioned they filed into my office, three of them.

"What's the trouble, boys?" I asked as they sat down.

"No much trouble. Little bit. Nick Nichols, heem lick Angeeleo," rolling the name out of his mouth.

"What did he lick him for?" I inquired.

The speaker shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"I don't know. It was like this. Angeeleo heem work up in Number Two Drift. Heem got a good-looking wife, very good-looking. This other man, Nick Nichols, heem live in next company house by Angeeleo. Got wife; not so very good look—big, fat, like this," imitating a barrel-like girth with his hands and arms. "Nick all time weenking at Angeeleo's wife on back porch. Heem work in same drift. Heem son of a gun."

"Never mind," I interposed. "Let's have the facts."

"Angeeleo heem get mad. Ask Nick why always weenk at his wife, this way," winking. "Nick tell heem go to hell. Angeeleo say no like go to hell. Pick up drill and hit Nick. Nick hit heem with his fist, so, in the snoot. Make Angeeleo much bloody. Angeeleo heem yell loud, 'Son of a gun.'"

"Go on."

"Throw drill at Nick, hit Nick on coco, knock heem down. Nick get up and hit Angeeleo again, knock him down and jump on top of heem and choke heem."

"Where does a grievance against the company come in?" I asked.

"Well, Nick heem live in company house next to Angeeleo, work in same place next to Angeeleo; we demand you discharge Nick."

"What for? Licking Angelo or winking at his wife?"

"I don't know. What you will."

"Is Nick married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got any children?"

"Plenty children. Maybe ten."

"See here," I cried sternly, "you ask me to discharge a man with a wife and ten children? Who's going to feed them, you or the union?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know. Nick's wife, heem better not to eat, one, maybe two weeks; too fat."

"But the children? Are they too fat?"

"Nice little children, like this," moving his hand upward in a slant and smiling.

"And Angelo was fighting in the mines; that's against the law. Why not discharge him too?"

They whispered together. I waited. I did not believe their grievance had the full sanction of their local. While some of the grievances they presented were real to them and sometimes real ones in fact, this one looked fishy, as if it had been jammed through the meeting when the friends of Angelo had a majority present. That ultimately proved to be the case, for after they had whispered together some time they announced that they would go back to the local for further instruction. I never heard of it again.

This may seem to be an extreme case. It is. How is this?—the grievance committee at a certain date demanded the discharge, blacklisting and eviction from the company house in which he lived of one Andrew Urban by name, a miner, or the men would strike, and gave no reason for their demands.

I argued with them all day and finally told them flatly: "We will not discharge Urban. You will have to strike. You have given no valid reason for asking his discharge. You have given no reason, and refuse to give any. You only make a demand that we discharge him. Coal business is good, never better. You are making money and we are making money. Go back to your local and tell them all I have told you during our meeting."

They went back, and that grievance was dismissed. I learned afterward that Urban was accused of telling union secrets to one of our bosses, something we never encouraged or wanted. Until after Jake's promotion we had had a paid secret source of information, but it proved to be more harmful than good.

The electrical installation was an immediate success. It doomed the much-abused mine mule. He accepted it philosophically. He enjoyed roaming around the field set apart for his use and kicking at his mates more than dragging around heavy mine cars in the darkness, the curses of his drivers and the sting of their whips.

We had several steam-locomotive hauls inside. While they did good work, the gases from them were hard to handle and keep out of the main air currents. I wrote Mr. Grady a long letter suggesting further installation of the electric power, to do away with them. He approved.

Jake put a gang of men at work drilling holes in the roof to hold the hangers for the trolley wire; another gang drilling holes in the ends of the T rails to fasten the bonds in. Two electric locomotives were ordered, and when they came they were put to work. Another success. We had to build a shop for Jake, as the electrical equipment grew in size and numbers. Jake was working harder than I was, and whenever I met him I saw that unasked question in his eyes—how did I know he had called me a slave driver? He was now one himself. All of us are, I suppose. If we are not the driver we are the driven. Some persons add the word slave for emphasis.

Turkey Dinners for All

Naturally all this had its effect on the daily tonnage. When we reached a total output in one month of fifty thousand tons Mr. Grady told me he wanted to celebrate by giving a turkey dinner to all our employes. Gosh! That was out of my line. I thought of the words of my mother. I realized then that perhaps I did need a wife.

The wife of the bank cashier of the town came to my rescue.

"I can handle that for you or tell you how to handle it," she said, when I spoke to her and her husband one evening of my perplexity while calling on them. "There are two churches in this town. One has a Ladies' Guild and the other has a Ladies' Aid. I belong to the guild. I'll put the turkey supper before them. We will serve it and let you know how much it will cost. How many men do you employ?"

"Eleven hundred."

"Eleven hundred turkey dinners," her husband laughed.

She called a joint meeting of the two societies. Neither church had room enough to serve so many at once.

"Hire Miller's Hall," I suggested.

And that is where we had it.

Mr. Grady came down the evening of the affair. The men assembled early and crowded the halls and stairway. All the women of the town, young and old, were present and brought roasted turkey, mashed potatoes, bread, butter, jams, jellies, pickles, cranberry sauce and coffee. The announcement that supper was served depeopled the stairway and halls and crowded the main hall. They were all seated with little confusion. Jim Casey and Charlie Yochum, the clowns among the South Point men, were dressed in the costumes their names indicate. Their antics and speeches kept the crowd in good humor, and did not interfere with their eating. The dinner was much enjoyed and unique in the annals of coal mining at that time. It might act as a panacea for the ills and misunderstandings among the coal-mining fraternity today. One company, indeed, is using it.

Jim Casey was the hoisting engineer on a long slope. I seldom passed his engine room without visiting him to listen to his comments and to smell the pork chops or steak he was warming for lunch on the hot engine cylinder. Another one I enjoyed visiting was Danny Titus, the hydraulic man at the washery. It was his work to wash down the coal from the face of the high bank into the chutes, or troughs, down which it ran into the screens. He had two hose at work throwing heavy streams of water against the coal to cut it loose and was apt to get wet at any time. He always had a small fire burning in a homemade sheet-iron stove in his homemade shanty and toasted his homemade bread over it. How good it smelled! It always made me hungry, and I have eaten many slices, summer and winter, with him, in winter sitting close to his fire and in summer standing outside and watching the water cut down the hard bank.

The demands the mines were now making on our power necessitated the building of a new and modern boiler plant. It seemed that we were always building something to keep up with our constantly increasing tonnage. We had just bought one large and one small steam locomotive for our outside haul, following the electrical plant, and now a new boiler plant was imperative.

Gratifying Savings

After due preparation and study of the type of boiler we considered best adapted to our needs, two drum water tubes were ordered and the work on the foundations begun. In eight months they were fired up and cut in on the steam line and the old plant condemned. In fourteen months the saving paid for the new plant.

Electricity now had first call. The demands for current over our feed wires had outrun the capacity of our generators. Another new plant! What would Mr. Grady say?

This is what he said: "Take the bull by the horns, Phil. Figure out your possible maximum consumption and buy an engine and generator large enough to give it to you."

It is easy to spend money for equipment when you are making money, and it is unwise not to spend it when you can figure out the larger returns and economies the spending will give you. We were climbing uphill. The plotted curves of output and cost continued satisfactory. What else? The breaker.

I visited H. W. one day and asked his advice.

"Do this, Phil," he answered, when presently I laid my question before him. "I am doing it. We are both inside rather than outside men. I got hold of a breaker expert a year ago and sent him through all our breakers. I shy at experts generally, but this fellow is a real one. The results he got for us have paid us big. He has increased the tonnage of domestic sizes enormously—way beyond anything I thought possible. He's about through with us. I'll send him down to you. We pay him so much."

It was the best money we ever spent. When I saw the gradual increasing output of egg, stove and chestnut coal I felt ashamed of myself that this work had not been done sooner. These sizes mounted and kept on mounting as he changed chutes, screens, screen meshes and adjusted the rolls that ground down the lump coal. I gave him as an understudy a bright young man to learn his methods. Without loading one more ton of coal in the mines our gross income increased a considerable amount.

What next?

I climbed up into the hills surrounding our mine openings to consider the question. The complexities of South Point were increasing. There was so much to consider—the constant opening of new veins, veins too poor or too thin to have been worked at an earlier date; the close inspection of the manufactured product calling for new and better methods of preparation and cleaning; the exactions of the union; the exactions of my own making; and as I sat there

(Continued on Page 197)

Who'd Have Thought It!

YOU buy 3-in-One for a certain purpose. You look over the Dictionary that is wrapped around the bottle and find that 3-in-One has a hundred or so other uses that you never dreamed of. Of course, you're surprised!

Who'd have thought that 3-in-One would prevent rust as well as lubricate all light mechanisms?

Who'd have thought it would clean windows and polish fine furniture? Who'd have thought you could make wonderful Dustless Dust Cloths and Polish Mops with

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Most of the valuable uses for 3-in-One that are illustrated and explained in the 3-in-One Dictionary were discovered by people who, like you, bought 3-in-One for a specific purpose. Happening to try it for something else, they found it filled the bill. They wrote us and we tried it out. When the use was proved, it was added to the Dictionary, not before.

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Sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The 8-oz. bottle is the economical size. Contains most for the money.

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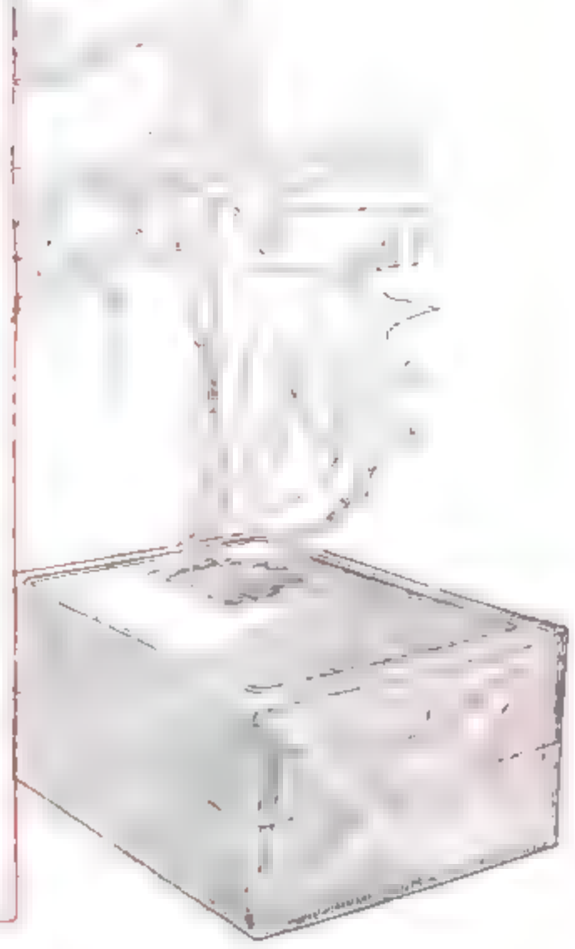
Thin-Model Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact

HER CHRISTMAS LIST. ". . . and please send me half a dozen Pompeian Beauty Powder Compacts—they are for Christmas gifts. Send them all in Naturelle—if they use different shades I understand they can exchange them at any store."



Discriminating women select the right shade of powder . . .

MME JEANNETTE

WE all love the woman who makes herself attractive to look at. We have a certain pleased sense in looking at beauty. And those women who strive to add more beauty to their appearance are women who have a love of beauty in their hearts.

The using of face powder is such an old practice among women that it is hard to determine just when it began. But it has been a development of very recent years to find women who studied the niceties of using powder and who put them into effect. Yes, women have known the powder that adheres well—they recognized quality and purity—they spoke of the odor of their powder—but few of them realized the importance of selecting the shade of powder that matches the skin. Yet this last point is one of the first to consider in thinking of the effectiveness of powder.

Pompeian Beauty Powder adheres exceptionally well—is absolutely pure—has its own little fragrant odor that is elusive and delicate—and it comes in four of the most perfect shades, each scientifically blended for the four characteristic skin tones.

Skin-tones and powder-shades

One of the most beautiful women of today said not long ago, "In using a powder one should exercise the greatest care to *select just the correct shade* . . . . I have a dark skin so I use a dark powder—I wouldn't think of using a light shade of powder—but I have seen girls on the street whose make-up is so foreign to their type that they look as though they were wearing masks."

The primary secret in using powder as a beautifying process lies in the selection of the proper shade for your skin.

There are four typical skins—variations in all of them, to be sure, but four general classifications: The Medium skin, typical of many beautiful American women, and most frequently found, comes with various combinations of hair and eyes. The Pink skin, most often found with light tones of golden or Titian hair. The Olive skin, typical of the southern countries where black eyes and hair abound. And the White skin, which is rarely found in these days of healthy, out-of-door women.

Each of these types of skin finds a perfect complement of color-tones in the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder. These shades are: Naturelle, Flesh, Rachel, and White.

SHADE CHART for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

Medium Skin—The average American woman has this type of skin—neither very dark nor very white. These women should use the *Naturelle* shade. The tone of Pompeian rouge to be used is Medium Bloom, or Orange Tint.

Olive Skin—Women with this skin generally have dark hair and eyes—this skin is rich in tone and should use the *Rachel* shade. With this use Dark Bloom.

Pink Skin—This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use the *Flesh* shade. The Light tone of Bloom complements this powder shade.

White Skin—This skin is unusual but is the only skin that should use *White* powder in the daytime. Rouge must be delicately applied in Medium or Light Bloom—sometimes Orange Tint.

Note:—If desired, a lighter shade of powder may be used for evening, under artificial light.

Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian

Pompeian Beauty Powder

Pompeian Beauty Powder in all desired shades can be purchased at toilet counters, 60c a box (slightly higher in Canada).

New thin-model compact

This delightful Pompeian compact is a real joy in its appearance and its usefulness. It is quite especially designed for the suave lines of fashion—a slender disc, with an ample surface for the mirror and the powder compact itself.

The case is artistically decorated with a tracery of violet-colored enamel, and is easily refilled. The powder comes in the four essential shades—Naturelle, Flesh, Rachel, and White. Always remember the importance of using the shade that best matches your own skin.

At all toilet counters, $1.00. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Refills of the usual Pompeian quality.

GET 1925 POMPEIAN PANEL AND FOUR SAMPLES

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7¼. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

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Pompeian Laboratories, 2320 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer.

Name

Address

City State

Shade of powder wanted

(Continued from Page 194)

on a conglomerate bowlder behind which a tree had taken root in a crevice and whose foliage shaded me, I could look down through the leaves and branches of the trees growing farther down, and peer over more bowlders, some of them as large as an office building, and see the trains of loaded cars of coal going to the breaker with one of our new, strutting locomotives pulling them, and another train of empty cars returning to the mines. With the sun flooding the scene, I thought that here was the same sun shining down on it that was shining on the same coal when it was in the process of being formed by a Hand that is greater than man's hand, formed for just this purpose of heating and furnishing power to the nation.

I always felt better after having spent an hour alone in the hills among the rocks and trees. I have solved more abstruse problems up there than when sitting before the desk in my office. True, my mind often wandered, but after a period of this I was better able to take up vital things again and inquire, What next?

"Well, you're not married yet, Phil," my mother reproached me one Sunday while visiting her.

"No." I shook my head. "No. I'm thinking of it."

"Thinking?" Dad laughed. "You'll not have to think when you meet the right gir-rl."

Dad was right. Mr. Grady came down one day in his new automobile. It was a wonderful machine at a time when they were a novelty. His wife was with him and had with her a schoolgirl friend. Her name was—does it really matter?—let's call her Isola. I felt my heart quicken its beats, more than it ever did when in danger or because of a particularly good tonnage statement, when I saw her.

A New Acquaintance

Isola! A name to conjure with. Mrs. Grady and she wanted to visit the mines; they had never been inside one; would I take them in?

Mr. Grady had the first answer. "Will he? Look at him." He laughed.

We went inside. We rode in on top of the electric motor and I kept up a running explanation until we had reached the top of the long slope—as far as the motor went. Mr. Grady helped Mrs. Grady climb off, and I helped, or tried to, Miss Isola, but she jumped down before I was ready.

We stood at the top of the slope, the apex, and watched trips of cars being hoisted over it and other trips of empty cars going down.

"Do you play bridge, Mr. Moore?" Mrs. Grady unexpectedly asked me during a pause between trips.

"I play at it."

"Isola is a good bridge player. I should like to have you come up to dinner Tuesday and we can play afterward."

"Thank you. I shall be most happy to come."

Bridge! I had always considered it essentially a woman's game. What business had I learning to play it? I saw Isola smiling at me. I should have to learn it, acquire the bridge face and spread out in the chairs from much sitting, as it had been told that bridge players do.

We walked down the slope.

"Don't knuckle to them, Phil," Mr. Grady whispered. "Treat them the same as if you were going to can them. Smear their faces with coal dirt."

I was confused by this advice and did not follow it. Isola and I became very well acquainted and I saw her go with regret, and her parting words, "Tuesday next," sounded pleasantly in my ears.

A day later, coming out of my office on my way to the mines, I heard someone call, "Hallo, Scotty."

I had not heard that old name of mine in years. I turned and saw a well-built man looking at me. I knew him at once.

"Slip Gillavary!" I cried. Slip, the companion of my boyhood at the Big Shaft; my old archenemy of the good old days.

"The same. How's tricks?"

"Fine."

"That's good. It must be rolling in riches, you are, Scotty, the same as O'Shannon," he said with an ingratiating smile.

"O'Shannon?" I asked. "I never heard of him."

"Didn't you though?

"It's rolling in riches O'Shannon is now,
With a wife and six children, three pigs and a cow."

I laughed. "I haven't his kind of riches."

"That's bad."

"Where's Briney?"

"Dead."

"And Reese T.?"

"They retired him. Got a job for me, Scotty?"

"What kind of a job, Slip?"

By this time we were facing each other and shaking hands. I scrutinized his face and saw that its landmark was gone. He had had a harelip when a boy.

"I had that operated on five years ago," he said. "They crushed the roof of my mouth and made a good job out of me."

"I'm glad to see you again."

"I'm looking for a inside foreman's job, Phil, but I'll take any kind. Here's my certificate." He handed it to me. "You know, Scotty, when I saw you climbing so fast I took a tumble to myself and began to study—and here I am."

I detected the exultant tone of his voice.

"Good boy, Slip. Your job is ready and waiting. When do you want to start?"

"Now."

"All right. Your salary has begun. I'm proud of you. I expect much of you and I know you will be a great help to me. We are opening new veins right along. I know the one that I'll put you in. Come on and I'll take you there."

"And so help me, if any huckleberry on the job says anything against Scotty Moore I'll beat his brains out."

I smiled at his earnestness. Slip Gillavary! One of the best foremen I ever had, and today holding a much higher job. Handicapped, but he had overcome it. I came to rely greatly on his judgment.

Strikes came at the regular intervals that have now passed into mining history, and with each strike came increased wages and increased costs of mining. The figures mounted higher and higher. The selling price had to be raised. However, it gave the operators one advantage. With increased prices they were enabled to work thin, dirty veins of coal at a profit and buy the necessary equipment to mine the coal and clean it of its refuse.

I know it is customary to rail at the amount of rock in coal. But my experience has been that all the large operators, whether grouped companies or individuals with a large tonnage, do clean their coal. That a few of them do not is no fault of theirs.

We had increased our tonnage. It seemed to be reaching a final top. It had passed the three-thousand-tons-a-day mark and was rushing toward four thousand. To maintain that amount of daily output required a constant development of new territory, constant work.

A Happy Family

Shorty, the one of the old originals who had stuck, was getting more pessimistic daily. He was inclined to pessimism and I began to have the opinion that it was a good thing to have a pessimist on the job to steady things up. He continued to fold himself together and ejaculate "Great day; I wish I was rich," and prove his use in many ways.

We had advanced day men and miners to salaried jobs, making sectional foremen out of them. Many of these were of foreign birth, and with our constant expansion we had many new miners of different nationalities. The experiment, begun by training one man to pass the examination necessary to get a certificate, worked so well that we continued, picking out our most capable miners for the jobs. They made earnest bosses and handled their work and the men under them with good judgment. Naturally their experience as miners helped them in their work.

South Point had finally acquired a momentum of its own. But it takes more power, as I found out, to keep up a high speed than a low speed. We were going at high speed and doing it easily and without apparent effort. The effort, however, was a constant. It was not visible or in evidence. It lay wholly within the organization that surrounded me. They largely supplied it. No one man is capable of doing all the work alone.

It was a friendly, harmonious organization. Among its component parts were plenty of odd lots, but I managed to keep them working together. The discussions in my office were at times heated, but seldom disagreeable. When Shorty, for instance, acquired a certain amount of temperature in debating his side and acted as if he were getting above a cherry red, I handed him a cigar. While he bit off the end and lighted it the mercury descended rapidly and the discussion was resumed along less tense lines.

It was all toward one end—tonnage and costs. One section foreman might want to start a new slope. His foreman located it in a different place, citing elevation and the contour of the vein. The mining engineer then had to decide the question. The modern days had practically eliminated all chance. You knew before you started on a new project practically where you would land.

There is a fascination about mining that never palls. There is always something new coming up. The latest idea of today may be obsolete tomorrow, superseded by a better idea. To win, one must keep up. Slate pickers and mules, necessary in the good old days, were being relegated to the background by jigs and other devices to clean, and by electric motors to haul the coal. Steam, except for generating purposes, and air were being slowly driven out by electricity.

Electricity was the salvation of South Point, where the distances to move coal were great and the elevations to pump water over were high. Drainage tunnels cut through hundreds of feet of solid rock took the place of long and expensive pipe lines and the water flowed out by gravity.

Breaking the News

But for all the achievement, there was one thing lacking. I was on the way toward finding it—getting closer to the goal—becoming an expert bridge player—wearing an uncomfortable kind of clothes because other men wore the same kind—doing many things I did not particularly enjoy doing, but doing them cheerfully and willingly because—well, because Isola enjoyed doing them and wanted me to do them, and I had arrived at that state of mind when I was willing to do anything to please her; and ready at last to make a confidante of my mother.

"I have found her, mother," I said to her the first thing.

"Have you, laddie?" she asked. "Have you asked her?"

"No."

"How long have you known her?"

"Over a year."

"Do you love her, Phil?"

I nodded.

"And her name?"

"Isola."

"A strange name. I'd like to see her."

"You will tomorrow. She has promised to come with me to visit you. She wants to see you and dad."

"Then all that remains for you to do, my boy, is to ask her to be your wife. I hope I shall like her," wistfully.

"You will, and she you."

Mother nodded her head slowly.

"I shall be glad to see you married before I go. Daddy and I are getting old. A man needs a woman—a good woman—to keep him away from harm. And Isola must be that kind of a woman to have attracted you, you who have waited all these years. We have talked it over often, father and I. I am glad, glad. So will he be. Let me tell him when he wakes up." She sighed contentedly. "You have been a good son. We have watched your advance. It is beyond anything that we dared or hoped."

Dad came into the room, slightly bent over with much work, his hands knotted by the drill and shovel. He looked keenly at both of us and sat down. Mother waited. I drew my chair close to his. In a calm voice she told him what I had told her. He listened without comment and when she had finished reached out his hand and took mine in his.

Isola visited them the next morning. I was her proud escort. She saw the worship in my eyes as I introduced her to my parents, and she stood in front of the two, holding each of them by the hand and let them look at her. I took hold of her hand that held mother's.

"Isola promised last night to be my wife," I said.

"She would; she would," dad said; and mother kissed her.

Oh, dad!

After all, that achievement was better than the improvements, the modernization and the building up of the great tonnage for South Point. I had gained more, much more; I had gained Isola.

$12.50
for this suit or
a topcoat of
Nogar

Extra-wear Cloth

A NOGAR two-piece suit is the most serviceable suit made.

Strong enough for a work suit, neat enough for a business suit, ideal for gunning, fishing and motoring. In various styles at $12.50 and $13.35.

Made of the famous NOGAR extra-wear cloth, a specially processed, strongly woven, hard-surface fabric that is as near tear-proof as cloth can be. Won't show dirt or ignite from sparks. Treated to repel water.

Nothing like it for mechanics, mill workers, farmers, chauffeurs, delivery men or any man whose work is hard on clothes.

NOGAR topcoats are made of the same material and are a snappy topcoat and raincoat in one. Handy knockabout garments that can't be beat for motor wear. Belted in back or all around.

Write for booklet showing styles of suits and coats.

Agents make $10 to $30 a day

selling NOGAR Clothes in their spare time or regularly.

A wonderful opportunity for high grade men to earn high pay where territory is open. Write at once for further information.

Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co.
Dept. S-5, Reading, Pa.

Nogar
CLOTHES
"Made to stand the gaff"

Age is not measured by Years
if you form the habit of Internal Cleanliness

ABUNDANT energy, in spite of years, youthful spirits and the cheery, comfortable feeling of health—these are the rewards of internal cleanliness. With internal cleanliness (freedom from faulty elimination) you can carry youthfulness well into later life.

The eminent scientist, Metchnikoff, discovered that old age is principally due to poisons originating in the intestinal tract. Like the dropping water that wears away the stone, the continued action of these poisons enfeebles the body. Intestinal poisons favor the advance of many ailments to which older people especially are subject. Ultimately they may lead to grave organic diseases.

Value of Lubrication

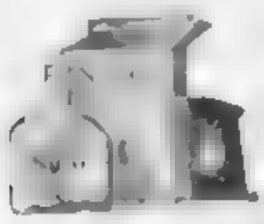
After middle life the natural lubricating fluid in the intestines is often deficient in both quantity and quality. A lubricant is needed to keep the poisonous food waste soft and moving. Nujol is such a lubricant. Unlike laxatives, which irritate and inflame the intestinal walls, Nujol simply lubricates and softens the food waste. Thus it insures regular and thorough elimination.

Keep youthful by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. It is used in leading hospitals and recommended by physicians all over the world for people of all ages.

You women who guard the welfare of the family! You should see to it that the older people, the children, and yourself use this harmless but effective means to internal cleanliness and lasting health.

Hundreds of thousands of people are taking Nujol not only to overcome, but to *prevent* faulty elimination; because like pure water Nujol is harmless. It may be taken as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health



Nujol

For Internal Cleanliness

4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 831X, 7 Hanover Sq., N.Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16 page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name

Address

MAKING A HOTEL FASHIONABLE

(Continued from Page 23)

deciding menus for dinners, buying prizes for bridge games. Mah-jongg was not then in style. In fact, in these accounts at least I enjoyed myself doing everything one naturally would expect a social director would do. Came more letters, many from enthusiastic girls, all anxious to become social directors and have a good time, little thinking how much more work than play is involved. These were all answered personally, for it would never do to offend the least. Callers came, eager to be my assistants and to learn what training I had had to fill such an enviable position.

My only training was newspaper work—in the society department of a metropolitan newspaper—and my real duties were then and have been ever since to attend to the publicity and social promotion. The two go hand and hand.

Obtaining publicity for a hotel is not altogether the sinecure it might appear. Before I entered the field I was well acquainted with the society editors and many of the city editors on the various newspapers, and frankly considered the task rather a cinch. Personal contact has a good deal to do with getting stuff over, and I had that, so the rest seemed simple. It was more difficult than I had anticipated. Daily I would send names to each society editor—and there were more papers then than there are now and in the morning would scan eagerly the social columns, only to find no trace of my items. This continued for a few days until I wearied of obtaining no results. So I took a day off and visited personally all the society editors, returning at least a wiser if not a better social director. There were various reasons why my stuff had failed to appear. The form in which I was sending it did not altogether appeal to the æsthetic eye of one editor. Another made up his page at three o'clock, while my material arrived at four. Still another was piqued at the particular hotel in question because it had failed to allow him to have a charge account. Yet another had gone to a hotel under the same management at a resort, expecting to be a non-paying guest, only to find upon his return that he had been billed for it and dunned for the amount until in desperation he came across—probably with very bad grace. Another editor objected to the names of luncheon hostesses being given without those of their guests, one pet trick being to use the name of one of a party of two, saying "Mrs. Astorfeller entertained a party at luncheon yesterday," when the "party" probably consisted of her mother or daughter. The same editor believed that I was a day behind in my dinner notices—that is, that I would include the names of those entertaining the night before in the list for that night.

Scarcely a Bed of Roses

Getting dinner names is not an easy matter. Either it means going to the hotel each night around nine o'clock, when usually there are more important engagements of one's own to keep, or of calling up Jules—every hotel that is a hotel has a Jules, either as head waiter or underling—and trying to get over the telephone in his broken English names that mean nothing to him and less to the poor press agent as interpreted by him. After puzzling out a few names, minutes which seem like hours are spent in conveying them to the editors via telephone. And then the chances are they are not used!

The life of a press agent is far from being a bed of roses! Even luncheon names are not to be had every day in the week. The name of a woman lunching or dining alone with a man cannot be used, as it may turn out to be someone other than his wife. Think how you would feel if you had spent a nice quiet day at Southampton, to learn by the morning paper that you had lunched that day in town with your husband. You would not be human if you had nothing to say to your other half about it that evening when he returned from a hard business day. Such a slip once almost cost me my job, but I was very young and inexperienced then.

Time, patience, smiles, invitations to dine occasionally, care in gratifying each particular whim of each particular editor—and after a while my notices no longer were discriminated against and the hotel I represented broke into the social columns, dearer far to the hotel management than paid advertisements of fifty times their size. The hotel in time received so many notices that the clippings, furnished by a bureau at so much per clip, were done away with.

Hotel publicity is a game in itself. Some persons—though not many, as the great majority are as eager for their names to be used as hotels are to use them—request at the desk that no mention be made of their arrival. This is done for various reasons, principally for self-protection, as the society columns are used for business-getting purposes by practically all photographers, modistes, and so on, and once your name appears you may spend the rest of the day making appointments, turning them down or saying you are out.

Nine o'clock is considered none too early by many concerns to begin pestering hotel guests, for after that they might be out. They seldom are, but such firms are taking no chances. There are others, of course, who have more definite reasons for concealment. For instance, a man or a woman who is suing or being sued for divorce—which sometimes happens these days among the socially élite—and who is not eager to be waylaid by reporters for the latest dope; men of prominence in a political or business way, the knowledge of whose presence would involve requests for interviews; men of no prominence whose wives picture them as visiting their old-time towns; women whose husbands enjoy the same mental conceptions; brides and bridegrooms who are sufficient unto themselves, for the time being at least. Then there was the case of Mrs. Wealthy, a member of a fabulously rich clan, who was being pestered by a maniac of sorts who threatened her in letters and telegrams and made all kinds of dire predictions if she failed to marry him, the fact that she had a perfectly good husband being a matter of little importance to him. The news that she was in town eventually leaked out and her admirer arrived on the scene only to be taken into custody.

Cheap Publicity Stunts

Many tricks have been played by hotel press agents to obtain publicity—more often notoriety—but I have yet to learn of any that was worth the candle. The story may be used, but usually it appears much smaller in print than when originally conceived, and sooner or later the editor responsible for its publication discovers its falsity and it is almost impossible to regain his confidence. I recall one instance that at the time seemed to have worked all right.

It was a holiday, one of the few I have taken, as such a position is pretty much of a twenty-four-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week proposition, and some titled foreigners then stopping at a prominent hotel were entering their motor for a trip to the country when one of the women was heard to exclaim, "Oh, I meant to wear my sapphire-and-diamond brooch that Aunt Louise gave me, but I left it upstairs. Shall I send for it?"

Like quite an ordinary man, friend husband replied, "You had better not take the time. We're late already." And so they were on their way minus the brooch.

The publicity man pro tem had no designs on the brooch, please understand, but he did have what he considered a grand idea. As fast as Central would let him, he had the city editors on the phone, telling them the big news. The lady, whose every movement was being carefully watched by these same editors, had lost her jewels—left them in a jewel case in a hired motor car and no trace of them to be had. There was no telling the amount involved.

Soon the lobby was swamped with reporters, eager for the least detail regarding the loss. Fortunately the titled family was then well under way or the chances are they would have picked up their lares and penates—not to mention the supposedly missing jewels—and made their abode elsewhere. The reporters, sincerely believing they had a great story, hurried back to elaborate on it and the next morning the papers all carried on the first page a thrilling tale of the jewels, with the name of the hotel conspicuously featured. Wonderful publicity—had it been true; but it was soon discovered it wasn't and there was much ado and passing the buck.

Careful readers might have found tucked away in an inconspicuous inside page in the papers the following morning a paragraph to the effect that the jewels had simply been

(Continued on Page 201)

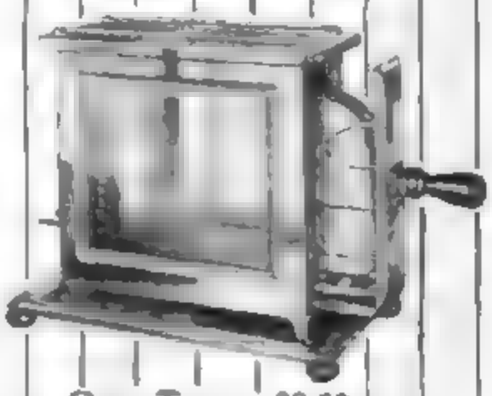
THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

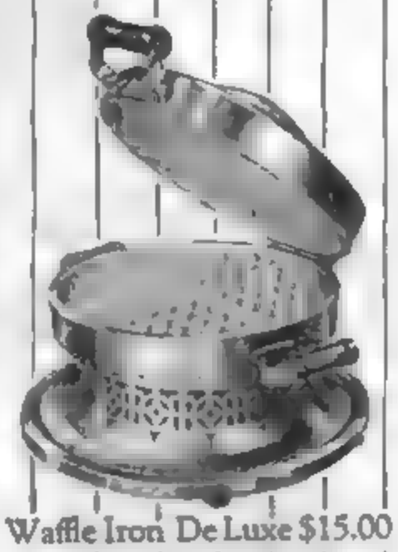
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Coffee Percolator $15.50
others $8.50 up

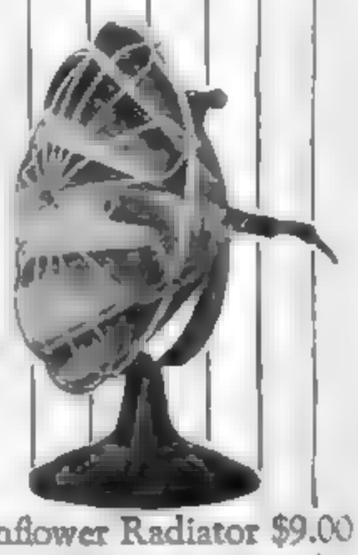
Loving Cup Pattern
Coffee Urn $22.50
others $14.00 up



Oven Toaster $8.50
others $6.75 up



Waffle Iron De Luxe $15.00

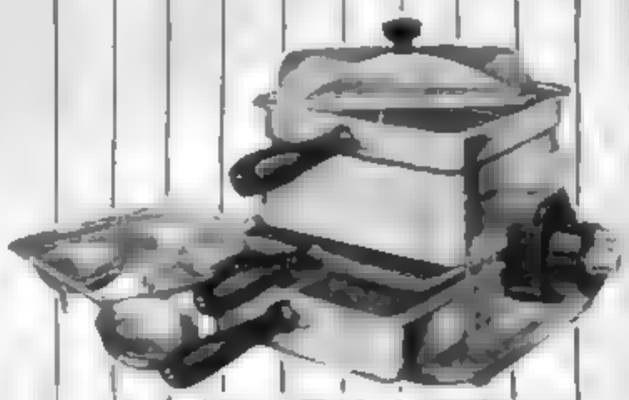


Sunflower Radiator $9.00
others $5.50 and up

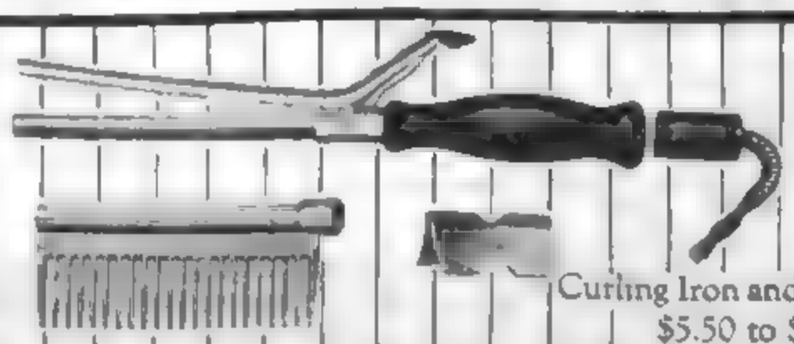
A "Universal" Electric Percolator For the Well Appointed Table

YOU cannot appreciate the delight of real percolated coffee until you have tasted it made in a "Universal," and enjoyed the full rich flavor and delectable aroma obtainable in no other way. The "Universal" is the Percolator that revolutionized coffee making and there are now over three million in use. It is often imitated but never equalled therefore insist on the genuine. Made at prices to meet every purse.

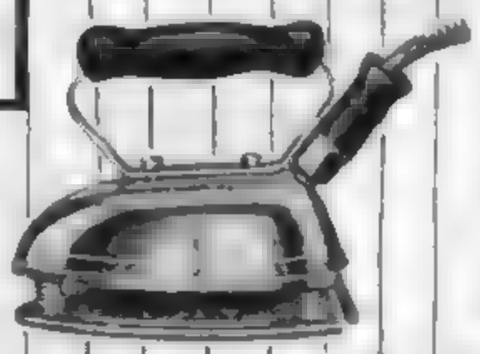
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
Manufacturers of THE FAMOUS UNIVERSAL HOME NEEDS FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY



Square Table Stove $13.50



Curling Iron and Hair Dryer
$5.50 to $6.00



Wrinkle Proof Iron $6.75

Heating Pad
3 Heats $10.00

For Christmas Gifts

ASK to see "Onyx Sheresilk" stockings the next time you visit a hosiery counter. The style shown here is called "Onyx Pointex" No. 450, and you can see for yourself the exquisite beauty of its texture. The saleswoman will be glad to show you other styles of "Onyx", too, including many excellent gift suggestions for men, women and children

Leading stores everywhere sell "Onyx" Hosiery for all the family. They make a specialty, however, of the "Onyx Pointex" styles listed below

Style 255 "Onyx Pointex" medium weight, with lisle top and sole. ***Style 355*** "Onyx Pointex Sheresilk", with lisle top and silk sole	$1.95
Style 350 "Onyx Pointex" medium weight, all silk. ***Style 450*** "Onyx Pointex Sheresilk", as illustrated.	$2.75

"Onyx" Hosiery is never sold by house-to-house canvassers

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc.

Manufacturers *New York*

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© "O" H. Inc., 1924

(Continued from Page 198)

misplaced, not lost or stolen; but this time the hotel was not mentioned. I was fortunate in having taken the day off. Editors do not like to be fooled. Who does?

However, trick stunts are not so much in favor with press agents now as they used to be. For instance, you no longer read about luncheons being given in the Louis XVI Ballroom of the Vandermore for prize dogs, or of the Prince of Wales presenting the manager of the Ritla with the Order of the Golden Garter. Editors have grown wiser or publicity writers less foolish.

The form of publicity which is perhaps the most difficult of attainment, and yet which is of great value, is that of having a hotel mentioned in a play or a book. One or another hotel—usually the one considered the most fashionable by the author—often is referred to on the stage, but seldom is it the one in which you are interested.

Entertainments, such as dances, teas, musicales, lectures, fashion shows, and the like, sponsored by hotels serve the double purpose of obtaining desirable publicity and desirable persons. Such affairs, however, are not favored by all hotels. The pet slogan of some is "We have nothing to give away," and this is the unvaried reply to requests for a free suite for persons who could not fail to attract others of their class to the hotel, to lend the ballroom for a worthy charitable purpose in which the once so-called Four Hundred are interested, or to organize social activities with nothing more than hopes for their success. The fact is not always appreciated that in running a hotel, perhaps even more than in private life, one receives just what one gives and not an ounce more.

The Charity Dinner Dance

If the expectations of some owners and managers were realized at the start there would be little need for publicity, promotion or propaganda. Fortunately perhaps for the welfare of press agents, there are only a few who expect right from the start all the rooms to be occupied and paid for by those who count and the ballroom rented—at no small sum—for each night in the week, including Sunday, also by those of social distinction. A hotel can be proud of itself if such is the case within two or three years of its opening.

It occasionally happens that a hotel is accepted by society the minute its doors are open, but this is by far the exception and usually is due to the fact that the stockholders are members of the smart set, who are only too glad to spend their wealth in the delightful pursuit of patronizing the hotel, realizing as they must that the more they spend the greater will be their share in the profits. The manager of a hotel of this kind usually is a man on the outskirts of society, who knows how to tickle the palates of those on the inside Such a hotel is indeed fortunate.

Each new hotel has a certain advantage over its predecessors. All the world is endowed with a certain amount of curiosity, and that the latest thing should become the fad is only natural. This is all very well; but a class hotel is not interested in catering to the world at large, but to a very special clientele, whose bump of curiosity seems to be remarkably small. It takes infinite patience, tact and then more patience to convince them that such a hotel is their kind. They are snobs, born and bred, and would rather be bored with themselves at home than be seen somewhere beyond the pale. Once they are started, however—that is, the lunching, dining, dancing set—and there is no keeping them away, until a newer hotel comes on the scene, which then has its day and in turn gives way to the next.

It is with the hope of getting them started that hotels open with an invitation dinner dance or one given for the benefit of charity. This usually is preceded the night before by another invitation dinner—this time to newspaper people and hotel men. One must be on the right side of the press in this business, and it is just as well to be on good terms with one's confreres. Those invited to the more formal affair compose the much-envied social set, and much depends upon their reception of the invitations. If their interest has not been sufficiently aroused, and they fail to respond or to make an appearance, such an affair is bound to be a flivver, and the hotel suffers a setback.

I remember one opening to which the right people had been invited and many had accepted. A sufficient number of society editors and feature writers were included to cover the affair in the next day's papers and everything seemed set. The hotel was then the latest word in up-to-dateness, and even the supercilious set seemed momentarily aroused from their lethargy. It should have been brilliant, but it was a pitiful failure, simply because some of those connected with the management had taken pity on a few outsiders and invited them to attend—fifty or more—enough at all events to turn away those who were wanted and to give the newspaper representatives present quite a wrong impression. The affair petered out so that when it should have been in full swing there were the fifty outsiders, merrily and noisily enjoying themselves, and a few stray reporters; but the Four Hundred had come, seen and gone. It was many months before they were coaxed into coming again.

Once a hotel is officially open to the public, especially if it has been well advertised as being the latest word in the hotel lexicon, there is a certain class of people who veritably batter down its doors for admission. No matter how often they are told there are no vacancies, or how high the rates quoted, they refuse to become discouraged, but persist in doing their utmost to gain admittance where they cannot fail to know they are not wanted.

This class is a source of constant worry to all hotel managements, but particularly to that of a new one. This group do not hesitate to "rush in where angels fear to tread," but consider it smart to be seen in the lobbies and restaurants of the latest word. And how they love the lobbies! What affectionate farewells and greetings take place there among them. They are the very bane of a hotel man's existence and he is at his wit's end to be free of them. But free of them he must be or his hotel never will be the social asset he desires. They keep away the desirable guests, among whom the hotel may become known gradually as excellent in every respect—but not their kind. It may be utilized occasionally by them when they are anxious to avoid meeting acquaintances—which is of little value to the hotel.

With this group on the wrong side of the door, a hotel's difficulty is half solved.

Certain names, however, never are used for mailing purposes by hotels of good standing. These are of persons who live at other hotels, as it is deemed unethical by the Hotel Men's Association to solicit those living at one hotel to forsake it for another.

I compiled an active list, comparing it religiously each day with the names in the social columns. In this way I finally obtained about fifteen thousand names of real value.

Special Affairs

The favored few on such a list are the object of much solicitation on the part of hotels during the year. When one opens, brochures costing many thousands of dollars are sent them. These are profusely illustrated with photographs of the different restaurants as well as plans of guest rooms. Rates are seldom quoted, but details of decorations and equipments devised for the comfort and service of guests are dwelt upon at length. To live up to all these booklets—and more often they are actual books—promise is a task, indeed, but it is seldom a hotel fails to make good.

Expensively engraved announcements are issued each fall when these people return from their summer homes, calling their attention to the desirability of spending the winter at such a hotel. No expense is spared on these announcements and the majority are both elaborate and distinctive. It must be difficult for the recipients to choose from among them. Announcements, not quite so expensive or elaborate, also are sent each spring when summer rates take effect.

Invitations, even more elaborate and bold in design, are issued on such occasions as election night, Hallowe'en, New Year's Eve, the opening in the fall of the main restaurant, the opening later in the season of the grill. You understand that these are not invitations in the real sense of the word, but bear the tale of a cover charge in the left-hand corner.

Many ignore such invitations, others decline and some accept—enough in time so that many are turned away, and the expression on the countenance of the *maître d'hotel* and the well-known Cheshire cat are

MANY *radio owners have put up with disturbing noises without realizing they could be lessened by keeping contacts clean.*

Make Clearer
the voice of your Radio

DISTANT points are brought in clearer with more freedom from rasping noises when the contact between tubes and sockets is perfect. You can't have clear radio without clean contact. *It's the contact that counts.*

Experienced radio owners use Na-Ald De Luxe Sockets because the broad dependable duo-contact and the clean-easy feature insure perfect contact at all times.

With Na-Ald De Luxe Sockets, corrosion—the arch-enemy of clean contact—is easily and quickly removed simply by turning the tube back and forth in the socket. Thus clean, perfect contact is assured at all times—without the bother of removing the tubes and scraping the contact surfaces with sandpaper or file.

Lowest loss and highest insulating qualities are insured in Alden Sockets by using Alden Processed genuine Bakelite.

You can obtain Na-Ald Sockets for all tubes and dials of different sizes at radio, electrical and hardware stores everywhere. Be sure you have Na-Ald Sockets and Dials in the set you already own, build or buy. De Luxe Sockets and Super-DeLuxe Dials, 75c.; other Dials and Sockets, 35c., 50c., 75c.

Tune in quickly with Na-Ald Dials

FOR quick, accurate tuning, Na-Ald Super-De Luxe Dials have proved their superiority. By months of experimentation, engineers and optical experts have developed dial graduations enabling you to turn to exact numbers, without eyestrain.

The generous size knob fits your fingers naturally. It turns comfortably and gives real pleasure in tuning. And these genuine Bakelite Dials, Alden-processed, are as beautiful as they are satisfactory

Mail coupon for free booklet "What to Build"

SEND for free copy of radio booklet "What to Build," giving a number of the best selected and tested circuits.

ALDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Makers of the famous Na-Ald Sockets and Dials
Dept. E-1, Springfield, Mass.

Alden Processed
NA-ALD
Sockets and Dials

ALDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Dept. E-1, Springfield, Mass.
Please send free copy of booklet "What to Build," showing tested and selected circuits
Name
Address
City State

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

From the first to the last day's wear FLORSHEIM Shoes satisfy. They give loyal service—the kind you will enjoy—value for what you pay.

Most Styles $10

Full Booklet, "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers ~ CHICAGO

The Florsheim SHOE

The Rialto Style M-165

DO·MORE·SHOPPING·FOR·YOUR·HOME·THIS·XMAS

Your Plumber can offer you many suggestions

Including-

EVERWHITE SANI-SEAT

SHEET-COATED Pyralin seat—all white even to its hinges. Spotless in appearance, inviting, durable, EVERWHITE Sani-Seat is the finishing touch to the modern, all-white bathroom. Cleaned with a damp cloth. Guaranteed five years.

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Pyralin-covered, sturdy, legs are cushion-tipped with rubber. Better than a bath seat. Can be used in or out of tub. A handsome furnishing for any bathroom. Price $9.00.

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identical. Reservations are made over the telephone only after names are given, and then usually they are made in such a way that if when the guests arrive they are found undesirable they can be gently but firmly shown the door. These precautions are absolutely essential or a high-class hotel soon would lose its class.

Special letters are sent during horse-show week to exhibitors and patrons, urging them to utilize the various hotels or to spend the week at some particular one—at some very particular sum to be made known later. Box holders at the opera also receive their own special epistles, calling their attention to the delights of dining before the opera or supping and dancing afterward at the above address.

Girls whose engagements are announced in the papers or society magazines are written to also and requested to consider such a hotel for the wedding or reception—if possible, both.

How our grandmothers must smile to themselves as they read accounts of one after another wedding taking place in hotels, and often within an exclusive circle, for only the rich can afford it! Time was, in grandma's day, when a wedding was considered a strictly private affair, of interest only to those concerned and not to the world and his wife. But that was before the advent of publicity and promotion, and now weddings are held in hotels, and it is all the attendants can do to keep uninvited guests from partaking in the jollity following the ceremony.

It is particularly difficult to prevent the great unasked from taking part in debutante parties. I recall one such when some two hundred breakfasts more than the number of invitations issued were served. These intruders usually consist of stags who form parties of four and five and with their suave manners get by the doorkeepers. Stags to a certain number are indispensable to the success of any dance, but it seems that the privilege of a hostess to select her own is a thing of the past.

These extra so-called guests all mean increased revenue for the hotel, but what about the debutante's father, who must foot the bill? Fortunately, he always appears to be rolling in wealth, and I suppose the extra breakfasts are a mere bagatelle to him.

There is great competition among the hotels over these debutante parties, partly because they are expensive affairs and partly because they add prestige to the hotel. Prospective debutantes are besieged with letters and their lives must indeed be miserable until the decision is made, which usually is done in the spring, as places and dates must be chosen well in advance to avoid confliction.

Getting the Right People

Subscription dances are another means of gaining popularity for a hotel. Involved in these is the younger element so necessary to keep a hotel from becoming dowdy and behind the times. Such dances sometimes prove sad boomerangs, as in the case of the first series at a then new hotel. So anxious was the management to obtain the right people that it did not bother to investigate thoroughly, but issued credit in large amounts to persons whose names to those in the know spell simply "climbers," and having climbed this hotel for all it was worth in the form of weekly supper dances, they went their way, never to return—not even to pay their bills.

I believe a judgment finally was rendered more or less in favor of the hotel, but the dances were far from successful from the hotel's viewpoint. There are so many of these dances now in the city that the success of a new one is problematical at best, and it seems best to concentrate upon inducing one already established to forsake its former place of meeting rather than to organize a new series. Such series often are formed by women in society who are in reduced circumstances and who consider this a dignified and profitable mode of livelihood. It takes a woman of more than average popularity to make a success of such an undertaking, as the social calendar always is so full that there seldom is room for additional affairs.

Persons of importance in other cities are not permitted to remain in ignorance of New York hotels. Lists are obtained of the names of persons all over the country who have engaged passage on various liners, and they are written to with the suggestion that they make such a hotel their *pied-à-terre* while in the city. Out-of-town engagements are listed and the prospective brides regaled with the delights of this or that hotel for their honeymoon. If no reply is forthcoming, follow-up letters are sent in two weeks.

Prominent persons, such as the President, noted singers, actresses, diplomats, are sought after. Newspapers are thoroughly digested and if there is so much as an inkling that the President or the Prince of Wales may come to the city, every effort is brought to bear to reach the persons making the arrangements and induce them willy-nilly to select a certain hotel. On such occasions the rooms are often supplied free and are bedecked with floral bouquets, the gain in publicity and prestige far surpassing the loss in rental.

At other times the rooms are rented at specially low rates, the occupants not being deemed of sufficient value to warrant entirely free lodging.

Novel Attractions

For the benefit of many who are under the impression that the titled family referred to above who spent several months with us did so at the expense of the hotel in hopes of helping to put it over, let me say right here that such was not the case. They proved of inestimable value to the hotel, it is true, as they were interviewed and their movements recorded in the society columns. However, they did not pay for their rooms in this manner, but in hard cold cash, and lots of it. The exact amount for their suites, consisting of reception room, dining room, boudoir, two bedrooms and baths on one floor, and reception room, bedroom, dining room, boudoir and bath on another, all especially furnished and decorated—not to mention servant quarters—was, if I am not mistaken, one hundred and sixty-seven dollars a day, which seems fair enough. This was for rooms alone. What it cost to feed such an assemblage at prevailing hotel prices makes me dizzy to contemplate. Like everything else, being in the hotel business has its compensations as well as its trials and tribulations.

If a certain restaurant or grill in a hotel does not seem to be attracting the attention it deserves, some novelty is inaugurated with the hope of its proving a magnet. This was done with great success in the case of a certain grill which somehow just didn't seem to go. The services of a famous dance team were obtained, advertised and invitations issued for their initial performance. Society took to them like ducks to water and never seemed to tire of their antics. The amount received by the couple for giving three exhibition dances each night after the theater was fabulous, but it was well worth it.

Not only did this particular room become a favorite with society but they overflowed into the other rooms and kept coming back for more. A novel jazz orchestra has been the cause more than once of "turning them away," than which a hotel can ask for nothing more.

There are more swagger hotels catering to the social aristocracy today than ever before, despite prohibition, and with the addition of a new one every few years it looks as though the hotel business were in for a long run of prosperity. The next time you drop into your favorite hotel for tea, tell the self-important gentleman behind the desk with his hands behind his back that you would like to speak to the social director. Note his look of stupefaction, and if you engage him in further conversation you will learn that the social director—or whatever she calls herself—has little to do with the success of the hotel, but that this self-same gentleman—it doesn't matter which one it is; they all look alike and will tell you the same thing—is really responsible. One of the codes, earnestly adhered to from bellhop to manager, is "Take all the credit you can—it won't be much."

Your true Lord may love to buy his day shopping in Piccadilly, where the finest things are sold—among them, Hudson's Bay Tobacco. It's an old favorite in England, where they know pipe tobacco. And once we've brought it to America, it's the new favorite here! Ask your tobacconist to show you the gift sets.

Shop for him in Piccadilly

Up to now, very few men in America have been lucky enough to get famous old Hudson's Bay Tobacco for Christmas.

You see, it's new to this country, although for years it's been a favorite among English gentlemen, and you know what discriminating pipe smokers they are.

Travelers used to bring back a precious little hoard of Hudson's Bay, and then send thousands of miles to replenish it. Very little they gave away—even for Christmas. But now, Hargraft & Sons have brought it to America and you can buy it at most fine tobacconists'.

Why give him some same old, tame old, gift? Give him Hudson's Bay. On Christmas morning, when he sees that scarlet and gold tin, and loads and lights up, and gets that deep-down enjoyment that only such fragrance in flavor can give, why, with every puff he'll thank you.

Modestly speaking, Hudson's Bay is one of the world's finest pipe tobaccos. Not only is the tobacco itself the prime leaf of four successive crops, but it's aged for four years, longer than any tobacco we know of . . . it's older, smoother, finer.

If your nearest tobacconist is sold out, or hasn't yet been supplied, write to Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Building, Chicago, and we will see that you get your Hudson's Bay in ample time for Christmas.

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Prices include postage. It is not necessary to send any money—just pay the postman on delivery.

HUDSON'S BAY *Tobacco*

The Greatest of All Gifts — Thoughtfulness!

There is a gift at Christmas time that is greater by far than any *thing* that you might give. And it savors even more of the true spirit of the day. It is the greatest of *all* gifts—the gift of *thoughtfulness!*

Thoughtfulness, for example, in selecting the delicately ornate Francis First pattern in Reed & Barton Solid Silver for someone who will thrill to its Fifteenth Century traditions.

Thoughtfulness in offering the simple classic beauty of the Heppelwhite pattern to someone whose life is in keeping with its perfect harmony of line.

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Heppelwhite Cream and Sugar

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Francis First Sugar and Cream

The traditional beauty of the Fifteenth Century, and the charm of hand-wrought silver, are combined in this pattern. You can be sure that you will please your hostess if you select it.

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS
100 YEARS OF SILVERSMITHING
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

STILL FACE

(Continued from Page 44)

might say, and to let their minds sort of fumble in the air until they measure each other."

"Are we, then, to fight?" asked Still Face.

"It was a—rhetoric—figure of speech."

"And have our minds sparred and tested each other's mettle?"

"Mine hasn't," said Keats simply. "At any rate, it hasn't found a place to perch."

"Perhaps I can help you." Still Face's voice was kindly. "I hope you will feel at your ease in my house and in my presence. . . . Is your call neighborly, as the good people say in this village, or had you a definite reason for coming to see me? If the first, you are welcome as a neighbor; if the second, I shall be charmed to assist when you have enlightened me."

"To tell the truth," said Keats, "it is neither—no. In fact I wanted to come in—all of a sudden, you know. It just came over me, and so I did."

"A gratifying impulse. But I did not hear your feet on my walk—and my ears are acute."

"I came down Stony Hill Road," said Keats.

"Ah, a lonely walk at this hour."

Obviously, Still Face waited for some enlightenment upon this point.

"I—didn't think of that," said Keats hesitatingly. "A good many times you aren't lonely in a place where you would be lonely lots of other times."

This general statement seemed, even to himself, a trifle vague and circumlocutory, but he let it pass. What he wanted most in that moment was to hear the sound of his own voice saying anything.

"It is a little-traveled road, especially at night."

"The traffic was heavy tonight," said Keats, taking the plunge.

"Ah!" Still Face's eyes dropped to the table for an instant and then lifted themselves to peer unwinkingly at Keats.

"By the way," Keats said, "I have often been curious. Would it be improper for me to ask if you are Italian?"

"I am of no country, of no nationality."

"That," said Keats, "must make it difficult when it comes to a matter of passports."

He was fairly launched now. Embarrassment had taken itself away, and he was riding again under the power of impulse. A spirit of mischief obsessed him, moved him to flick Still Face with innuendo. If this man was the directing mind of the plot of which Newton's White Elephant was the center, he might betray himself by some sign. He could not know how much Keats knew, just as Keats was unable to offer final evidence of Still Face's complicity. Both groped in the dark, hoping to score by chance. There were so many ifs. If the three Italians had tried to kill Keats, then a connection had been established between Still Face and the malignity that seemed to portend over the affairs of the Newton family. If Still Face burned the ledgers, this connection was made to appear more clearly. If Carl Phillips actually was concerned in the thing, and if the above conjectures were fact, then Still Face and Carl Phillips were in some sinister partnership. The connection between Phillips and Still Face was indicated by the knowledge shown by Still Face of an event in the life of Faith Newton known only to Faith and to Phillips. Ifs, always and everywhere ifs!

"Passports?" Still Face said with rising inflection.

"To travel about the world and to gain admission to various countries," said Keats, "one must be given a letter of recommendation by his government, as you might say. I am told you are a great traveler. It's a technicality, of course, and I may be ignorant; but if you have no country, which one will give you permission to travel and request for you the hospitality of other nations?"

"To be sure," said Still Face.

"And I merely hazarded the guess that Italy might be the place of your birth. You speak the language fluently."

Still Face's hands rested very quietly on the table now, spread flatly; one could scarcely detect the movement of his chest as he inhaled and exhaled; his body had become immobile as his face.

"And you?" he asked. "Are you a linguist?"

"There are a great many languages," said Keats, "with which I am unfamiliar."

Thus did he permit Still Face to draw his own conclusions, if it were a matter of interest to him. He paused, and in the silence, which Still Face did not break, he glanced about the room curiously. Of a sudden his roving eyes were arrested, held motionless by a small object upon the sideboard. It was a tiny image of wax, an effigy, through the breast of which had been thrust two great bodkins. He studied it, for there was about it a familiarity that flittered just beyond the border of identification. But he knew the purpose of the image and of the bodkins, for there had been a Savoyard violinist—a frequenter of his mother's salon—whose delight it had been to tell the boy quaint tales and customs and superstitions of his distant land. Black magic of the Italian peasant! The wax image of a living man, pierced through the heart to bring, by enchantment, the death of the hated individual! Then, in the not unskillfully executed figurine, Keats fancied he recognized himself. It was the disreputable hat that convinced him, and he sighed. This was rather convincing, though doubtless a hard-headed American court of justice would be reluctant to accept it in evidence.

"I find," he said, letting his eyes return to those steady, dull-burning eyes that Still Face fixed upon his face, "contrary to the probabilities of the case, that the woodenware business is to be classed as a hazardous operation."

"Indeed!"

"I have escaped death narrowly three times, and each—er—accident was curiously similar to both the others. If there were the least ground for it I should fancy someone objected to my attaining a ripe old age. Very similar they were, all three. The number three runs through them—three accidents, three men the cause of each of them—the same three. They seem to have a mania for dropping things. That's how I became so interested in Italy. The folks with the dropping habit were Italians. And that's curious, too, because, you know, Carlo Fillippi was Italian."

Still Face bent forward a trifle and sighed gently.

"Carlo Fillippi?" he prompted.

"It's queer—though not so queer after all, perhaps—how similar names may be in different languages. Guillaume is rather like William, and Jean like John. Pietro resembles Peter—and a lot of others."

"A common derivative," explained Still Face.

Keats opened his mouth to speak again, but restrained his words as the kitchen door opened and the bizarre negro servitor of Still Face protruded his head through the opening and surveyed the room. His head was arresting. Keats wondered if its peculiar conformation were the work of Nature or of some savage binding when the bones were pliable. In his interest he did not perceive how the right hand of Still Face dropped from the table and from view; nor could he have seen without standing and craning his neck how the fingers of that hand twinkled with lightning rapidity, transmitting some command in the strange, silent language that was the sole mode of communication between master and servant. . . . The face of the dumb negro vanished.

"And," said Keats, "Carlo Fillippi is singularly like Carl Phillips."

"One might say they were the same," said Still Face.

"One might, indeed," said Keats.

"You have hit upon a diverting subject."

"But I have exhausted my knowledge of it," said Keats regretfully.

"Perhaps you can conceive another as entertaining."

"Well," said Keats reflectively, "there is the matter of ambidexterity. It is at least unusual. Now you, I notice, are left-handed."

"A clumsy peculiarity, especially when one is dining in company; a busy left hand so close to the busy right hand of one's neighbor."

"I have read heaps of detective stories," said Keats; "but I never remember one in which the villain perfected his disguise by training himself to use the unaccustomed hand."

"The perfection of genius," said Still Face.

"By the way, you have traveled in Italy, haven't you?"

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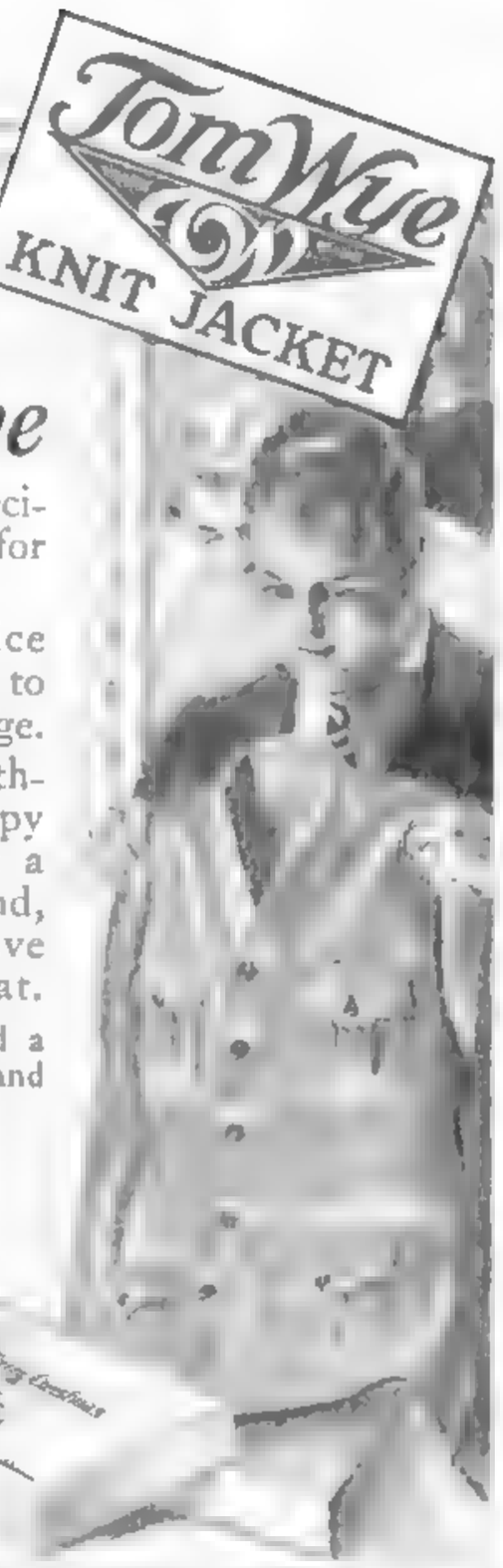

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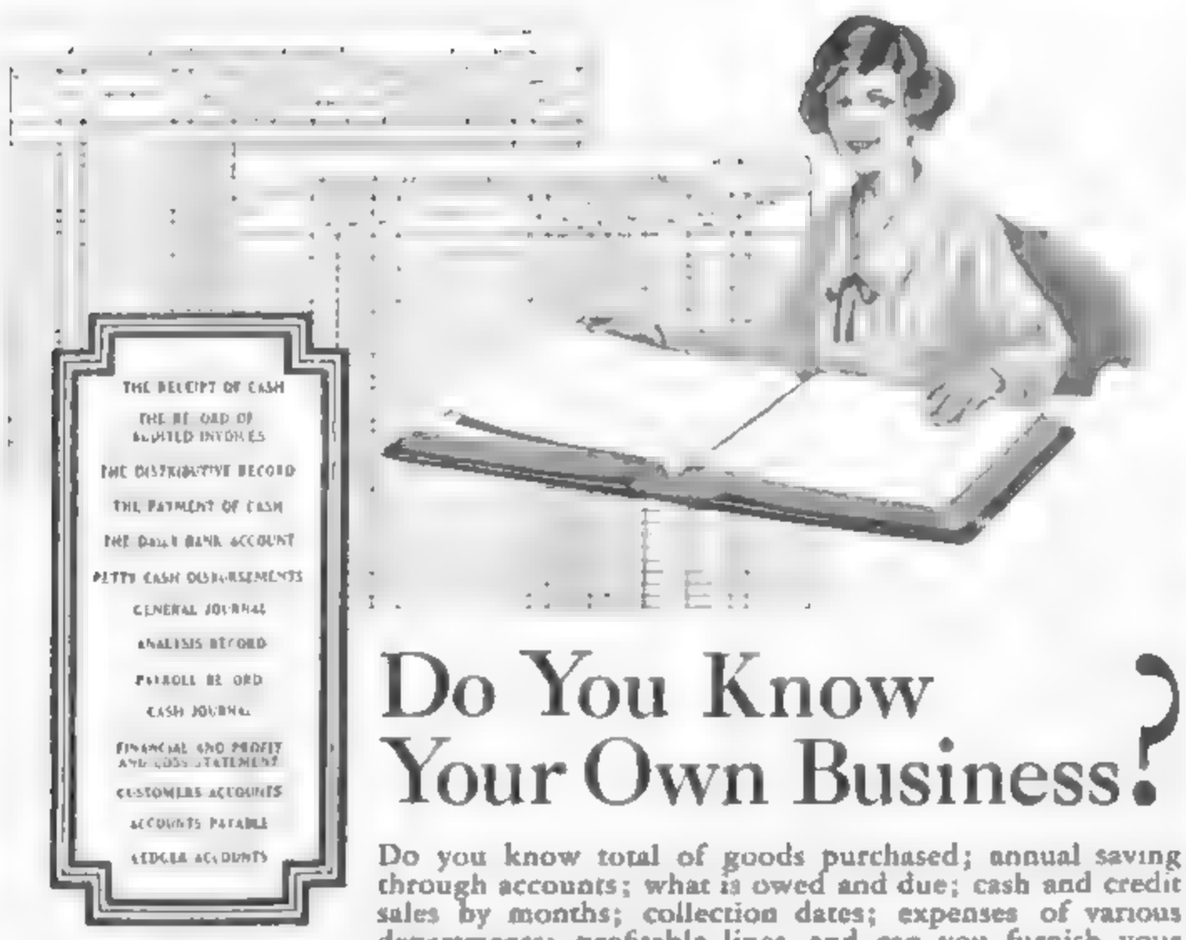

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"No man can lay claim to culture who is not familiar with it."

"Did you, by remote chance, ever encounter a man named Carlo Fillippi in his own country?"

"The possibility would be remote," said Still Face. "To encounter a given man out of so many millions —— But why do you ask?"

"Because—er—logic would indicate a meeting; possibly some intimacy."

"Logic? In this I do not follow you."

"When a fact is known to one man," said Keats, "a fact he is unlikely to chatter about, and you find that fact known to another man, the conclusion is obvious."

"There is such a fact?"

"Undoubtedly."

Still Face paused to reflect, half closing his eyes. Then he sighed again, gently as before.

"Mr. Dodd," he said with grave courtesy, "it is almost as regrettable to possess qualities and not know how to utilize them as it is to possess no qualities."

Keats considered this for a moment and arrived at the man's meaning.

"You grant me qualities, then?"

"Indeed, yes. You have eyes to see, discernment, logic, tenacity. It is my habit, on encountering men and women for the first time, to set down some conclusion regarding them. In your case I was unable to do so, and I wrote you an unknown quantity."

"Yes?"

"One can go only so far in planning for the unexpected, for the unexpected works within no boundaries."

"That is true."

"Life would be simple if one worked only with known quantities. It is the unknown that gives living its zest. I am fortunate in your case that Nature has seen fit to handicap you with rashness rather than to endow you with sagacity. . . . Why did you come to my door tonight?"

"Really," said Keats, "I don't know."

"I thought so," Still Face said with a nod of his head. "So, we see, one has the right to depend upon the clemency of the unexpected as much as to apprehend its inclemency. The wise man should consider this."

Keats nodded his agreement.

"Now you will admit," Still Face continued, "that it was not sagacious—believing as you do that I have no wish, as you put it, to see you attain a ripe old age—for you to come here tonight."

"If I had it to do over again," said Keats, his eyes traveling to the wax figurine upon the sideboard, "I should not come. But," he said, as if in extenuation, "I was so interested in seeing you turn yourself from a right to a left-handed man."

"So I gathered," said Still Face. "You have imagination."

Keats smiled wryly.

"That is a quality," he said, "in which all have agreed I am lacking. It prevented my becoming a poet."

"Yes, you have imagination—but even you cannot imagine quite far enough. But that is no discredit to you. It would require a first-rate genius. . . . By the way, it may increase your discomfort to look behind you."

Again Keats smiled, but not joyously. He sat tense now, waiting with apprehension, holding himself in readiness. Something portended. They had been moving inevitably, smoothly toward a climax.

"That," he said, "is an old one. It's in almost every book of adventure."

Still Face shook his head.

"I was not distracting your attention," he said. And raising his hand he spoke again with his fingers. A sharp point touched Keats' throat just at the angle of the jaw. "You see?" said Still Face.

Keats sat very still, as one is prone to do when a knife is brought so evidently in contact with the neighborhood of the jugular. He was not so much alarmed as chagrined. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! And he had brought the thing upon himself by his own rashness, by acting first and thinking his way afterwards. He was a bungler, convicted, and no young man can contemplate with equanimity such knowledge of his own shortcomings.

"If you will sit very quietly," said Still Face, "it will be for the best."

The man arose with deliberation and disappeared into the kitchen, whence he reappeared presently with a length of rope. No words passed now; a grim silence fell in the room, while, under threat of the knife in the black man's hands, Keats submitted to the tying of his hands behind his back. This completed, Still Face stood drumming with his fingers upon the table top, obviously considering what were best to be done. In a moment he decided. He signified his desires to the negro in finger language, then to Keats by word of mouth.

"Not in this house," he said reflectively.

Then sharply, a new note in his voice that Keats had never before detected—a harsh note, a note of restrained cruelty, almost of hunger at some alluring prospect—he commanded Keats to follow.

They passed out of the house into the blackness of a cloudy night, Still Face's fingers biting into Keats' arm, the knife in the hand of the black man pressed to his back as a mute reminder that tractability was the better course. They crossed the rock-strewn pasture and felt their way up Stony Hill Road; then, after minutes of stumbling in the murkiness, they left the road again and Keats saw before him a blacker blot in the darkness that he took to be the old sugar house. It was the tumbledown shanty where Faith had seen the negro at play with his kitten.

Still Face kicked open the door and illuminated the interior with a lantern. This he could do without risk, both because of the lateness of the hour, when none would be astir in Westminster, and because of the sheltered position of the building. As Still Face confronted Keats now he breathed heavily, and the young man saw how he gnawed his under lip. His hands twitched, closing and unclosing in a manner not pleasant to see. Though that serene, noble face did not change, the eyes burned with an unstable fire.

"Not now." Still Face muttered: "not now." It was as if he were depriving himself of some longed-for treat, some high pleasure hungered for. "Sit," he said sharply to Keats, pointing to the floor.

There was nothing for it but obedience; and while the black held him helpless, the master bound Keats' feet as he had bound his hands, and then, passing the rope again and again around his body, secured him to one of the solid beams of the building's framework. Next, with skillful fingers, he inserted a wadding of cloth in Keats' mouth to insure silence. And then, as if he could restrain himself no longer, he seized Keats' arm and twisted it savagely.

Keats bit into the gag to compel himself to silence under this gratuitous torture, and cold fear assailed him. In some indescribable manner Still Face had become grotesque, horrible. He shivered and the members of his body twitched as he bent over Keats, devouring his face with burning eyes. It was as though he hungered to witness the distortion that agony would bring to the face of his witness; as if a cry of pain would be sweet to his ears.

He stood erect, and as he did so the kitten walked with dainty gayety through the door, pausing to rub its side in friendly good feeling against the lintel; its little tail stood erect as a signal of its delight at the coming of unexpected visitors. The negro did not see it until it had crossed half the room toward Still Face. Then he cried out terribly and flung himself forward. But Still Face was first. With a sound that was half laugh, half gurgle, the man snatched up the tiny creature, lifted it to the level of his face and twisted it with his two hands, so that it shrieked once and was silent. Then he hurled its body in the face of the negro, who leaped upon him with upraised knife.

Keats struggled and all but burst his throat in the spasm of horrified rage that shook him. The hand of Still Face closed about the negro's wrist, twisting it inward and downward until the knife clattered to the floor. The negro gibbered and screamed in awful unintelligibility, rending his soul to give voice to his hatred and his pain. Still Face hurled the man from him so that he fell groveling and mouthing to the floor.

Then Keats knew—knew the danger in which he stood; worse than that, the danger that grew black and menacing over the heads of Grandma Newton and of Faith. He knew who had killed the puppy on that other day and what was the meaning of the scene he had surprised. It was Still Face—Still Face a monster! A monster whose fiber was malignance hidden by some sardonic stroke of fate under the face of a saint!

With dilated eyes, he watched the master kick to his feet the cowering black man and drive him from the door; watched Still Face stand an instant, half crouching, peering down at him with eyes that his overwrought imagination may have made to

(Continued on Page 209)

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Thorophone *(Power Type)* Speaker, $45

REICHMANN COMPANY, 1729-35 W. 74th St., *CHICAGO*

Thorola

THE SPEAKING LIKENESS

(Continued from Page 206)

seem of blurred red in the pale lantern light. Then, as if dragging himself away from some craved drug by a supreme effort of the will, Still Face turned and plunged into the outer blackness, extinguishing the lantern as he disappeared.

In that moment Keats Dodd learned the meaning of the awful word "despair."

XXIV

THE room had become intolerable to Faith, and she left the house, not with a small hand bag, as Still Face hoped. The hour was earlier in the evening than ten o'clock. Where was she bound? She did not know, but all the restlessness that resided in her had marshaled its forces for the attack and was driving her headlong. Air and space she required, and the medicine of rapid action, so that she rather ran than walked. As she left the house a figure detached itself from the shrubbery and skirted the fields to encounter her at some favorable spot. It was Still Face's negro.

She walked away from town, back toward the road leading to Stony Hill, and unconsciously turned in that direction and then proceeded downward. Perhaps she had some dim desire to reach that lonely brook where it fell down the hillside, and there to listen to the counsel of its voice, those soothing, quieting, wise words that can only be uttered by a mountain brook as it ripples over its rocky bed.

But close to the foot of the hill she was arrested, startled by an apparition in the road before her that bowed and mowed and smirked and made motions with its hands. She uttered a little cry of fear, and for the first time that day her mind began to function; facts became realities and effects were the result of causes. It was but natural the man should terrify her—a savage, a devotee of voodoo and what not evil things; but she could not flee; to escape was impossible, and so she fronted him boldly.

"What do you want?" she demanded imperiously; but her voice could not penetrate those ears that never more would hear a sound. Yet it seemed he understood, for he smirked the more terribly, and by eloquent pantomime begged her to follow him. She shook her head. Then, drawing closer to her, he threw light upon something in his hand that he exhibited to her. It was a watch with a curious charm. Motioning from it to her, he begged her to accompany him.

The watch! There was but one charm in Westminster in that curious form—Keats Dodd's watch—and Keats had disappeared. She forgot in that instant the distorted head and evil repute of the negro. Keats Dodd! How came his watch here? What did it mean? What had befallen him?

"Where is he?" she demanded vehemently. "Where—where?"

The negro mouthed and motioned. Pantomime may be more eloquent than words. Keats, he informed her in that strange, unsightly, silent language, was below. She was to follow. He begged piteously for her to follow; and she, not with courage, but rashly, impulsively as was her nature, motioned to him to lead. She was going to see Keats Dodd, and in that moment nothing else mattered. He was not gone—had not run away. Something had happened—what she could not imagine—but he was there. Possibly had sent for her; possibly was in trouble and needed her. She did not care. She would go to him if through fire.

When they reached the back door of Still Face's house she scarcely recognized it in the darkness for an instant; but when she did realize she halted, drew back. Again the negro exhibited the watch, pointed to an upper window and grinned ingratiatingly. Keats was there. His gestures averred it.

She entered, not without a trembling of the knees and the chill of dread in her heart.

The black man brushed past her, his elbow touching hers, and she shrank back, remembering what he was—pictures of him as she had seen him flashed before her eyes—how he had come whirling and jabbering from the house in some dreadful state of religious ecstasy—how he had played like a creature insane with the little kitten in the sugar house.

The negro smirked and bowed, and, jabbering, motioned her to follow him up the stairs. Reluctantly, apprehensively, she obeyed. He led her to a door at the rear of the house, which he held open for her to enter. Again she hesitated, when, with a swift motion, the man placed his palm against her back and shoved her in, not ungently, but firmly. Before she had regained her balance to turn protestingly the door slammed behind her, and again she heard the discomforting sound of a bolt shooting in a lock!

Then of a sudden terror seized her. Instinct told her all was not well; that here was something hidden, dreadfully threatening and malign. She rushed to the door, wrenching at the knob, pounding upon it with clenched fists, crying out hysterically for release. From the door she flew to the sole window of the room, to find it nailed down. A low, narrow window it was, under the slant of the roof, as are so many windows in old New England houses, and she could not raise it; nor could she win free by smashing sash and panes, for down the middle of it was a wooden bar securely nailed. The room had been made ready for her reception.

Slowly she moved back, wide-eyed, terrified. Her knees encountered a chair and she sank into it, shivering as a name arose to her lips, as names will do when one comes to the high hour of need.

"Keats! Keats!" she said, and bowing her head remained quiescent in mute despair.

The negro listened a moment at the door; then, showing his white teeth in something that may have been a grin, he descended the stairs. Here, in the dining room, he paused to reach under his armpit and to produce the knife which, the night before, he had held against Keats Dodd's neck. With his thumb he tested edge and point—and grinned again. Softly he opened the back door and plunged headlong, as if in flight, down the three steps, then through the garden and up the hill toward the sugar house. His eyes gleamed so that they were luminous in the moonlight, and he jabbered continuously, exultantly, stopping now and then to wave his arms and to caper as if some long-awaited joy was at the end of his journey.

He kicked open the door of the shanty and crouched within, lighting a match by whose wavering, fitful flame he surveyed the interior. Keats Dodd lay where he had been thrown and secured, his eyes now peering upward, clouded with pain and fear, for who would not have known fear in such a moment? To one side lay the body of the kitten. The black man saw it and his face wrinkled to an expression of childish grief. A tear welled from his yellow eyeball and balanced upon the lid. With the grief-stricken moan of a child, he bent over the little thing to fondle it and hold its soft fur to his face. It had been a thing he loved, a creature, living, sentient, which had not perceived how grotesque was its lover and had returned his affection. Keats saw, but could not comprehend.

Now the negro bent over Keats, the gleaming knife in his hand; and as the young man shrank from him he shook his head, grinned, stroked Keats' face, made such mute signs as were possible to him that he came in friendship. First, he cut the bonds that secured the legs, then those of the hands, and finally the rope that secured Keats to the beam. The young man essayed to arise, but cramped muscles and dammed circulation held him helpless. The negro seemed to understand, for with gentle hands he rubbed and massaged, uttering crooning sounds as he worked. From time to time he glanced apprehensively over his shoulder, and it took no vast power of observation to see that he was in haste. He seemed to be urging, begging the blood to flow again in Keats' veins, the tenseness of long confinement to free his muscles. At last he helped Keats to his feet and bobbed and nodded and waggled his head approvingly as the young man stamped about, waving and flexing his arms. Keats stopped before the negro.

"What's this?" he demanded. "What does this mean?"

The negro could neither understand nor answer, but in his strange way he became eloquent, offering such signals of friendship, of reassurance, as could be made by gesture and by grimace. Now he seized Keats by the sleeve, dragging him to the door, urging him to make haste in following.

That this should be incomprehensible to Keats is not strange; that he feared some trap, some fiendish cruelty on the part of Still Face is not to be wondered at. He looked about him for a weapon and armed himself with a four-foot bit of two-by-four spruce that lay in a corner. The negro nodded his approbation and again urged Keats to follow. Keats shook his head and

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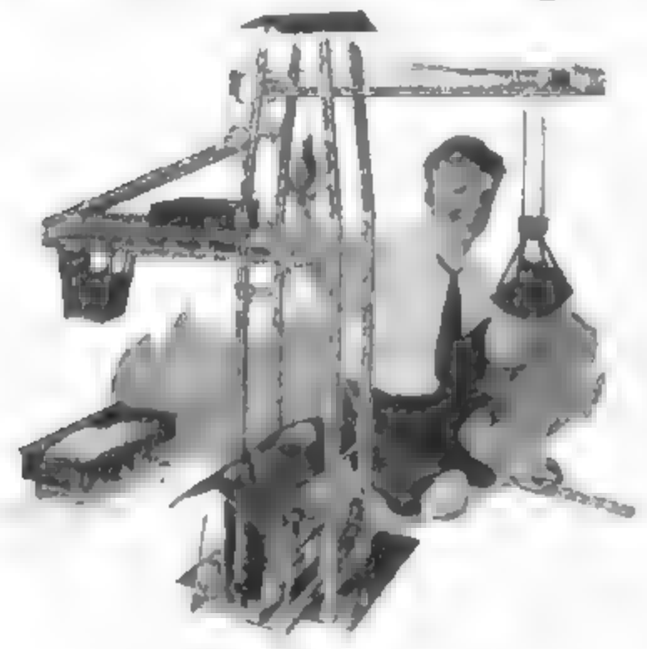

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threatened with his bludgeon, at which a pitiful expression came into the negro's eyes. He stretched out pleading hands—all but groveled at Keats' feet—and then, as a final argument, presented his knife, handle first, as assurance.

How was Keats to understand? How was he to know that the hour of the negro's release had struck—that he himself had been elected by the grotesque creature to be the instrument of his vengeance? He did not know—never could be informed—of the years of terror and cruelty and of torture through which the man had lived with his malign employer; never could the black man put into words the dreadful slavery, the suffering, the life of terror he had led. He could not describe how he feared and hated Still Face, nor could he tell of the bestial cruelties of the man and how he delighted to torment any living creature as he had tormented and slain the puppy and the kitten. Those two acts had brought the end for the negro. Those he had loved, and his heart, half child and half savage, could endure no more.

Again he plucked at Keats' sleeve, and when the young man hung back, ran to the kitten, which he exhibited, holding it up to Keats' eyes, fondling it, motioning with pantomime rage toward the house of Still Face until Keats comprehended dimly. He followed.

The black man ran, with Keats at his heels—ever watchful for some trap—to the back door of Mr. Jones' house. This the negro thrust open. Keats paused to survey the interior; and then, grasping more firmly his club, he followed again, through the dining room and up the stairs. At the door that concealed Faith and imprisoned her he paused to bring forth his key, which he held up to Keats' view gleefully before he inserted it in the lock—and then he threw open the door.

Faith uttered a cry at the sound and stood upon her feet, shrinking. Then, with unbelieving eyes, she saw Keats Dodd in the door and again she cried out, but this time joyfully—so joyfully, "Keats! Keats! Take me away! Take me away!"

"Faith! What are you doing here?"

"Don't ask me now!" she said piteously. "Take me away quickly! He may come back!"

"Still Face! Where is he?"

She shook her head. Then she cried out in fear as the negro came mowing and grinning though the door, and shrank toward Keats for protection. He saw her terror, sensed that something catastrophic had happened or was upon the eve of happening to her.

"It's all right. The black man is —— He let me loose." She did not understand, but his presence, the sound of his voice, quieted her, comforted her. "Where is Still Face?" he asked again.

"He went to—to do something. I don't know what. He—he said he was going tonight. He told me he came here to do something and that—that his work would be done by midnight."

"He said that? Are you sure? You haven't made a mistake? What he came to do would be done tonight?"

"Yes." He snatched her hand and drew her toward the door.

"Then hurry!" he said with rising excitement. "For God's sake hurry!"

The meaning of it was clear to him. Still Face had disposed of him; in some way he did not see through, the man had also imprisoned Faith; thus Newton's White Elephant was defended only by Grandma Newton and Huldy. Now, what Still Face had attempted by guile and by stealth, he would achieve by force. Perhaps this decision had been forced upon him. It may have been that Keats was drawing too close to the truth and he believed immediate action to be necessary. Or it may have been fortuitous, due to Keats' folly in walking blindly into Still Face's hands and so eliminating himself from the problem. However that might be, Keats knew the hour had struck. He knew—there was no doubt in his mind that danger was in the air, that Newton's White Elephant was under the shadow of deadly peril. A monster was abroad.

"Hurry!" he repeated. "Hurry!"

"What is it? What has happened?" Faith quavered. "Where have you been? We—I thought you had gone."

"Gone? Where? Why?" He did not lag as he snapped the words sharply.

"Orson Maxwell told me—all about it. I thought you had gone because you—you were afraid to face us."

He bit his lips, making no reply. During that long night and day through which he had lain tied in the old sugar house there had been ample opportunity to accuse himself, and to suffer for his folly in blindly trusting Tyler. He had accused himself, had suffered mental anguish as he contemplated the ruin he had brought upon his old benefactor and upon the girl he loved. Now her words cut him to the heart. So this was what she could think of him! That he was a sneak and a coward as well as a blunderer! Pride held prisoner the explanation of his absence.

They were out of the house now, and Keats hesitated for a moment which way to take—which path would lead him most quickly to Grandma Newton.

"You," he said to Faith, "go into town. Go to the hotel—anywhere."

"I—want to come with you."

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"I will come."

He spoke in exasperation.

"Don't be a little idiot! Still Face is there. There's the devil to pay."

"I'm coming," she said stubbornly.

He dared waste no time in argument, and his mind made up that he could cut upward across the pastures more quickly than by any other route, he plunged ahead. Faith kept at his side, but neither of them saw the black shadow that flitted behind. Neither of them remembered the negro. But the black man followed at their heels.

Presently, high above them they saw glowing dimly the few lights of Newton's White Elephant—more lights than it was the custom of the house to show. Faith knew the meaning of this—it was anxiety. She had been missed and grandma waited for her return.

Two hundred yards from the house Keats slackened his pace.

"I think I'm in time," he whispered. "Be very still."

Then stealthily, and very quietly, they approached. Behind each bowlder, each bush they sought shelter; each footfall they strove to muffle so that it could alarm no listening ear. The house was but a hundred yards away when Keats seized Faith's arm and forced her to crouch beside him, immobile, for a dozen yards to the left a man's head appeared between them and the moon. They saw him peer toward the house, and then, bending low, dart forward to a more adjacent cover.

"What—is it?" Faith whispered.

"Be still!" said Keats grimly.

They made a circuit around the easterly wing of the house, behind barn and hedge, and there poised, watching, calculating, before they made across the short open space, moonlit, to the back door. If they could pass this unobserved, fortune was with them. In such case the marauders would be ignorant of his presence in the house. They would come, expecting no defender, and the element of surprise would fight upon his side. Three full minutes they waited, eyes straining to catch any movement. The hillside stretched silvery, quiet, guiltless, below them. What eyes watched they could not guess.

"Come," whispered Keats, and moving along a bit so that the house lay huge between them and the town, they darted across the unkempt grass of the back yard and reached the rear door. It was not locked, and they found themselves safely within the house. Safe they were for the moment, and, Keats prayed, unseen.

XXV

"FIND your grandmother," Keats said, "while I see this place is buttoned up."

He went from door to door, making them fast; then, keeping his body from view, he saw to the security of the windows, putting the house in such posture of defense as was possible. If, as he believed, Still Face was desperate, ready to proceed to extremities, force a violent entrance and do what he had come to do, it would be futile to try to keep him out—him and his three men. Four against one! Any military man could have told him he had chosen an untenable position; but as a matter of fact, he had not chosen it. There was nothing to do but to hold as best he could the fortress attacked. If only he had firearms of some sort; but there were none, not even an antiquated shotgun.

In the meantime Faith found Grandma Newton sitting in an upper window, watching. The old lady did not hear her enter,

(Continued on Page 213)

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For Your Kiddie's Xmas— the Finest Gift in the World

Here is just what that spirited, peppy, red-blooded kiddie of yours wants—an automobile just like Daddy's!

For the Steelcraft Juvenile Automobiles are replicas of all the big ones—the very ones that millions of happy, snappy American boys and girls are familiar with.

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MODEL VI (*Illustrated*)

Splendid for loud speaker reception of distant stations. Selective, but simple to tune. Anyone can use it. Each station is always found at its own setting on No. 1 dial. The other dial regulates volume. Non-radiating—no squeals to annoy others.

Less Accessories . . $105.00
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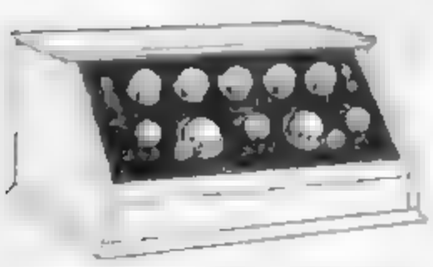

MODEL XV, five tubes. Super-selective long range radio frequency model. It cuts right through local broadcasting and brings in distant programs. Simple tuning with only two controls. Volume can be controlled. Non-radiating.

Less Accessories.....$142.50
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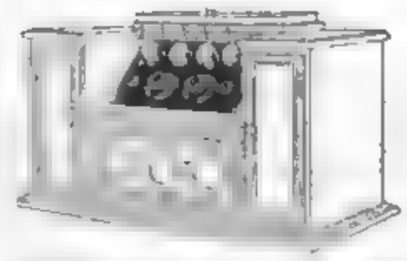
A HINT quietly given to the Right Party is likely to bring you this royal gift. It's worth trying!

When you're out together, lead the way so it takes you past the store where KENNEDY Receivers are on display. If you show interest in one, the dealer will demonstrate it. Once a KENNEDY is heard, there is sure to be a strong recommendation to Santa to bring that set on Christmas Eve.

The KENNEDY tone quality is superb and full rounded. It insures musically pure reproduction of any program within a good long range. No hollow tones or distortion. No fussing or fishing for stations. Simply turn one dial to a certain point, and there is the station you want.

N. B. to Santa Nothing will bring a family more hours of keen delight than a KENNEDY. It keeps young folks home and older folks happy. KENNEDY models are so troubleproof that even a mechanical enthusiast can find nothing to improve.



MODEL XI, Sheraton period mahogany cabinet with satinwood and ebony inlays. Dials and metal fittings finished in gold. Built-in loud speaker. Combines the charm of fine furniture with the most advanced principles of radio construction. Brings in out-of-town stations with loud speaker volume. Logged tuning on one dial. Controlled volume. Non-radiating.

Less Accessories $185
West of the Rockies ... 19-

THE COLIN B. KENNEDY COMPANY . *Saint Louis*

(Continued from Page 210)

was unaware of her coming until Faith spoke.

"Grandma," she said softly.

"Baby, baby, where you been? You scared me most to death."

"Never mind that now. I'm back. Keats is with me. He's fastening doors and windows downstairs."

Grandma turned, suddenly alert and capable.

"What's happenin'?" she demanded. "What's up?"

"Keats thinks Mr. Jones—is coming here."

"What fer?"

"I don't know -something dreadful. I ——"

But grandma was out of the door. On the stairs she encountered Keats mounting.

"It's come?" she asked.

"Yes."

She nodded.

"I calc'lated 'twouldn't be much longer. When Faith disappeared tonight ——"

He spoke rapidly.

"Still Face is coming here. I think I know what he's after. . . . It's the old Carl Phillips thing—they're in it together."

"Have you seen Carl?"

"No; but it was Still Face who has tried to get me out from underfoot. I followed the three Italians to his house last night, and then, like a fool, went in. That man, Mrs. Newton, is a devil. He's not human. He's one who kills for the love of killing."

"Yes."

"We talked. Then they tied me up, and all day I've been in the old sugar house. Tonight I got out. I found Faith ——"

"Where?"

Keats hesitated. There might be something here that Faith would be reluctant to have disclosed.

"He found me," said Faith, "in Mr. Jones' house. I was going away with him. We were going away tonight. I was locked in; that dumb black man locked me in."

"I figgered you'd done somethin' rash," said grandma. Then she sighed. "Thank goodness it hain't come out no worse."

"I—I was frightened," said Faith. "I realized something was terribly wrong. And then Keats came. I couldn't believe it. I thought he had gone."

Grandma sniffed.

"Told ye he wan't the runnin' sort. Never thought of that Still Face though. My guess was you'd gone off with that Maxwell feller. . . . But, Keats, did ye manage to find out what they was up to, or why they was a-prowlin' around this place?"

"You said, Mrs. Newton, that Carl Phillips would come back from the end of the earth for revenge. I think he's set this monster on you—turned loose this mad dog. But there's something else—money."

Grandma sniffed again.

"Likely spot to come for money," she said.

"I may be wrong—but it's not possible I am. I know I'm right. When Carl Phillips got away, he didn't have time to stop for those bonds."

"Land o' Goshen!" said grandma. "Young man, you've hit it fust off. Them bonds—they're hid in this house, and he's come for 'em. Jest you wait! What we wastin' time fer? I'm goin' right off to telephone to town for help."

"I thought of that," said Keats grimly. "The wire's dead. It's been cut."

"Then we hain't got no hands to look to but our own. Wa-al, my mother fit off Injuns with her husband ——"

"If only we knew where the bonds are," Keats said, "we could take them and get away. I've searched my room with a fine-tooth comb. The safe thing is to go and let Still Face have them."

"But we hain't a-goin' to," said grandma.

"There's time for you and Faith to go," he said. "I'll stay and do what I can. You can creep out the back door and make for town. That's the thing! Round up men and send them here."

It was Faith who interrupted him.

"We'll do nothing of the sort," she said, and then her voice broke, trembled, became gentle, pleading. "Don't send me away, Keats. I—don't ever send me away. Everything is awful—but if I can be with you—if I can have you—I don't care. I won't leave you. I won't!"

"Huh!" grandma said.

"I'm not ashamed. I don't care. Do you think I can have such a thing happen to me without—without waking up? Oh, Keats, I knew all along, but I fought it, because I was small and selfish and—and wicked. I knew the day you told me you loved me—but I hated this town so, and I was so afraid of—of poverty ——"

Keats stared upward, only half understanding, bewildered, covered again with embarrassment. He feared to put upon her words the construction that any rational man might have put upon them, and so he stood, pitifully awkward.

"Nobody's goin' away," grandma said curtly, "and this hain't no time for makin' love. If we're all alive in the mornin' you kin tell him what store you set by him, but right now we better be thinkin' what's to be done to keep our souls hitched onto our bodies."

Keats paid no heed.

"Faith," he said, "you mean—what do you mean?"

"I mean," she said, "that I don't care what happens to me so long as you are there to—to go partners."

The young man took a step upward, thrust aside grandma's restraining hand, and looking into grandma's face, "I'm going to kiss her once," he declared, "if hell busts loose in the kitchen garden."

"Wa-al," said grandma over her shoulder, "I'll say this fer ye—ye may wabble about consid'able, but once you git the notion you go straight to the p'int."

From below came a sudden not clamorous but insistent knocking.

"It's them," said grandma in a whisper.

"The back stairs," said Keats, "I must block them."

Such plan as was possible he had made; his scheme of defense was complete. He ran lightly over the carpeted floor to the rear stairway, thrust shut the door, and then, with feverish haste, dragged a highboy from a bedroom and wedged it across the narrow corridor so that one side was against the wall while the other snuggled against the door. Not satisfied with this, he lifted and braced a commode on top of the highboy. Satisfied that none could force an entrance through, he returned to the wide main stairway. The knocking had ceased.

"I kin hear 'em prowlin'," said grandma.

Presently there sounded a muffled crash and a tinkle of glass falling upon the floor. Then it was possible to hear the stealthy raising of a window. The three watchers stood in the upper hallway, invisible from the entrance way below. Keats craned his neck. One of the Italians had effected an entrance through the window and was in the act of opening the big door to admit his companions. Keats held up his hand for silence as he saw Still Face and the remaining pair of Neapolitans enter.

It was a new Still Face he saw, a man with the same features, but a different body. Now there was no dignity, no stateliness, nothing impressive about the man's carriage. His head was thrust forward and he crouched. His white hands, held waist high, were a pair of claws about to grasp a throat; the knees were half bent as if for a spring. If ever a human body was eloquent of malignance, of eager cruelty, the soul of Still Face inhabited that body. But the face—it was unchanged. Pallid, serene, beautiful as before, it told its lie to the world. Grotesque, uncanny it was, topping such a body—a contradiction, an impossibility. Even the man's voice was changed, harsh, rasping, when he snarled an order to his companions.

He paused to look about him an instant, eyes narrowed, dully glowing; then he darted toward the stairs. The man's movements were eloquent of a dreadful avidity, a lithe eagerness remindful of that most malign of creatures, the weasel, making upon a cornered rat. If Keats had but waited—held himself concealed until Still Face was within reach of the great club he still bore in his hands—the thing might have been over with and done then and there, but he did not wait. As Still Face reached the landing in his upward progress Keats stepped into view at the head of the stairs. The advancing man stopped, crouched so that his finger tips touched the step above him in a posture strangely simian, and glared. For a moment he did not speak; then, animal-like, he snarled, held his position for an instant and began a slow, backward retreat, reluctant, more threatening than his advance. Over his shoulder he whipped between clenched teeth a command to his companions, who surged forward as one, past the form of their leader, lunging upward with heavy steps toward the head of the stairway.

Keats wondered in a vague way if they had firearms, but somehow the attack did

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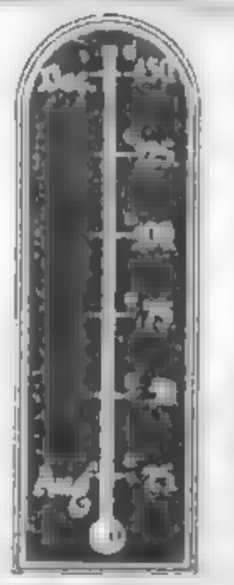

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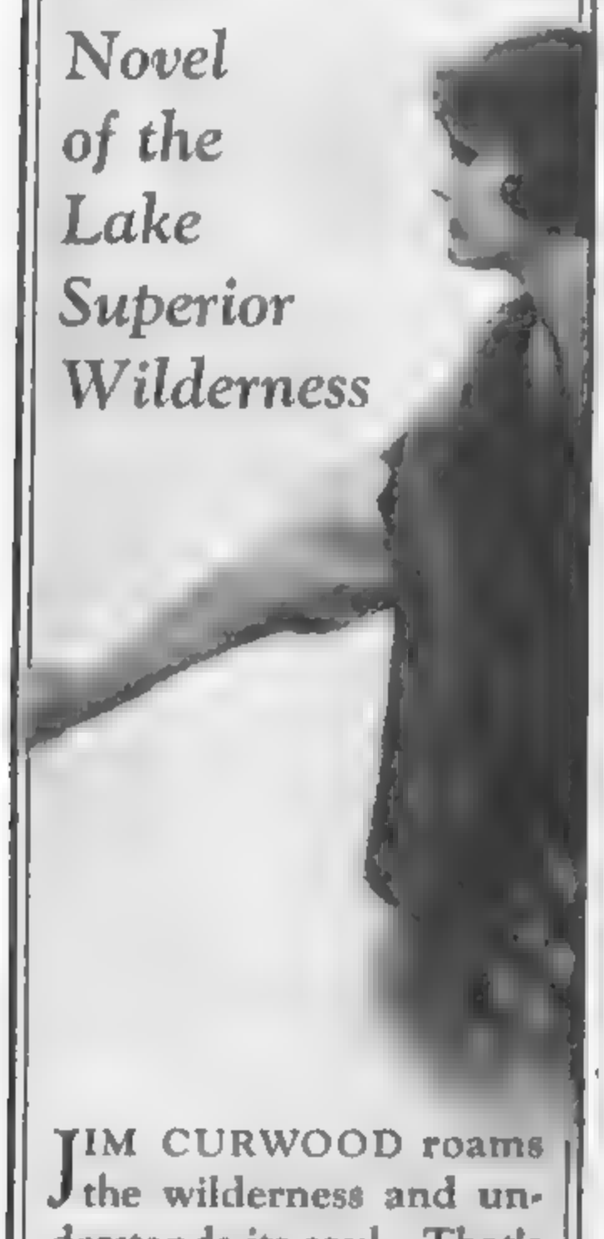

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not indicate the use of bullet or the sound of exploding powder. Though the house was distant from town, long separated from a neighbor, the sound of shots might give the alarm, where no other sound or cry could bring danger. And these were men more accustomed to the knife. They blocked the narrow stairway, one in advance, the two others at his shoulders, with Still Face behind, urging them on with a succession of snarls, animal-like, inhuman.

Just out of reach of the swing of the club they halted, and then grandma, having armed herself with a poker from the fireplace, leaned far over the baluster and pecked earnestly at the nearest head. It was a diversion, distracted their attention; and Keats, always quick to act, took his advantage of it. With one downward step, he lifted his club and swung it, his target the skull of the foremost Italian. The man saw, endeavored to give back, but was held by the bodies of his companions. He threw up his right hand, in which was clutched a knife, to guard his head, and upon his elbow the blow fell. The knife fell and the arm dropped limply, broken, so that, squalling, he fought to force his way between those who restrained him. Keats saw his advantage and followed it up, driving the quartet down the stairs before him; but so constricted was the battlefield that he could not wield his weapon with eliminating effect. The odds, however, were reduced from four to three.

Before he had reached the foot of the stairway, where numbers could be made to count against him, Keats gave up the attack and retreated again to the top of the stairs. One man sat moaning in a corner; the three survivors halted, uncertain. Then Still Face sent the two again to the landing, and himself vanished. The intent was obvious—they were to hold the stairs against escape while the leader sought some mode of taking the defenders in the rear. The scene became static, tense.

"The back stairs are blocked," said Keats in a whisper.

The Italians waited, and then, after a time evidently designated by Still Face, began to climb. The foremost had armed himself with a chair, which he proposed to utilize as a shield, and upon it he received Keats' crashing blow. The chair splintered, but the man was almost within arm's reach, under Keats' weapon. There might now be the chance for a skillful stroke with the knife. But Keats drew back, and instead of lifting his club, drew it back and lunged with the blunt end of it, battering-ram wise. The Italian sought to seize it, but, passing between his clutching hands, it found a mark upon his broad chest, so that he was half pushed, half stricken from his balance; and both men gave over that attempt, retreating to the landing. It was a feint, intended to conceal what maneuver Keats could not determine. He looked about him. Faith clutched the baluster, white, big-eyed, but she found the courage to smile at him.

"My dear!" she whispered.

As for grandma, she was not to be seen; had gone upon a scout to the rear of the house. Now she reappeared, a curiously determined old figure with the poker in her hand, and walked sturdily past to look from the windows of the rooms beyond.

"Are you afraid?" Keats asked.

"No," said Faith. "Only glad."

Keats' eyes were wistful.

"Things may not—pan out right," he said. "I—won't you say it—so I will have heard it once?"

"Say what?"

"That you love me."

Again she smiled.

"I do love you," she said.

And then grandma cried out sharply, "Keats! Your room! Your winder!"

Recollection flashed before him of that night entrance to his room by means of a ladder. Still Face was there, behind him—and grandma was there, defenseless, at the mercy of the man's insane lust to kill. Below him waited the two men. He could not go and he could not stay. At sound of grandma's cry the Italians began slowly to creep upward. It was their work to hold him there while their leader attended to his concerns elsewhere. Keats stood undecided, wavering. His eyes flicked behind him down the hall; perceived, just within reach, a table fronting the stairs upon which stood a vase of flowers.

He seized first the vase and hurled it downward, then jerking the table to him he raised it aloft and flung it into the faces of the advancing men.

Not waiting to see its effect, he turned, grasped Faith's hand and dragged her down the hall.

"Shut and lock the door when we're in," he panted.

Already he could hear tramping on the stairs. His table had been of little effect save to give a moment's delay.

"The door!" he cried again as he plunged into his room, the room that had once been Carl Phillips'. There, backing off slowly before Still Face, he saw Grandma Newton, poker upraised against the knife of the man. As he sprang forward he heard the door slam, then a crash against it of heavy bodies, a scream from Faith as the door flung open once more and the Italians lunged into the bedroom.

He was taken in front and rear. From behind the Italians sprang toward him and he whirled to defend himself. As he did so Still Face abandoned Grandma Newton and crept to take him from behind. Faith screamed. Then, as Keats swung his club, there was a curious silence. Keats struck and struck again before it was safe to wheel and face the leader. As he did so a new figure leaped from the window sill, darted across the room, uttering shrill, unnatural cries, and like some huge monkey sprang upon the back of Still Face. Keats saw only a black face, the flick of a knife through the air, a dreadful sound that was half grunt and half gurgle as Still Face lurched forward to the floor, the black man, one arm and both legs wound about his body, stabbing and stabbing again with his right.

There was no instant to pause, to question, to feel relief or gratitude or amazement. Keats pivoted again and hurled himself upon the Italians, but they did not stay to fight. Now their only instinct was to leave that place. *Sauve qui peut* was their only thought.

Keats drove them, flailed them, down the stairs, through the hall, out of the house! They were gone.

With all speed he ran up the steps again and to the door of his room, where, fixed and motionless as in a tableau, were grandma, Faith, the negro, and under his feet the body of the man who had been Still Face. It lay motionless, grotesque, the beautiful face upon the carpet of the floor invisible.

"Well," he said, striving to speak in a matter-of-fact way, but with voice tremulous in relief, "that's that."

"He—he was horrible—horrible!" said Faith.

He drew her to him.

"Anyhow," he said, "we're out of the woods."

Grandma shook her head.

"No," she said, "not so long as Carl Phillips lives."

XXVI

IT WAS morning. Faith had not arisen, but Grandma Newton and Keats Dodd were in his bedroom, the room in which Still Face had ceased to be, searching.

"If they're anywhere," Keats insisted, "they're in here. This room is what they always made for. Why else?"

"Maybe they hain't no'eres," said grandma.

"I tell you they are! They've got to be! Just remember what happened and see if Phillips could get away with anything. He didn't have the bonds in his pocket, that's certain."

"Maybe he had 'em in some other town."

"They're here," Keats said, "and we'll find them if we have to peck the house to pieces like a couple of woodpeckers. I know they're not in the furniture. I've fussed around that fireplace until I'm sure nothing is hidden there. There's no sign of plaster being disturbed."

"How about the floor?" grandma asked.

He shook his head.

"Wherever he put them, it was a place he could get to without noise. I'll bet he took the bonds a couple at a time and stowed them away piecemeal. No, he wouldn't come home nights and pry up floor boards, would he?"

"Don't seem reasonable."

"Now," Keats said practically, "if you were going to hide something in this room, where would you put it?"

"Calc'late I'd sew it up in a quilt. That 'ud come most natural to me."

"It wouldn't to Carl Phillips. Some place you could get into easily and quietly—that's what we've got to think of."

"Lemme think," said grandma. "Um—when he come in last night, before he saw

(Continued on Page 217)

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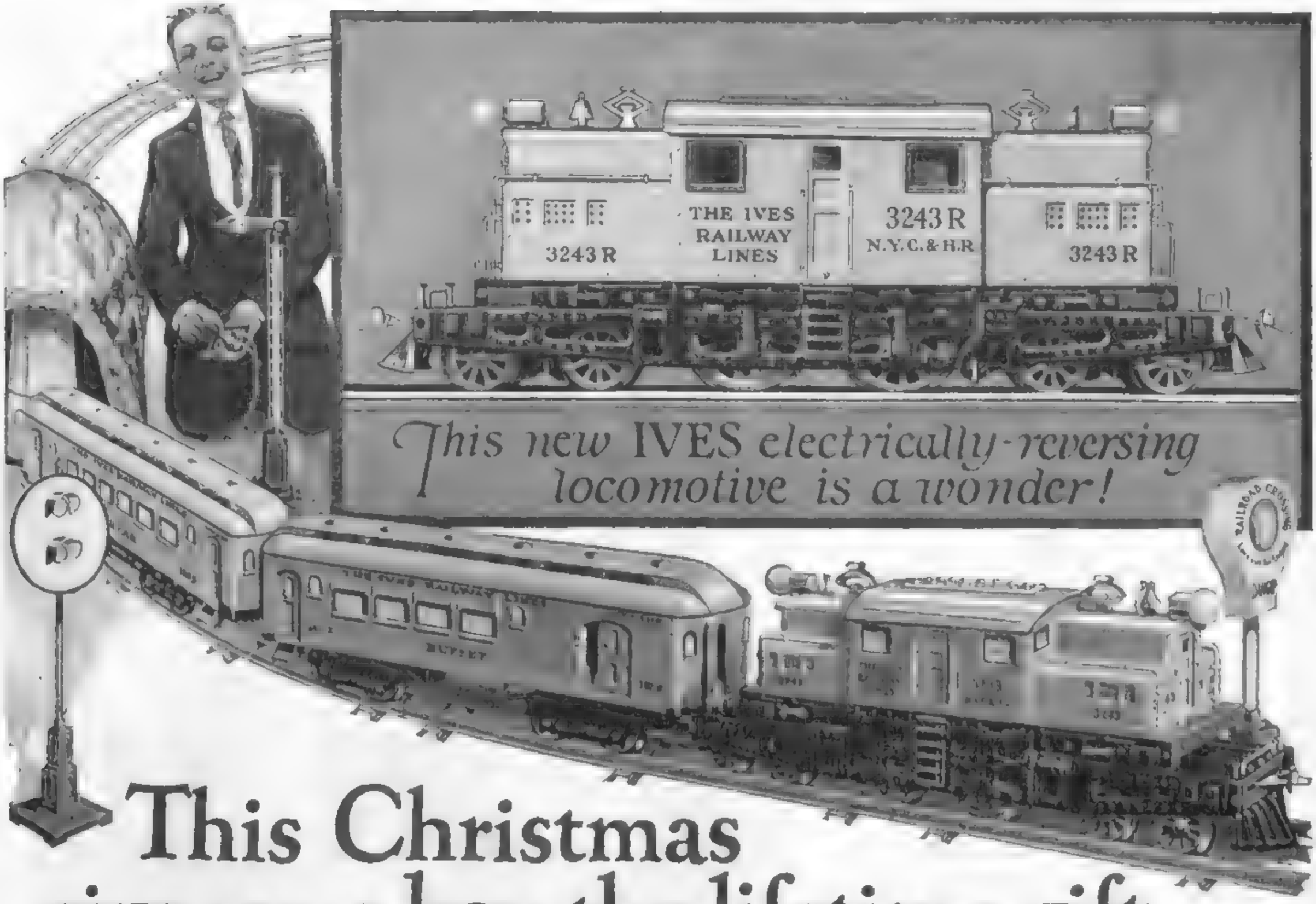

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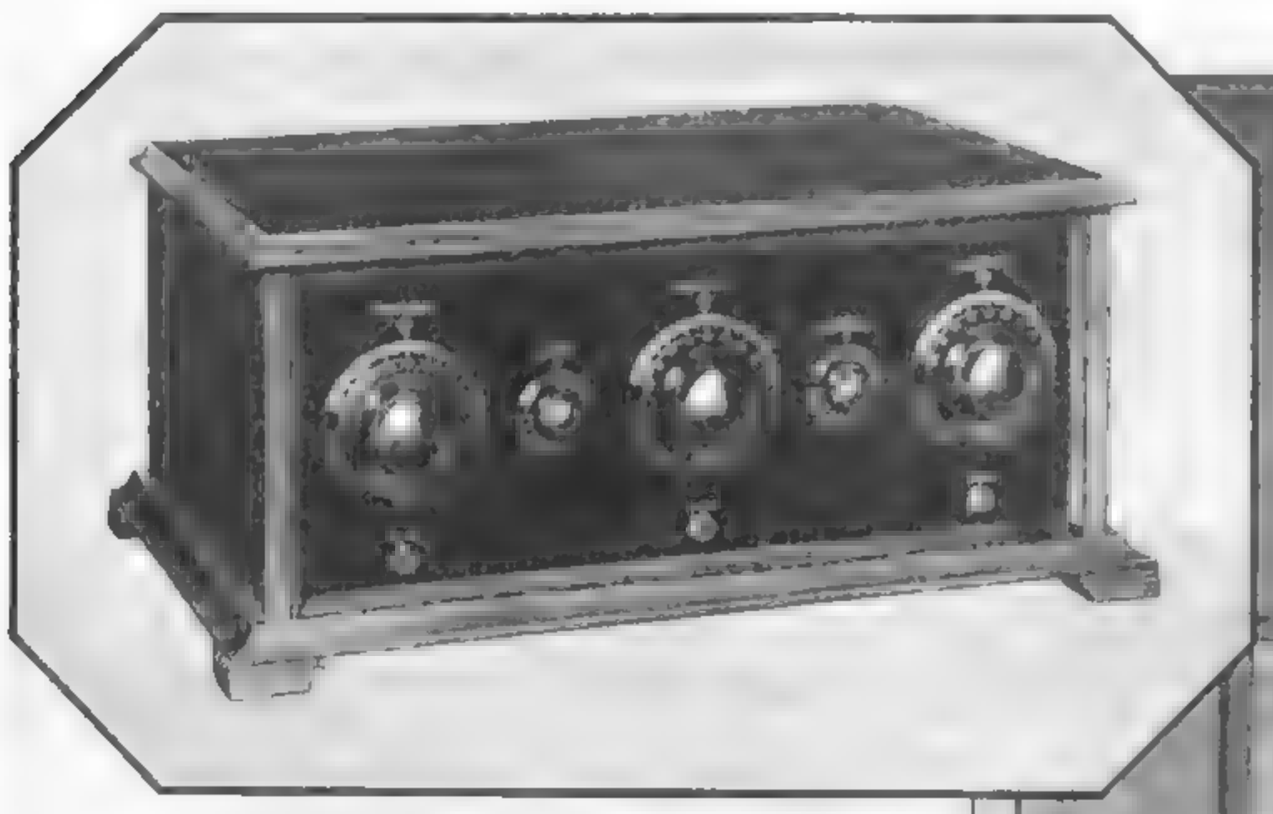

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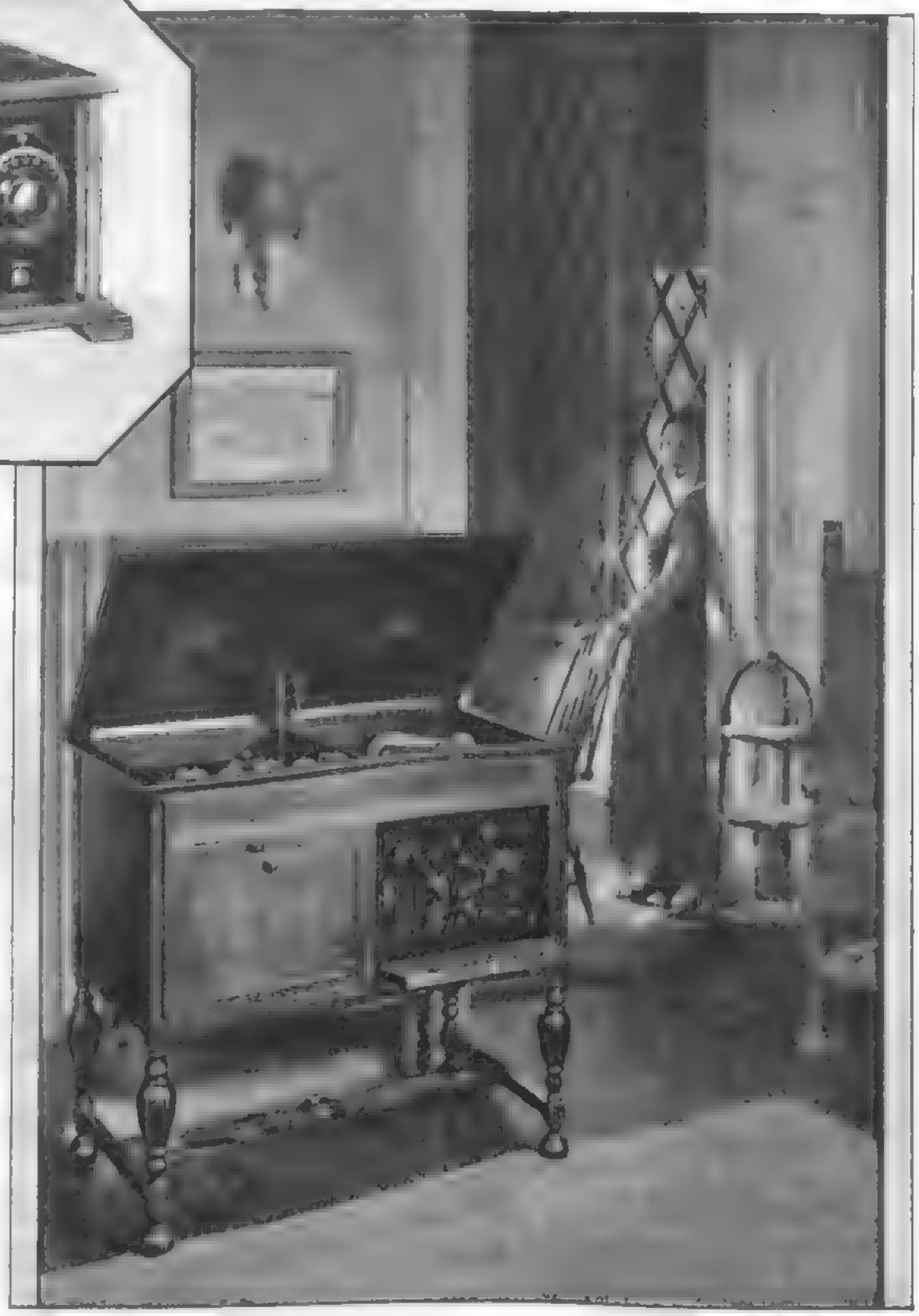

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(Continued from Page 214)

me, he was makin' straight across the room. It was toward the fireplace sure."

Together they examined it. It could not be the fireplace. Nothing about it was loose, no brick, no bit of the mantel construction. Everything was sound, solid, secure. Two hours they spent otherwise searching, to no avail. Then Huldy appeared in the door.

"Somebody wants Mr. Dodd onto the telephone," she said. "They must 'a' got it fixed."

Keats answered and spoke with the justice of the peace.

"Wisht you'd come down," said the official. "Mebby you kin sort of help straighten things out. We're a-goin' to his house to see what we kin diskiver."

So Keats walked to the village, where he found a crowd of the curious in and about the justice's office. On the old man's desk was a pile of articles at which men came and stared.

"Things," said the justice, "we got out of his clothes."

It was a meager pile—keys, handkerchief, change, a knife—and a screw driver.

"No letters nor nothin'," said the justice. "We hain't found a thing to identify him by, or to locate any relatives nor nothin'. Now we're a-goin' to the house to see what we kin turn up there."

The house disclosed little. Keats saw again the wax image of himself with the bodkins through its heart. There were scraps of paper written upon in Still Face's hand, among which was the one on which he had set down his estimate of the characters and abilities of the various people with whom he expected to come into contact. There were few clothes and a scarcity of personal belongings. But in the pocket of a hand bag they came upon something rather startling, a thing to imagine upon and to stir the curiosity. There were two photographs, one of Still Face, the other of a monster, a man mutilated frightfully, unspeakable in the face, featureless except for the eyes.

"Now that's suthin queer," said the old justice. "That's him, all right; but say, what d'ye calc'late he wanted with that feller's picture 'thout any face?"

Keats was startled. He compared the two, shape of head, ears, point of chin, hair. In outline they were identical. He conjured up the image of Still Face, how strange and immobile his features had shown themselves, how unnatural; features whose expression never changed, over which never shone a smile or clouded a frown. And Keats knew. This, then, was the explanation of Still Face. He was a *mutilé*—a monster—one of those wounded in the mouth—of whom he had read. A man with a false face, not the countenance with which he had been born!

Then came a new idea, overpowering in its simplicity. He recalled how Still Face had taunted him with his imagination, saying that none but a genius could pierce to the real truth. Keats believed that at last the truth lay bare in his hands.

"Wait," he said. "Stay here. Somebody drive me to the house quickly."

In twenty minutes he was back, and then, beside the photograph of Still Face and that of the monster, he laid the smaller picture of the passport—the passport he had found behind the picture of Amassa Newton—and carrying them to the window examined them under the full light of day. If one covered the features with a bit of paper the heads were the same. There was the same outward bulge of forehead, the same close-setting ear, the same line of jaw and chin. Again, if one covered the lower halves, the eyes and brows were identical. Keats sighed. It was a sigh of relief. Now, indeed, they were out of the woods. Grandma had said they could never be safe while Carl Phillips lived. And they were safe, for Carl Phillips and Still Face were one!

With this news he hastened to Grandma Newton, and with renewed zest to the search for the hidden bonds. Now he was sure the securities were there—sure. Their presence could not be doubted. Carl Phillips had been obliged to abandon them, and had returned for his revenge and for this fortune that awaited his hand. They were there, and if they were there it was possible to find them.

Again they scrutinized the room, Faith assisting. Over every inch of it they passed hand and eye, tapping, testing. It was near the supper hour when Keats remembered—as one will recall some matter of no moment—the articles taken from the dead man's pockets. He saw the little pile as clearly as if it were under his eye. Coins, knife, handkerchief, watch—and a screw driver. It was a new screw driver!

Screws might be withdrawn silently. One or two screws could be taken out in a minute and replaced without a sound. Still Face had entered that room with this implement, and he was not a man to cumber himself with useless objects or to carry a tool without good reason.

"Grandma—Faith, look for screw heads. We're getting warm," he cried with boyish glee. "Find me some screw heads."

"Why," said grandma, "the mantel's put together with 'em. Wood screws—look!"

The woodwork was, indeed, solid; but the brackets of the shelf were secured with screws. Screws held the base and screws held the panels at the sides—round-headed screws, painted white, set so purposely by the designer as the centers of scroll designs.

"Hurry!" said grandma. "I never took no stock in this, but I'm gittin' all of a flutter. There's a screw driver in the drawer of the kitchen table."

Keats ran. First he removed the brackets of the shelf, and then the shelf itself. Nothing was disclosed. He attacked the right hand panel and removed it. It yielded nothing. If he were right—if his reasoning had not been faulty from the beginning—then the bonds must rest behind the panel to the right. With fingers that trembled so he could with difficulty manipulate the screw driver, he got it free at last, disclosing the edge of the brickwork, and at the side bare plastering and naked lath. But upward from the floor the lath had been shorn away, the plaster demolished, leaving an orifice a dozen inches wide, to the depth of a scantling and a couple of feet high—and there they were. Papers, documents, neatly packed between the joists, bonds showing their orange markings. Keats laid hands upon them and they showered upon the floor a dusty heap.

"There!" he said, while grandma and Faith could only stand and stare.

Then Faith was kneeling beside him, her arm across his shoulders.

"Oh, I'm so glad—so glad for your sake, Keats! For me I don't care."

"I'm"—this was grandma—"we hain't nigh so bankrupted as that Maxwell feller thought we was."

"It's because of him I'm so glad," said Faith. "He—tricked you, dear. And you would never have forgiven yourself if he had taken our house and our mill."

Keats' eyes brightened.

"You've got him now," he said. "His own trap has shut on him. He'll have to buy that land." He laughed for the first time in days. "There's a quarter of a million here. We'll come close to adding as much more to it when we're through with him." Then his face fell. "You're rich now," he said very gravely; "you're rich."

"Yes," she said, "but not because we found these bonds. I was rich before we're both rich."

His mind was not functioning at high speed and he turned to peer at her.

"We have each other, haven't we?" she explained.

"Humph!" said grandma.

Then Faith's eyes twinkled.

"But," she said, "I won't marry a man whose name I don't know. Keats B. S. Dodd—Keats what?"

He flushed, shamefaced as a boy at his first party.

"I suppose you've got to know."

"I have," she said inexorably.

"Keats Bysshe Shelley Dodd," he said, and wriggled with embarrassment.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Faith; and then, "But I'll go through with it just the same."

"Huh!" commented Grandma Newton.

(THE END)

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Meccano has the greatest variety of parts—there are more than 200 in the system—in fact a part for every purpose. That's why you can build more with Meccano. And all the parts are made so dead accurate that they fit together perfectly—that's why building is so easy. Stop at your dealer's and examine the beautiful steel strips and the fine brass gears.

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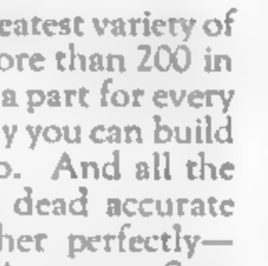
No. 00 Outfit	$1.00	No. IX Outfit	$5.00
No. 0 "	$2.00	No. 2 "	$6.00
No. 1 "	$3.00	No. 3 "	$9.00

and up to $45.00

For sale at most department, toy, hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from us enclosing price.

This Book Sent FREE

Send us your boy's name and address with those of three of his chums and we will send him free our new book, "The Magic Carpet", which tells all about Meccano and the joy of Meccano building. Put No. 70 after his own name for reference.



MECCANO COMPANY, Inc.
Division S-2, Elizabeth, N. J.
In Canada: Meccano, Ltd., 45 Colborne St., Toronto

IMPORTANT NOTICE
Not all construction toys are Meccano. Meccano is the original Steel Construction Toy, has the greatest variety of parts and builds the most models. Insist on the genuine Meccano. This label on every box

Gifts that Eyes Enjoy

EMERALITE will solve your gift problem. These good looking sight-savers please and protect the eyes, are ideal for reading, writing or sewing, and their enduring service is a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Emeralite Junior

Chases gloom from those corners the big lights don't reach. The restful Emerald glass shade protects the eyes from glare and easily adjusts to any angle. Convenient and comfortable for reading, writing or studying.

Stands, hangs or clamps anywhere. 12" high—in brass or other finishes

Emeralite Junior

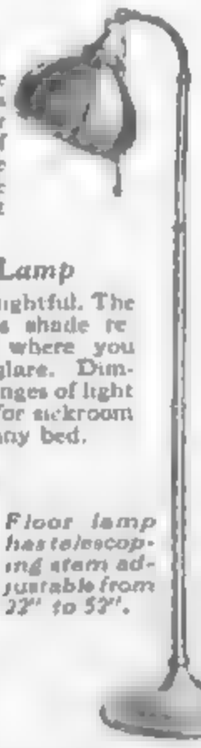
Daylite Attachment
Use 50 watt Type R Mazda Lamp

Emeralite Desk Lamp

Gives eyes the same soothing protection as natural daylight. Has special attachment—exclusive with Emeralite—that changes ordinary electric light into soft eye saving daylite. Just the lamp for the library table or den desk—good looking, too

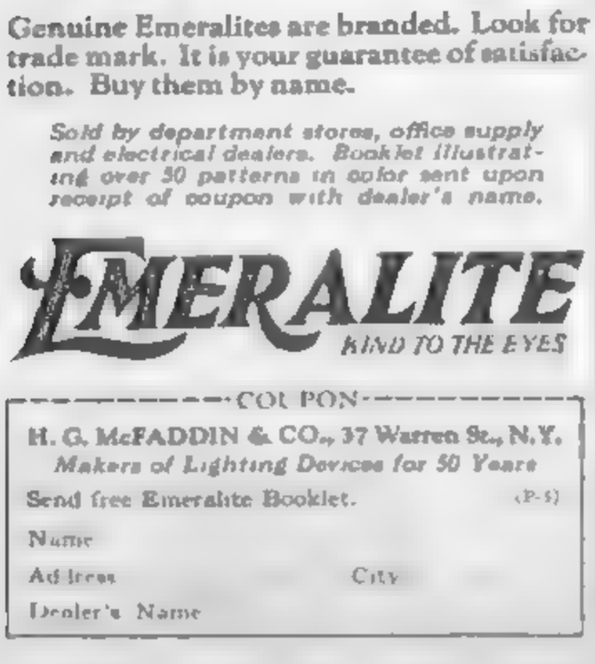
Emeralite Floor Lamp

An agreeable chair-side companion that talks little but does much for the eyes and comfort of the reader. Has Daylite Screen and adjustable shade. Cord enters at base



Emeralite Bed Lamp

Makes reading in bed delightful. The beautiful Emerald glass shade reflects a friendly glow where you need it and eliminates glare. Dimming socket has four changes of light—down to a mere glow for sickroom or night light. Will fit any bed.



For metal or wooden beds

Floor lamp has telescoping stem adjustable from 22" to 52".

Genuine Emeralites are branded. Look for trade mark. It is your guarantee of satisfaction. Buy them by name.

Sold by department stores, office supply and electrical dealers. Booklet illustrating over 50 patterns in color sent upon receipt of coupon with dealer's name.

EMERALITE
KIND TO THE EYES

COUPON

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., 37 Warren St., N.Y.
Makers of Lighting Devices for 50 Years

Send free Emeralite Booklet. (P-5)

Name

Address City

Dealer's Name

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

MA HARDBOYLE *(sighing)*: I'm making over my blue evening dress and I did so want to hear that Fifth Avenue man milliner of La Maison Parfaite give us What's Au Fait in Paris.

PA HARDBOYLE: Buster was right. All this radio stuff is apple sauce if there ain't some good box fights on the air.

MR. BISH THOMPSON: Or something to shake your dogs at, like Hot Lips.

MA HARDBOYLE: I certainly would like to be advised how to make over that georgette ——

RADIO: B L O O B, Jersey City. Announcement of Livestock and Grain Prices

ALL: Aw, cut it out!

PA HARDBOYLE *(pulling out plug)*: Still, it's wonderful. I got Skagway—a socking sermon against slang—last Sunday night. Say, Bish, got another one of them ropes?

[The caller having paid blackmail in the form of another good five-cent cigar, PA slips out to a speak-easy, under pretense of taking BUSTER to the movies. MA gets the cards and tactfully retreats to the dining room to tell her fortune, and, alone at last, LULU and her beau get a strangle hold on each other on the sofa, and all is well in the stilly night in the average American home.

—Roy L. McCardell.

Because You're Square

I LIKE you best because you're square;
And when I need a friend, you're there;
I like you best because you know
The thoughts in me that never show;
I like you best because you hear
The words that reach no other ear;
Because beyond my halting speech
You see the heights I cannot reach,
You see I strive to reach them too,
For all these things that make you, you;
Because you've stood each rigid test
For friendliness, I like you best.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

The Salome Sun

A Lady Tourist Goes by the Shortest & Best Route by Request

THERE wasn't Much Doing down at the Garage day before Yesterday Afternoon and when we can't make Beans & Bacon working we generally go Hunting so I took the old 8 Gage Muzzle Loader and drove out in the hills to get a Mess of Quail or maybe find some Unbranded Beef. Coming back home on an Old Road leading up through Granite Wash I come A cross a Lady tourist Lost & A Lone, who had got offen the Right Road and She stopped me and asked was this the right road to Los Angeles and would I Show her the Shortest & Quickest Route out of this God For Saken country.

Her car had an Iowa License number on and she was Old Enough and didn't look Much like the World would Miss Her Much any way and when I stood there with my Gun in my Hand looking at Her and Wondering she asked me was I A Bandit and when I said I Was without thinking she said Please Don't Shoot Me Take Me and All I've Got but I said No Lady I've got troubles enough already but I like to be Accommodating and I will show you the Shortest & Best Route to get out of this God For Saken Country and so I killed Her while she was Looking Towards Los Angeles where I had Pointed. She Never even Kicked—but I'll bet it was the First Time anything ever Happened that She Didn't Kick About. There's Too Many Iowa People in Los Angeles All ready and any way she had ought to of stopped Over Night in Salome and not tried to take all of Her Money to Los Angeles where there is Plenty all ready.

I don't think No body will ever Find Her on that Old Road where She is for a Long Time and maybe she will make a Good Mummy when she gets Good & Sun Dried Out or if somebody finds her Too Quick maybe I will get a Reward or else My Picture in the Paper and Folks who don't Know me will point me out and say there Goes a Bad Man. She only Had $27, or at least that was All I could Find On Her and I am going to Use $2 of it to subscribe for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST which I haven't Took for a Long Time because they wouldn't Exchange Papers Free with me for the Salome Sun.

I don't know What I'll Do with the Other $25 yet but there will be Plenty of Time to figure it out what to Do with it Long Before there is ever Any Chance to Spend that Much Money Here and maybe by that time Some Other Lady will come along looking for the Shortest and Best Route to Heaven & California.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor & Bandit.

A Bob Ballade

GOOD-BY, good-by, ye golden tresses;
Ye curls and braids, a fond adieu.
Farewell! The barber now possesses
The tendril loves I once did woo.
A hair divides the false and true;
Alas, that fashion could thus rob
The crowning glory that was you—
There is no beauty in a bob.

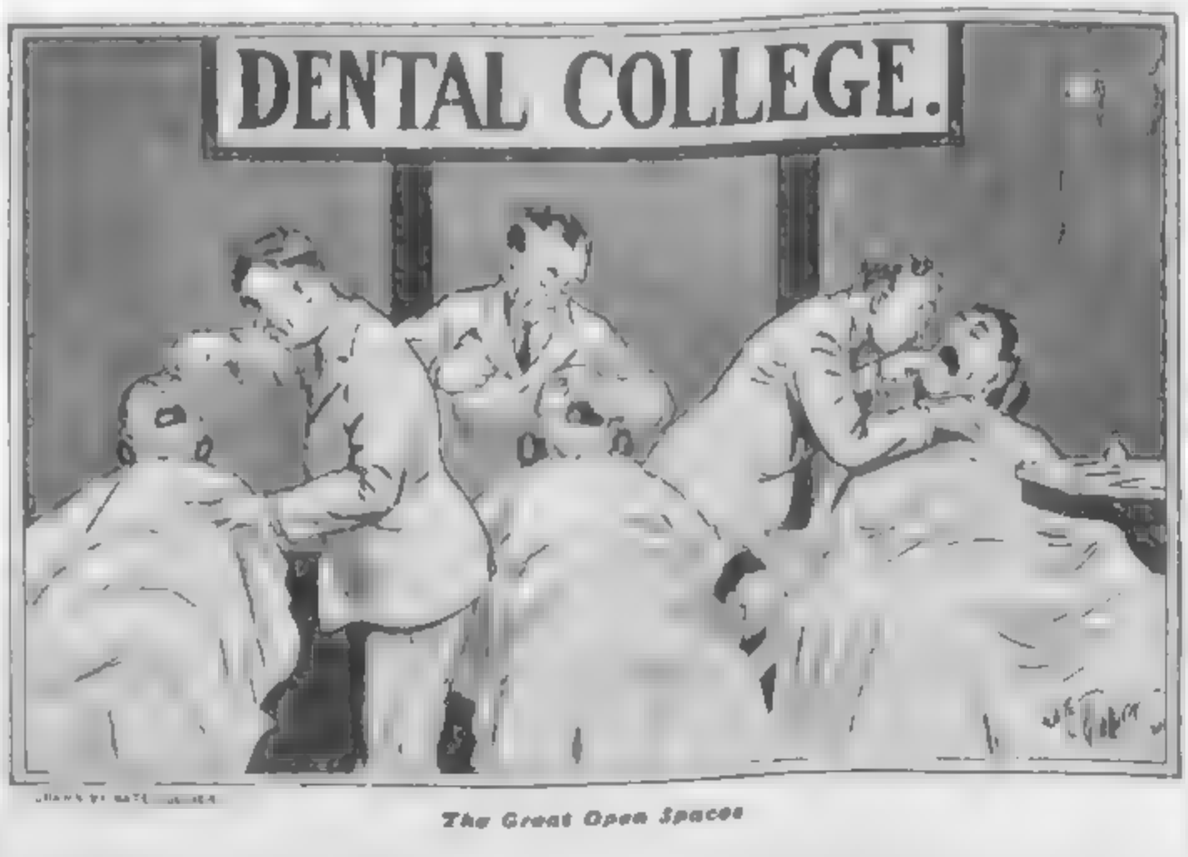
Where once my roving soft caresses
On silken curls touched, light as dew,
An everlasting wave depresses
The ardor of that lovelorn crew.
My lips have lost their revenue,
My heart has ceased, almost, to throb;
Oh, shameful unshorn residue,
There is no beauty in a bob.

Too baldly this mad fad confesses
What art's soft contours never knew:
Those graceless glimpses that distress us
When necks and ears pass in review.
Too youthfully does age renew
A youth that long since left the job;
Time flees and flouts those who pursue—
There is no beauty in a bob.

ENVOY

Oh, for a sirens' rendezvous,
Far from the maddening mop-lopped mob.
I'd comb and sing the long days through,
"There is no beauty in a bob."

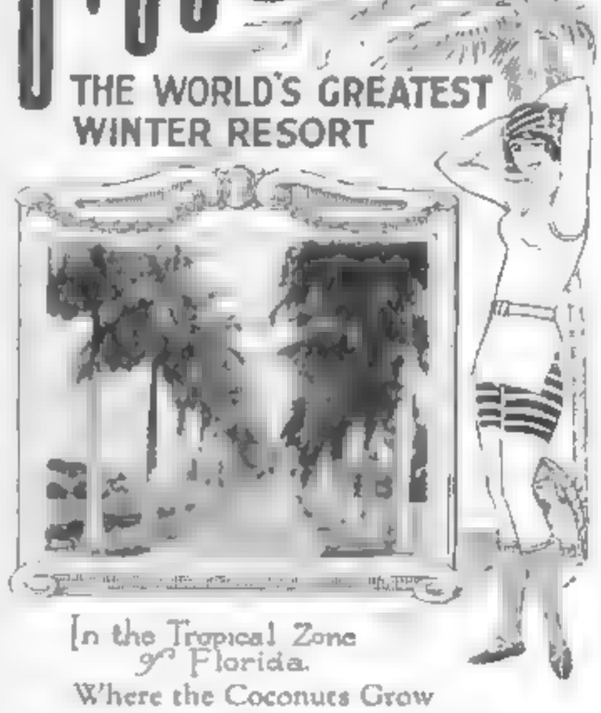
—Kirke Mechem.



The Great Open Spaces

Miami

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WINTER RESORT



In the Tropical Zone of Florida.
Where the Coconuts Grow

November Opened the Miami Season

Fast de luxe train Service
Now operating

ENTERTAINMENT AND OUTDOOR SPORTS PROGRAM PAR EXCELLENCE

The Climate Supreme
The Tourist's Delight
The Motorist's Mecca
The Fisherman's Paradise
The Golfer's Wonderland
The Polo Player's Pride
The Surf Bather's Joy
The Aviator's Dreamland
The Yachtsman's Rendezvous
The Tennis Player's Happiness
The Horseracing Utopia
The Hi-Li Player's Haven
The Realization of Your Anticipations
Truly the Outdoor City

THE setting is along the shores of the Beautiful, Crystal Clear Atlantic Ocean and Biscayne Bay, among the Coconuts, Royal Palms, Orange and Grapefruit Groves.

Plenty of ocean, with everybody bathing in it—six hundred kinds of fish—butterfly yachts and swift motor craft dancing on it.

Eight golf courses, in tropical environment, supply as many different opportunities to diversify your game. Your tennis attainments will not lack for need of courts—they're everywhere. Polo fields. Aviation (express cruisers of the air). Motoring without jar, rattle or dust, through multi-hued tropical scenery.

ARTHUR PRYOR'S FAMOUS BAND
twice daily in Royal Palm Park
(Eighteen weeks starting December 7th)

Horseracing will be inaugurated at Miami this season on the new Million Dollar Track.

Miami is also a city of homes where the retired business man finds harmonious surroundings and congenial companionship. Thousands have selected Miami for their residence after inspecting the rest of the world.

25-million dollars in new buildings during 1924. 115 Hotels—350 Apartment Houses—5,000 Furnished Residences for your selection.

Passenger transportation facilities greatly increased—Florida East Coast Railway System being double tracked; Clyde Line Steamers now operating from New York direct to Miami; through trains from Chicago; through sleepers from all large Eastern and Western cities; Baltimore-Carolina Passenger Steamship service from Baltimore.

Write for free handsome Booklet with full information

MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
MIAMI, FLORIDA

This Christmas—Give Flowers

WOULD you send to a friend a simple, sincere message of Christmas good will and cheer? Give flowers.

Would you bring back memories of vanished yesterdays to one who shared them with you? Flowers speak the wordless message of your heart.

Would you express a love so deep that faltering words can never tell it? Flowers are the language of the soul.

Nothing can ever take the place of flowers, the perfect gift. They *live* the sentiment they express.

Flowers are the Christmas gift supreme—without a regret—free from the haunting thought of cost, or the faint obligation of a present in return.

Distance is no barrier to the happiness flowers alone can bring. Within a few hours' time your own florist can deliver flowers *anywhere* for you, fresh, fragrant and beautiful. You can time your gift to arrive at the precise hour you wish, a living, breathing Christmas message almost as if you were there yourself. This Christmas—give flowers.

"Say it with Flowers"

SEND YOUR MOTHER FLOWERS ON *YOUR* BIRTHDAY

A Best Seller

IF YOU
are not among
the FIRST
100,000
who have bought

The
ENCHANTED
HILL

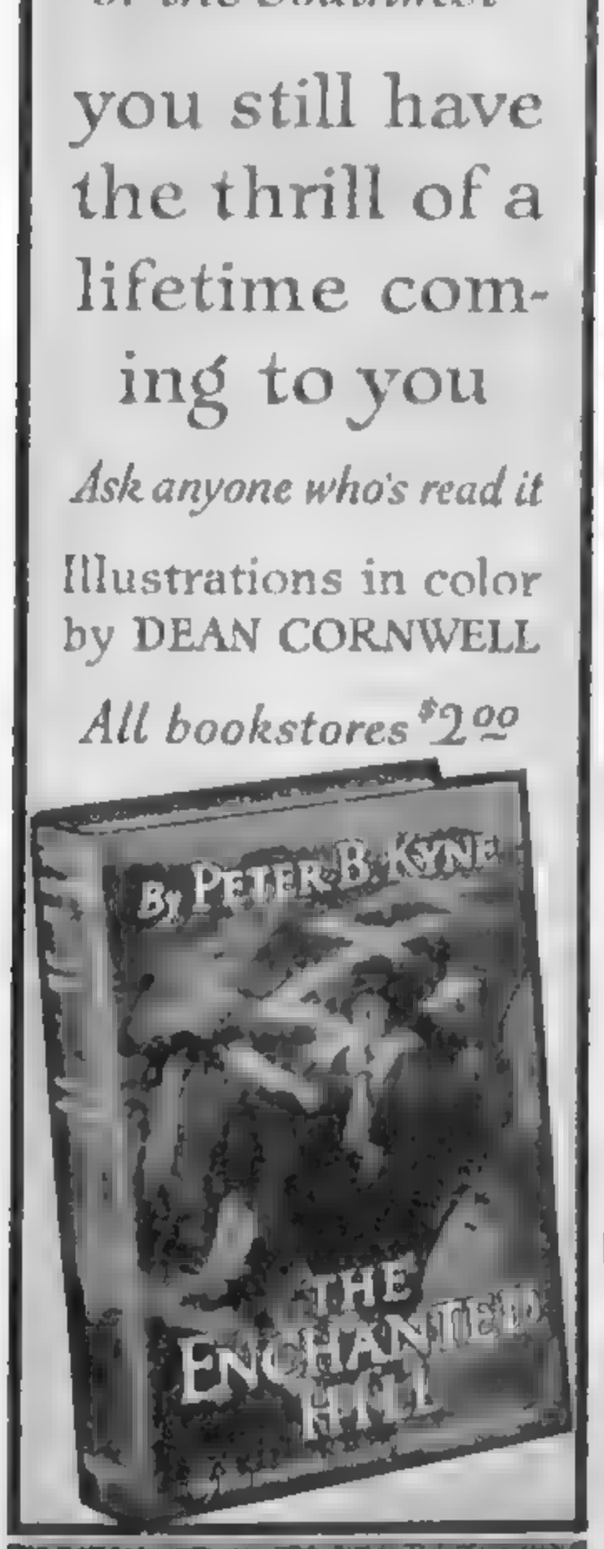
PETER B. KYNE'S
Gorgeous New Novel
of the Southwest

you still have
the thrill of a
lifetime com-
ing to you

Ask anyone who's read it

Illustrations in color
by DEAN CORNWELL

All bookstores $2.00



Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

THE STERN AND CLAM-BOUND COAST

(Continued from Page 7)

Fine old white-painted New England homesteads, with barns nine times larger than their houses and connecting buildings about as large as three bowling alleys, harbor small, bashful signs that peep out coyly and whisper, "Fried Clams!"

Fried-clam signs protrude from marshes, rock piles, birch groves, cemetery fences, river banks, mountainsides, hencoops, telegraph poles and sand heaps

If the rocking pines of the forest were to do any protracted roaring today, as they apparently did on the day when the original Pilgrims landed, they would probably roar, "Fried Clams!" And if an ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white wave's foam today, he would probably discover when he soared back again that an enterprising clam merchant had visited his nest during his absence and had attached thereto a neatly lettered sign stridently advocating the consumption of fried clams.

As a result of this, there generally comes a day when the man who has eaten five or eleven clams too many has his overclammed state forced on him about once every seven seconds.

When a sign isn't reminding him of his indiscretion, a fragrant breath of frying clams steals from a roadside clam stand and makes him hate himself. He may turn up a deserted country road to escape the loathsome reminders of his clam orgy, and as he rolls around a curve in the lonely road, pale and trembling and never wanting to see or hear of a clam as long as he lives, he will inevitably encounter a regulation clam stand supporting a rudely lettered sign reading, "Frankfurters, ice cream, tonics, clam broth and fried clams!"

This would probably be the point at which he would start to hunt a doctor and at which he could be depended on to give large amounts of moral and financial support to an enthusiastic movement toward total clam extermination.

Although there seem to be enough clam stands along the stern and rock-bound New England coast to supply every resident and every passing automobilist with one clam every three minutes for the next ninety-nine years, each year sees a steady increase in the number of clam dispensaries; while many of the existing clam stands are constantly throwing out small bays, protuberances, porches and wens which clearly indicate that there are plenty of modern pilgrims who have not reached the clam-saturation point.

Profit and Loss

Persons prominent in the fried-clam game, as the saying goes, are inclined to ascribe the sudden popularity of the fried clam to the disinclination of the modern tourist to separate himself from unnecessary quantities of currency, to the growing reluctance of the womenfolk to spending two or three hours cooking and packing a nice lunch that is ruined by the unappreciative menfolk in fifteen minutes, and to the pale, flabby and somewhat defunct-looking shore dinners that are frequently dispensed at the more pretentious dak bungalows and lobster caravansaries.

The clam merchants assure you that their business enables them to keep a finger on the economic pulse of the traveling public. "During the summer of 1923," they tell you, "motor parties would spend four or five dollars for lunch. During the summer of 1924 they spent a dollar and a quarter and hated to do it."

The fried clam is sold for fifty cents a quart, and he is hot, crisp and juicy; and half a quart, containing some thirty of the toothsome, to quote the advertisements, little rascals, will keep anyone from suffering any gnawing pangs of hunger, especially when augmented by two doughnuts and a ten-cent bottle of the brilliantly colored liquid known to all good New Englanders as tonic.

The shore dinner of the wealthier establishments, on the other hand, kills an hour of valuable time, can usually be depended on to ruin two or three dollars a person, and too often consists of fish and lobster tasting vaguely of dish towels and served by haughty young ladies in tomblike dining rooms where a sentence uttered in a normal speaking voice causes every other diner to stare reproachfully at the speaker and impels the chef to stick his head out of the kitchen in an attempt to locate the disturbance.

The fried-clam season for the small, or catch-as-catch-can, clam stand opens on Decoration Day and extends to Columbus Day on October twelfth. Its chief business is done on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays; and if it is a clean stand, with a clientele worked up during an existence of two or three or more years, it will fry twenty-five or thirty gallons of clams on each fair Sunday and holiday, and get ten quarts and more of fried clams out of each gallon; and the entire two hundred and fifty or three hundred quarts can be depended on to come to rest in the interior of reckless and care-free tourists.

Each gallon of clams costs the stand owner one dollar and twenty-five cents, and upward of ten pounds of fat at fifteen cents a pound are needed to fry each gallon. If the person who operates the stand augments his income by baking forty or fifty blueberry pies each Saturday and Sunday and holiday, and by frying enough doughnuts to extend from Paris, France, to Paris, Texas, if unrolled and placed end to end; and if the week-ends aren't rainy and he doesn't kick over his oil stove at the height of the midsummer rush, he stands to make between two and three thousand dollars during the four and a half months' season.

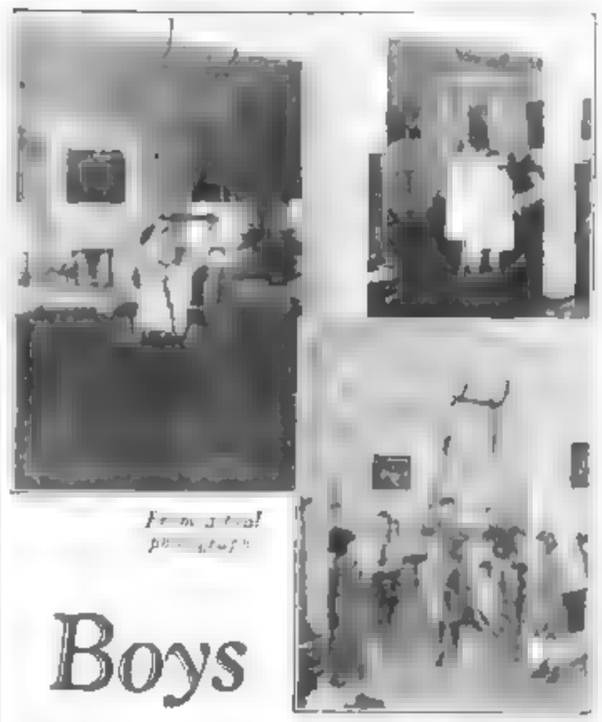
Where the Money Goes

But if he cooks tough clams in soiled surroundings, or doesn't attract much trade, or runs into a rainy summer, he will have to be content with a profit of two or three thousand cents, which is scarcely enough to content anyone except a clam.

In addition to the fried clam, the modern pilgrim who ventures within the stern and rock-bound limits of New England seems to demand large quantities of antiques, if the number of antique marts along the roadsides is any indication of what the public wants.

If Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, who was the originator of the line about the stern and rock-bound coast, had asked her celebrated question, "What sought they thus afar?" of an observer of the modern pilgrims—"What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?"—and had paused for a moment to catch her breath, the observer should have been able to pipe right up and tell her what it was that they sought—in addition to fried clams—and apparently still seek.

If he had gone near the New England antique shops he would have known that they seek tavern tables, pie-crust tables, thousand-legged tables, just plain tables, cracked sap kettles, old bitters bottles, spinning wheels, sundials, H and L hinges, hand-wrought strap hinges, dilapidated doors, corner cupboards, tin lanterns, four-poster beds, pewter coffeepots, wagon seats, tin kitchen utensils, ship models that look as though they had been carved by a ship's cook with a meat cleaver, old Wallopshire china, broken yarn winders, pine milking stools, cast-iron banks, Stiegel glass, Sandwich glass, mustache cups, toothbrush tumblers, hooked rugs, hooked Windsor chairs, hooked church pews, hooked andirons, highboys, lowboys, bean pots, mortars and pestles, Rogers groups, china pug dogs, old colored prints of young ladies with their undergarments hanging down around their ankles, rare old glass dishes of the sort that can still be bought in five-and-ten-cent stores, pure tin tea caddies, old door sills, old door frames, old doorknobs, old pieces of wainscoting, old bricks, old grindstones, old ax helves, old buggy whips, old stoves, and a number of other old things whose reason for existing is thoroughly baffling to the person who buys them as well as to the person who sells them. You can't interest a New England tourist in bright jewels of the mine when he sees an antique shop and starts to run down a fine old three-legged sofa or a rare sample of Colonial ricochet work—which, as is well known, was made by placing a canvas four feet in front of a brick wall and then standing twenty feet away and throwing paint at the wall so that it would bounce off against the canvas and form a design.



Boys

will have the time of their young lives with this new combined swing, trapeze and flying rings; so will the girls!

The Busy-Kiddie
TRADE MARK

is the most fun, because it gives youngsters something new to do—something at which they can compete. It's ideal, too, because it's quickly put up, in any doorway—easily moved—completely adjustable—will hold 500 lbs. Can't mar or scratch woodwork, because hooks have rubber tips.

"The Doorway Gym" is the title of our new book giving simple, interesting exercises that develop muscle and lungs. Write today, it's FREE.

Standard PRESSED STEEL CO.
Box G, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania

Ask to see "The Busy Kiddie" in department, toy and sporting goods stores. If they don't have it, write us direct.

Ideal Christmas Gift

An ingenious twist—Kernel comes out whole. Cracks nuts without crushing the kernel—unbroken meats for cakes, candy or eating—no flying shells or pinched fingers—no pulverized, useless kernels.

IDEAL Nut Cracker

Lasts a lifetime. Order now for Christmas. Buy from your hardware, grocery or fruit store, or, mail us 25 cent money order to us. Money back if not pleased.

No. 2 Plain nickel, ea. . .75c
No. 4 Highly polished, ea. $1
Sent postpaid in U. S.

Cook Electric Company
2706 Southport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

only $14.35

MIRACO RADIO GETS 'EM COAST TO COAST

FOR THIS GUARANTEED
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

Users everywhere report Miraco Tuned Radio Frequency receivers pick up programs coast to coast outperform sets three times as costly. Send for proof they are radio's most amazing values in powerful long distance sets. One tube guaranteed, completely assembled outfit, as illustrated. List $14.35. Three tube guaranteed loud speaker outfit, list $39.50. 5 tube $75. Send Postal Today for latest bulletins and special offer. It will interest you.

AGENTS DEALERS

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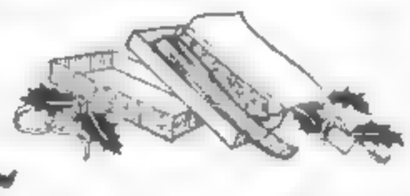
Pioneer Builders of Sets
436 H. E. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

FOR YOU
$2000 to $5000
Year's Annual Income
No competition
This Change-Ad Clock in your town can earn it
No Experience Needed

KEI-LAC CHANGE-AD CLOCKS

A few hundred dollars and a little *spare time* effort means $40 to $100 weekly profit in your own exclusive advertising business. Needn't interfere with present occupation. Territory closing fast. Write today.
KEI-LAC KOMPANY, 310 N. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo.

CHENEY
CRAVATS



To give months of keen pleasure for Christmas give Cheney Cravats or give Cheney Tubulars.

They are beautifully made of the finest silks in the smartest patterns.

They reflect the good taste of the giver.

Your haberdasher should have them

Look for the name in the neckband

CHENEY BROTHERS
4th Ave. at 18th St., New York

CHENEY
TUBULARS

An Attractive Gift in Xmas Box

Hands or gloves won't slip—
Warmer in Winter—
Cooler in Summer

$1.75 Each Postpaid
Fits any car
State make

Wedford
Rid-Ged Grip
STEERING WHEEL TIRE

THE WEDLER-SHUFORD CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Learn to ski easily

as you learned to skate. You don't need hilly country. Go ski running whenever there is snow. It is exciting, thrilling sport. Women and children can ski as well as men.

Learn to ski this year. Our FREE Book *"How to Ski"* tells you all about skiing. Write for it today sending us the name of your hardware or sporting goods dealer.

TELMARK MFG. COMPANY
Box 181, Duluth, Minn.

The number of antique shops that have sprung into being all over New England within the past few years is large and uncertain. To count them is fruitless, because by the time one has finished counting, several hundred new ones have sprung into existence. At a casual estimate, however, one finds it difficult to travel more than two miles in any direction on any road in New England without running up against an antique sign. Occasionally, it is true, the antique dealer is forced to double in other commodities such as cider, fresh eggs or maple sugar. A sign near Portland reads, "Antiques, Fir Pillows and Home Cooking." Some are even run in conjunction with the countless shoppes and tea cisterns which also have sprung up during the past few years to make life more thrilling and adventurous for the modern pilgrims.

The person who is troubled with recurrent antique fever, and who shakes all over in a pitiable manner unless permitted to enter a stuffy building and paw over a number of dusty relics of the Chester A. Arthur period, will never be obliged to suffer long in New England.

The residents of New England, particularly those of long standing, have earned a reputation for being as unwilling to part with money as a snapping turtle is to part with a finger to which it has attached itself. Though it is probable that this reputation is unwarranted, it is undeniable that the residents of New England have been unusually agile at perceiving the large profit to be made from unwary tourists through the antique business.

Part of their agility may be due to the fact that there are more antiques in New England than in any other part of the country. A person with a trained eye for antiques in fact can find antiques in New England where the ordinary traveler can't find anything. Not long ago I accompanied a trained antique hound to a deserted farmhouse a few miles back from the Maine coast. Enthusiastic and energetic antique collectors had removed the brick walk to the front door, the big doorstep, the front door, the door posts and lintels, the mantels over the fireplaces, the windows and window casings, the floors, the pine baseboards, the walnut balustrade of the front stairs, and scattered beams, partitions and hand-wrought nails. The house was a total wreck, staring wildly out of its sightless eyes and waiting for a northeaster to come along and blow it to a quick and painless end. There was nothing left of it but a shell.

The antique hound prowled through it with disconsolate growls, and finally reached the dilapidated and plaster-strewn rooms on the second floor. Here he stopped, threw back his head and bayed triumphantly.

A Great Discovery

"Look there!" he gasped, pointing with a trembling forefinger at a stained plaster wall. "Look! Look! Wall! Woof! Woof! Woof! Wall! Wall!"

Fearing that he was suffering from hallucinations or an overdose of fried clams or some other trouble that was making him see the ghosts of former inhabitants of the old house, I sought to calm him by patting him on the arm and urging him to come along quietly and get a nice long rest. He shook me off petulantly.

"Can't you see that wall?" he snapped fretfully. "See that design stenciled on the plaster? That's old stencil work! Fine old stencil work! See the beautiful pineapple design? That was put on before the days of wall paper! Rare? Why, gosh-durn it, that's almost as rare as frog hair! And finer! Oh, much finer!"

"Well," I asked, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" he exclaimed disgustedly. "Why, have a carpenter come up here and cut out those panels; cut 'em right out and put a frame around 'em and hang 'em up! Rare? Why, they're as rare as Pompeian frescoes! Valuable? Gosh, yes! Why, they're worth anything you can get for 'em! Now what do you know about people coming up here and taking everything out of this old house and leaving those panels!"

His sincerity was so obvious and his enthusiasm so contagious that anybody with fifty dollars would have gladly parted with it in order to get those rare and valuable panels, and would probably have spent the rest of his life wondering what to do with them.

The bulk of the treasures in the antique shops of the New England fried-clam belt are worth a great deal if they are worth what the canny New England antique dealers ask -and frequently get—for them; but the fact that the present-day pilgrims are willing to pay the prices that are asked is not so much a recommendation for the value of the antiques as it is a confirmation of the theory that there's one born every minute.

There are, for example, such things as excellently built and carefully carved old pine corner cupboards with tops that arch over like the fluted edge of a scallop shell. These are beautiful, and fit well into any home with almost any sort of furniture, and are doubtless worth—to a person who is somewhat at a loss to know what to do with his money the two and three and four hundred dollars that the clam-belt antique dealers ask for them. And then there are plain corner cupboards, built by careless workmen out of poor pine seventy and eighty and a hundred years ago, that are badly put together, not carved at all, in wretched repair, and quite incapable of harmonizing with anything except a mediocre lot of kitchen furniture. For these the New England antique dealers calmly demand from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty dollars—not because the wood or the lines or the workmanship or the finish is in any way beautiful, but because they are old. The passing public, knowing that the collecting of antiques is more or less fashionable, sometimes actually pays these prices.

Wise and Foolish Buyers

The antique dealers only need to move one small step forward in order to be able to sell old eggs to tourists at higher prices than can be obtained for strictly fresh eggs. Any conscientious carpenter, by devoting two days' work to twenty dollars' worth of clear pine, can make a corner cupboard infinitely better, more graceful, more durable, more beautiful and more useful than these slovenly productions; but apparently the modern pilgrim has strayed so far from the common-sense views of the original Pilgrims that he prefers to be proud of the bad work of workmen who have been dead for eighty years rather than to be proud of the good work of living workmen.

The collecting of antiques, generally speaking, has been popularized by persons who buy old things that are more beautiful and substantial than things that are made at the present day at prices cheaper or little higher than they would be obliged to pay for their modern equivalents.

The suckers who range up and down the stern and rock-bound coast proceed on a different basis. They buy old things that are uglier and less substantial than things that are made at the present day, at prices far in excess of what they would have to pay for better made and better looking new things.

There is good reason in paying a high price for sturdy and graceful old furniture from the designs of such master craftsmen as Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Shearer, Duncan Phyfe, the Adam brothers, Chippendale, Manwaring, Ince and Mayhew; but the misguided pilgrim who clutters his home and depletes his bank account by loading up on the nondescript junk of New England antique dens while the factories of Grand Rapids are turning out furniture as good as most of that which our forefathers were able to buy, deserves to have a commission of alienists sit on his head and take his check book and his wallet away from him.

One could easily pick up, as the antique collectors so quaintly put it, enough chairs, bedsteads, tables, hooked rugs, door hinges, kettles, chests and what not in these New England antiquaries to furnish a house with nothing but genuine antiques; but the expense of furnishing an eight-room house would be around ten thousand dollars, providing one adhered to the more dilapidated and crummy pieces; and the interior of the house, when finished, would look as though it had served for some years as the nesting place for a Kansas cyclone.

When one sticks to the finer pieces, the cost of furnishing a small eight-room house would climb up around the fifty-thousand-dollar mark—a state of affairs guaranteed to give any one of the Pilgrim Fathers a severe case of the pip. This estimate may arouse some protest; but in an antique shop in the beautiful and hospitable city of Portland, Maine, not long since, my eye fell on a handsome block-front mahogany desk. I unsuspectingly asked the dealer the price, and in a firm and resonant voice

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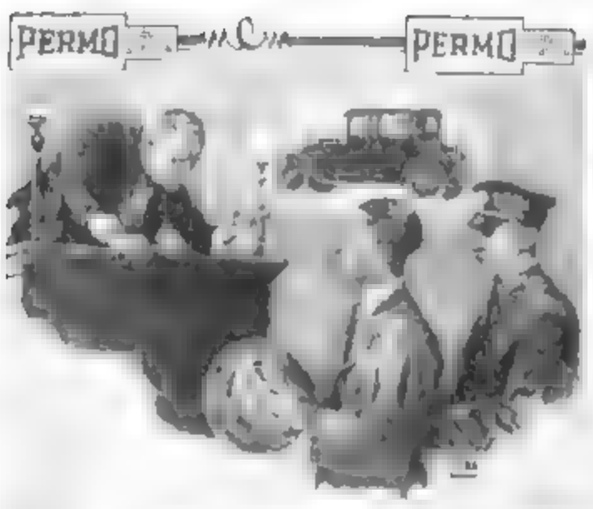

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he unhesitatingly replied that the price was three thousand dollars. This price was for the one desk, and not for a dozen of them, as the uninitiated might suspect.

"Not as the conquerer comes," wrote Mrs. Hemans, speaking of the Pilgrim Fathers—"Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted came; Not with the roll of the stirring drums ——"

As a matter of fact, they didn't come with any sort of roll, either drum or bank; but the modern pilgrim who comes to dally among the antique shops must have a roll sufficiently large to choke an alligator; and if he isn't a wise old owl, he will go away with as negligible a roll as the true-hearted had, and all that he'll have to show for the deflation of his currency will be two or three moth-eaten tables and a pewter egg beater.

Owing to the ignorance of the amateur antique hound, who is too lazy to buy a few authoritative books on antiques and study the subject in order to find out the difference between things that are merely old and not worth collecting at any price, and old things that are worth collecting if they can be bought reasonably, the many recent additions to the brotherhood of antique dealers along the stern and rock-bound coast are having soft and agreeable pickings. One lady in a small New England town had been dubbing along, as the vulgar phrase goes, at the antique business for many years, content with a reasonable profit on her investments. She was taken to task by a low and unprincipled acquaintance for not tacking higher prices on her wares. She therefore doubled and tripled the price of everything; and she now makes some eight thousand dollars a year in a four-month season, spends another four months roaming around the back country and buying all the old junk on which she can lay her hands, and devotes the remainder of the year to social amenities and trivialities.

In as much as authorities agree that there is one born every minute, it is highly probable that modern pilgrims will never be able to educate themselves in a body to the bunk in the antique business, and that the antique dealers are consequently embarked on a long period of happiness and prosperity.

Tea Rooms and Gift Shoppes

The original sternness and rock-boundedness of the New England coast as recorded by Mrs. Hemans has been further alleviated and enhanced by large numbers of tea rooms and gift shoppes, which help along the scenery by nailing advertisements of their whereabouts to the trees, fences and barns that have not been preempted by the fried-clam stands, the Frankfurter merchants and the lobster bungalows.

These tea rooms and gift shoppes appeal to the pilgrim in the passing tourists by adopting quaintly adventurous names and the mangled spelling commonly believed to have obtained in Pilgrim circles, where spelling was largely subordinated to the business of scratching a living out of the earth and storing up a large hoard of antiques to serve as bait to lure future generations to New England.

Thus it comes about that a gift shoppe is a shoppe and never a shop. Some virtue or good luck, or some subtle air of distinction, it is believed, would vanish from the shoppe that dared to come right out and call itself a shop. Ye Olde Shoppe Shoppe, Ye Olde Stagecoache Shoppe and Ye Olde Skulle & Crossbones Shoppe are the styles in names that go big with the gift-shoppe sette, and the word "olde" is considered permissible in connection with such an establishment three minutes after the last brushful of painte has been applied to the fronte doore.

The combination of "Ye," "Olde" and "Shoppe" on a signboard means—as surely as a ring around the sun means rain—that at the dwelling advertised by the sign one can purchase Chinese near-amber beads, cigarette boxes in tooled leather, delicately colored German prints, mah-jongg sets, silk scarfs, pure-bone cigarette holders and a thousand and one objects that are exactly what one wants for Cousin Farina's birthday or mah-jongg prizes, and over the selection of which one would have severely wrenched one's brain if the gift shoppe hadn't happened to be there to supply the exact thing that one would never have thought of.

Anybody who says a word against gift shoppes, even though some are slightly cheesy places, with not more than seven things from which to choose, is maligning an institution that has done much to make stern and rock-bound New England infinitely less stern. As can well be imagined, Christmas would have been a very different proposition for the Pilgrim Fathers if they could have gone over to Ye Olde Scrambled Egge Shoppe around December twenty-fourth—Miles Standish and John Alden and Elder Brewster and Priscilla Mullins and Peregrine White wrapped up in an antique bedspread, and all the rest of that Pilgrim band, and bought one another perfectly corking gifts for two dollars and thirty-five cents and less apiece, all done up in blue boxes and tied with pink ribbons.

Nor can one say a word against the quaintly named tea rooms that do so much to take the rockiness out of the New England coast—tea rooms like the Yodeling Crab or the Barytone Mackerel or the Twittering Heifer or the Warbling Barnacle. Without them, countless numbers of modern pilgrims would have to get along from a heavy half-past-one lunch to a sturdy seven-o'clock dinner without a scrap of nourishment except the unappetizing little mouthfuls that they would otherwise pick up at some ice-cream joint.

The Rural Real Estate Boom

In between the spaces along the stern and rock-bound coast that are filled with the clam stands, tea rooms, gift shoppes and what not, one finds the monotony broken by roadside stands that advertise string beans, green corn, fresh peas, strawberries, blueberries, tomatoes, apples and cider in season, and by neat farmhouses decorated with signs announcing that tourists are accommodated. Tourists are assured of accommodation, if they are in a mood for being accommodated, all over the broad New England landscape.

This, together with the roadside vegetable stands, is due largely to the enterprise and alertness of New England real-estate agents, who recently awoke to the possibilities in assuring weary city folks that if they would sink their savings in farms along main-traveled highways, they could support themselves in luxury on the automobile trade forever after.

One of the largest flies in that particular ointment is the distressing fact that a man who cultivates a ten or twelve-acre farm on a heavily traveled thoroughfare can, by working his head off, produce and sell to passing automobilists between eight and nine hundred dollars' worth of garden truck in the course of one year; and on nine hundred dollars, nowadays, one will find it something of a strain to live in sybaritic ease.

In order to be thus fortunate, he must have good weather on the bulk of Saturdays, Sundays and holidays during the three growing months; for only on these days can he make sales of any size. Skilled farmers who have operated roadside stands on New England state roads for many years say that they seldom take in more than eight hundred dollars over their stands. For these sales they receive full market prices, whereas for the truck they sell to the city dealers they do not.

As a result of the glowing prophecies made to city suckers by real-estate men, New England is heavily sown with disillusioned folk who are trying to wrench a living from roadside truck gardens and two or three rooms in which they are willing to accommodate tourists who seem heartlessly willing to be unaccommodated. One Maine farmer despondently opined that these misguided city people were good for three years. The first year they bought their places and didn't do anything with them; the second year they sunk more money in them and found that they wouldn't pay; and the third year they sold them at a loss and went back to the city.

As has been remarked elsewhere concerning the arrival of the first Pilgrims in New England, the ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white wave's foam, and the rocking pines of the forest roared; this was their welcome home. It is a good thing for all of us that the Pilgrims, on arriving, didn't find the scenery obstructed by billboards, fried-clam stands, Frankfurter and tonic emporiums, gift shoppes, antique signs and announcements to the effect that tourists would be accommodated here; for being sensible and sensitive men, they would probably have shoved off from Plymouth Rock with a roar that would have made that of the rocking pines sound like the futile chirp of the indigo bunting and doggedly set sail for Baffin Bay.

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Rollins Runstop is a *red stripe* knit into the stocking where the strain is greatest—*at the knee.* Garter runs seldom start in the hemmed top because of its double thickness—so the ordinary run-proof stripes at the bottom of the hem are of little value. Most runs start between the hemmed top and the knee, but with Rollins Runstop no matter how many runs may start, no *runs can go below the red stripe.* It is no longer necessary to discard a pair of stockings after a few wearings.

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That this new Runstop should be a Rollins development is quite natural. Since 1892 the Rollins Hosiery Mills have been making hosiery better. "Perfect fit and lasting beauty" has been more than a phrase. It has been a rigid specification for Rollins hosiery for men, women and children.

Look for the Rollins Runstop and enjoy freedom from the annoyance, embarrassment and expense of garter runs. As a protection against imitations the Rollins Runstop will always be red, regardless of the color of the stockings.

Also as a mark of identification this label will appear on every pair right at the Runstop.

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If your dealer does not carry the Rollins Runstop, send direct, enclosing money order. Be sure to state style number, size and color wanted.

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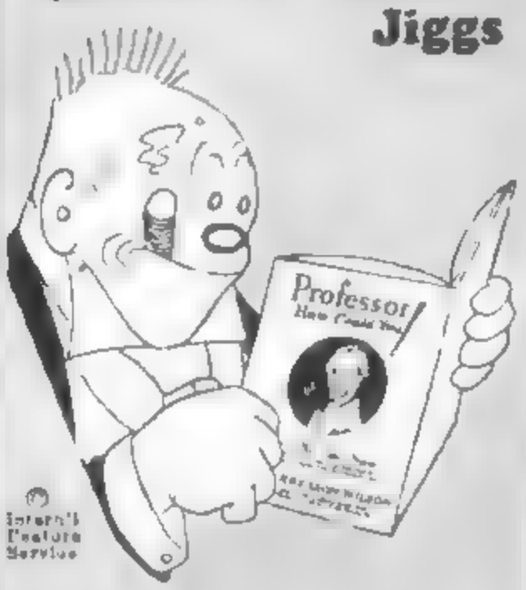

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Pilcher's Bachelor BUTTONS

THE LABORER'S LUNCH

(Continued from Page 18)

will, nine times out of ten, be stuffing himself with a lunch colossal and rich. Any sane man who knows the effect of overfeeding will agree that this may become a menace to industry. I state a fact and a logical conclusion. The sociologist, the great thinker and the efficiency expert can make what they will of them.

But the crammed dinner pail is no doubt here to stay. Like every American consumer the workingman wears more clothes, he has more amusements, and he eats much more at every meal than the consumer of McKinley's time. I need cite only one proof of the increase in the individual consumption of food in America. Everyone knows about the enormous growth in recent years of the sales of proprietary remedies for every variety of digestive ill. At least once a week the druggist puts a new laxative or a new cure for stomach trouble on his shelves. And in the past ten years dietitians and originators of nature cures for the stomachache have made millions. What but overeating in the years of prosperity could have created such a demand for these cures and methods of relief?

And This Is What He Eats

The case of the American lumberjack is one that I know intimately. In the old days in the pineries of Michigan and Wisconsin the choppers and rivermen were fed on beans, salt pork and sour-dough bread. Coffee, sugar and dried apples were luxuries for Sunday feasts. But illness was seldom known in the logging camps of that time. "Smallpox was the only disease they knew about," says Dr. Thomas J. LeBlanc, of the Public Health Service, in writing about the Michigan lumberjacks he knew in his boyhood. But go today to any logging camp in the Northwest and see the loggers at supper. On the wide tables you will see platters of steaks and pork chops, bowls of stew made from the dinner roasts, plates of sausage and cold boiled ham, huge dishes of potatoes, beans, canned corn, peas and spinach, and bowls of cold cabbage or potato salad, cookies, doughnuts, cakes, pies and puddings, light bread, hot biscuits and corn bread, rolls of butter, bowls of preserves and jelly, tea and coffee in fat granite-ware pots, and in the summertime pitchers of milk and lemonade. View one of these daily feasts, and then go to the commissary. The timekeeper will show you a great chest of bottles and pill boxes; and he will tell you that he hands out nearly as many bottles of Lampblack Stomach Tonic as he does pounds of chewing tobacco. You should then be fortified and prepared to look on the typical laborer's lunch and believe your eyes. Here is a list of the contents of the lunch pail when it is filled at the usual workingman's boarding house, where from seven to nine dollars a week is charged for board. Each sandwich is made with slices cut from a pound loaf of bread.

1 ham sandwich
1 bologna sandwich with mustard
1 egg sandwich with lettuce
1 jelly sandwich
1 boiled egg
2 pickles
1 celery stalk
3 green onions
1 quarter or sixth of pie
1 doughnut
3 cookies
1 piece of cake
1 glass of apple sauce or canned fruit
1 apple or orange or banana
1 pint of hot coffee

This is a formidable array of food as it stands on the table ready to be stowed away. The box of the standard lunch pail is five and a half inches wide, four inches deep and ten and a half inches long. This is the way it is filled: First, a waxed-paper bread wrapper is placed in the box in such a fashion that its edges can be folded over the lunch when it is packed in. For the tin box will draw moisture like a bread steamer, and the sandwiches will quickly become soggy unless they are protected by waxed paper. Then the one egg and the two meat sandwiches are placed flatwise in one end of the box. The jelly sandwich is placed next, and on it go the pie and the cake. Next, the glass of fruit is put in the third corner, and the doughnut in the remaining one. The orange or apple is nestled in the hole of the doughnut. The pickles, egg, celery and onions fill the remaining crannies and nooks, and the cookies make a level top for the lunch. The waxed paper is folded tightly over; the vacuum bottle is filled and placed in the lid of the pail; the workingman has finished his breakfast of fruit, cereal, ham and eggs, toast, hot cakes and doughnuts, and he grabs the heavy lunch pail in a powerful grip and ambles away to work, puffing happily on a tailor-made cigarette.

I have carried, I estimate, at least a thousand lunches on jobs of many sorts in a dozen states. I have described the average lunch put up at the workingman's boarding houses. Some of them, of course, put up lunches that have thin slices of bread, puny dabs of meat, a narrow wedge of pie, and a spare and meager piece of cake. On the other hand, some put up lunches that bulge the sides of the box and overflow when the lid is lifted. But the average one just snugly fills the box of the lunch pail.

The lunch carried by the married workingman does not differ much from the boarding-house lunch as a rule. But a married man can have what he pleases to eat; and I have seen awe-inspiring lunches carried by married men of unique tastes. In San Francisco I knew a teamster who had come from Louisiana and had brought with him his drawl and other peculiarities which gave the California muleteers great delight. An enormous mustache drooped like a bough of cypress over his mouth. He had heavy frowning eyebrows, and a peaked head on which he kept the hair clipped to a short pompadour. He dressed in neat blue serge for Saturday nights and Sundays, and he then wore a high rubber collar. But he declared a righteous aversion to neckties. He did not mind most other varieties of wickedness, but gaudy neckties he would not tolerate. He often talked at length about a growth in the region of his stomach; and bread, he declared, was poison to him. So his wife always fixed fried potato cakes or baked potatoes in his lunch, instead of the starchy wheat food that poisoned him. Apparently the growth was unaffected by alcohol or nicotine, for the man consumed a pound of chewing tobacco each week and large quantities of hard liquor. But he was sure that he would have a long life, because he always took care of himself and never touched the poison of bread.

A Dainty Dessert

In Kansas City I knew a worker who made the men in an iron-and-steel works stare with amazement as he ate the regulation lunch, and then topped it off with a pint jar of canned peaches and rich cream. In a Denver flour mill I met a worker who had a passion for chocolate cake. For years he had brought hunks of this pastry in his lunch, his friends said, and a cup of whipped cream for flavoring. When I knew him he had begun to complain of stomach trouble. Someone gave him some health magazines; he selected a diet haphazardly from it and began to cure himself. This diet called for a breakfast of oranges and a lunch of nuts and raisins. Each noon he would sit with the gang of truckers and eat one glass of walnuts and almonds, and one of seedless raisins. Sneers, jeers and raucous laughter could not move him from his determination to rid himself of stomach trouble and not "pay out a lot of money for nothin' to the doctors." Each day he trucked tons of flour from the storerooms to the freight cars. When I left he had been on his diet for a month. He was very thin, but still very game.

"I may not have so much strength and weight as I used to have," he would say, "but just look at my clear complexion."

Whether he died a martyr to the science of self-healing I do not know. The chances are that he did. The preachers of visionary cures for physical ills are as deadly in their small way as the hordes of visionaries who shout and boast everywhere about their preposterous panaceas for the ills of our social and industrial life.

There are many workingmen who find the standard lunch pail inadequate and who carry extras in their pockets. Some, again, carry only a couple of meat sandwiches and a piece of pie. Some like all jelly sandwiches; others want all meat and no sweet stuff; and still others declare that they want nothing better for lunch than a good big pie. Pie—particularly mince, custard and apple—has surprising staying qualities, and a whole pie is not indigestible for a man

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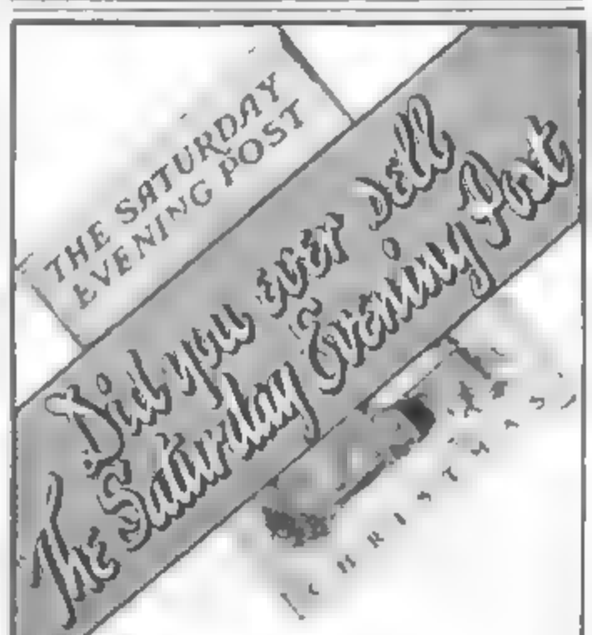

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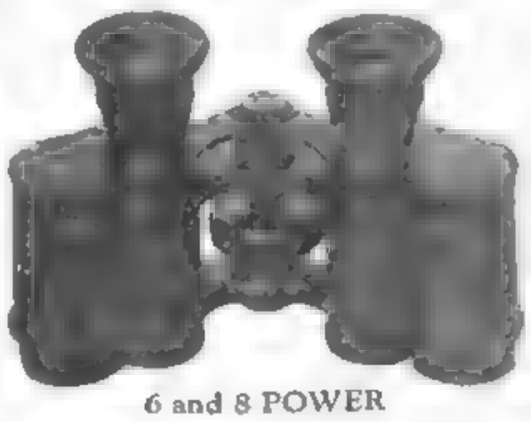

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who is working hard, unless he crowds a lot of meat in with it. I have made a lunch on a whole pie and a quart of milk, and then done four hours of hard work afterward without getting hungrier than after a regular meal. But most of us who work with our hands in American industry and carry lunches to the works, like one that differs little from the boarding-house lunch which I described.

Last and most pleasant, I will tell about the pleasure and romance of the American laborer's lunch hour. For he has made it a pleasure; it has developed in this respect along with golf, the movies and radio. I feel on the defensive here, for I have a new subject, a new view. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the word pictures of the human side of American industry are gloomy and tragical. I know they are false as representations of our typical industrial life. I should feel like a fool if I thought I had spent fifteen years of my manhood in such a life as is portrayed in the usual sociological study. Even when such a study is honest it nearly always pictures the centers of alien labor in America the textile mills of New England, the garment shops of New York, the steel industry, and Eastern coal mining. I know that the centers of alien labor are small dark spots in a colorful, pleasurable life. The alien laborers have imported more than alien blood, which may or may not be as good as any native strain. They have brought over also the political and social creeds originated by the gloomy prophets, revolutionary dervishes and cellar plotters of their dismal homelands. They have brought over dirty and stingy habits of living, which only years of American life will shake loose from them; and under the most favorable conditions, in the times of prosperity, they deliberately live the old European life—and save American dollars.

Consequently a center of alien population in America may be as gloomy, tragic, and slum grown as the East End of London. It is sure to offer desirable material to the tender-hearted, soft-souled writers who have been trained in the ideas of the typical university sociologist. They look for subjects that will call forth the dolorous battalion of tear-squeezing adjectives—bruised, beaten, oppressed, afflicted, sorrowful, stricken, piteous, worn, gnarled, cowed, stooped, starved, exploited victims! Surely victims are better material for sob words than the man of plump shape and contented countenance who lifts a fat sandwich in a hand that has a big seal ring on his third finger. It is said that America's victims would live otherwise if they could. My Hunyok friends did not. Each mixer on that cement gang received three dollars and fifty cents for eight hours. I was paid two dollars and seventy-five cents on my job of water hauling. This was in 1913. They still lived like victims and shook their heads over my extravagant tastes.

Workers as Consumers

The truth is that America's victims live in their fashion because the customs and habits of a lifetime are not shaken off in one year or ten years. There is some psychological fact which makes it as hard for the Hunyok to pay three dollars for a lunch pail and then carry a huge lunch in it as it is for the Yankee to get along with a lunch of black bread and sour wine and sleep in one room with eleven others. It is a fact which the sociologists and great thinkers have not explained.

The pleasures in the typical life of labor in this country are plentiful and real, however. Automobile manufacturers prove it in tables which show that workingmen are the majority of car owners. Take away the patronage of working folk and the dance-hall industry would soon be bankrupt. Phonograph, radio and movie corporations would all suffer enormous losses if the American workingman should suddenly decide to be a victim and refuse to spend money for enjoyment in his leisure hours.

And there is the pleasure of work itself—but this is heresy indeed. Sherman's description of war has so often been applied to work that one might as well speak of the pleasures of Hades.

But the pleasures of the lunch hour, at least, may not be denied. They begin at about half past ten, when the first spark of forenoon hunger kindles a light of anticipation. To make the picture real I must draw from my own experience. And I will take the picture from my hardest job—four months as a stacker in the drying shed of a brickyard. This was a small yard that put out from twenty-five to thirty thousand bricks in eight hours. Pete Rice and I unloaded the green bricks from the cars on which they were hauled from the press. Thirteen green bricks were on each board in the car, making a weight of about fifty pounds. There were four sections in each car, and eleven tiers of these boards in each section. Pete would seize one end of a board, I would seize the other, and we would carry it to a place in a drying-shed stall. About twenty-two hundred such trips of lifting, carrying and placing made a fair eight hours of work. Pete and I did not toil so hard as the men who built the kilns by contract. Still we did pretty well, handling around fifty-five tons of bricks each day, carrying some of them as far as ten feet and lifting them above our heads. Two lumber pilers will stack one hundred tons of lumber in one day without overexertion; but the best coal heaver cannot shovel more than twenty tons of coal in eight hours; figures do not tell much in such cases, for bricks are bricks, lumber is lumber, and coal is coal. However, when two men have handled seventeen tons of green bricks by half past ten in the morning they are apt to feel at least a delicate stir of hunger.

Pete and I had little delicacy; whenever we felt the first morning pang of hunger it was a heavy, man-size jab that let us know that real filling was expected in the interior at the regular lunch hour. Every day regularly at 10:30 Pete would say, "Them hot cakes I had for breakfast ain't stickin' very tight to my ribs this mornin'. Don't know whether I'll make it or not."

The Hungry Hours

His glance would wander down to the far end of the shed where his lunch pail stood in a shady corner.

"Wisht I had time for a piece of pie. Maybe I c'n —— Hell, no; here comes another car. Le's tie into 'er, kid."

At eleven Pete would say, "Gettin' pretty lank. Oh, well, we're on the last hour of 'er. Le's take on some eatin' tobaccer and call it good."

We'd fill our cheeks from his plug, wipe the sweat out of our eyes, and have at the next load. In the last half hour the delights of anticipation opened in full bloom. Not only with us but from all over the yard would come shouts and jests from the workers, whose spirits pranced and capered as the lunch hour approached. The off-bearers had grins as they raked the green bricks from the conveyor belt, the transfer man had a gay shine in his eye as he shoved the cars down the rails, and the engineer, eating now, so that he could go over his machinery at noon, looked cheerful and complacent, refusing to worry for the time being about his power plant.

"Five minutes till that time!" Pete would yell. "Yar-r-r-r, Steevey, we can do the rest of 'er standin' on our heads, hey, boy?"

Compensations and pleasures in hard toil? Plenty of them. The athlete at his strenuous games, the devotee of setting-up exercises, the office man on the golf course, the city hunter tramping through the woods—they all may know the pleasure of being genuinely hungry; but they cannot know it as the man who does hard manual toil day after day, year after year, knows it. His whole physical organism develops the pleasure of eating into a natural pleasure for him, a natural compensation. His spirit, his thoughts become attuned to it. Subconsciously his whole being during the last hour of work in each half shift gathers its forces for the habitual events of mealtime. When that true hunger comes at its

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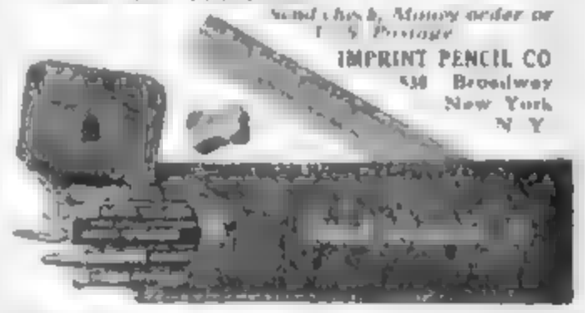

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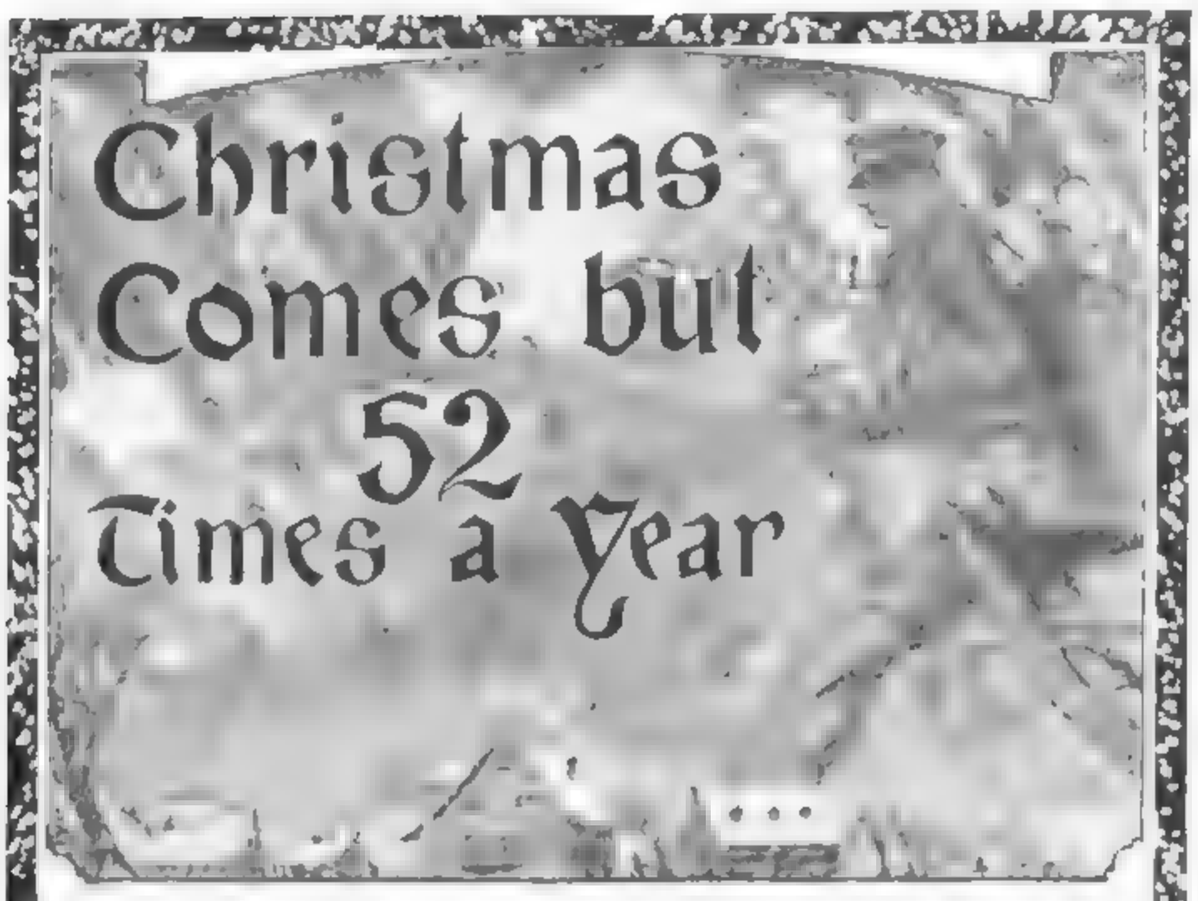

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

312 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

regular hour it brings a bodily glow with it, a keener zest of mind and spirit, a feeling of exuberance in each muscle. I write these lines after a light lunch that suffices in the desk work that I am now doing. But so strongly does the remembrance of the force of the healthy hunger of my laboring days come back to me that I experience it again, and my mouth waters at the thought of my old black lunch pail.

What an erroneous picture we have of the worker at the end of his day of toil, a picture not of healthy hunger but of the hunger of starvation! What nonsense! Go to any factory, see the workers come to work in the morning; they saunter and idle along; they move slowly and comfortably as they prepare for work. At the end of the day you will see an eager, jostling, rushing, bright-eyed crowd that has healthy weariness, healthy hunger, and a healthy promise of food, rest and play to cheer it. This is the true picture. The hardest work does not exhaust or starve a healthy man. He can—and I refer you to overtime workers such as longshoremen for proof—do twenty-four consecutive hours of the hardest work and still walk home unassisted, if he has fifteen or twenty minutes for a lunch in each four or five hours. I myself have worked double shifts many times at handling lumber. Such scenes of exhaustion from labor as are given in Jack London's John Barleycorn and Martin Eden are as false as his sociological ideas were nonsensical.

So when Pete and I sat down with the gang on the sunny platform in front of the sheds to eat our lunches we were at our highest physical pitch of the day. The sap of life was rushing up in us as it does in the oaks in spring. We were workingmen at our lunch on the job, for the time a race apart.

There was never much talk for the first fifteen minutes. Cheeks bulged, eyes glittered in the soft sunlight. "Chomp, chomp, chomp," as the sandwiches were done away with. The pastries disappeared. The vacuum bottles gurgled as they were drained. Heavy sighs and labored breathing then. Scratching of matches; the tickling pungent odors of tobacco smoke. Thirty-five minutes until working time. Solid comfort. Satisfied. Oh, happy days!

The pleasant spell of the hour is upon me. I can see old Paul Rice leaning back on a pile of burlap, his garterless white wool socks falling over his shoe tops, his hat pulled down over his drowsy eyes, smoke curling from his pipe, his wrinkles forming lines of kindly humor as he jests with newly wedded Sam Johnson. Ike tells about his plans to go back to Illinois in the fall; George and Walt argue about their fishing trip of the Sunday before; Fat and Ed, the kiln men, figure on the week's earnings from their contract work; Ernie and I consider the Jones sisters, and Mary and Dora, and Ruth and Sadie, and try to decide on which pair we shall take out in his flivver on Saturday night.

Politics? Evils, conflicts and perils? Pressing problems? Well, we argufied occasionally, after the fashion of the crowd at the country grocery store, but it was mostly a bright and mellow hour of social pleasure. If a politician was mentioned it was for a snicker; if a red rabble rouser was mentioned it was for a horse laugh. It was a time of content and good feeling; we were never angry with anyone. Such were the blessings of the full dinner pail.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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